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Tipyn o' Bob

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Vol. XII

OCTOBER 15, 1914

No. 1

Editor in Chief.

EMILY G. NOYES, '15.

Editors.

HELEN TAFT, '15
HELEN IRVIN, '15

HARRIET BRADFORD, '15
MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL, '15
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EDITORIALS

The TIP renews its fortnightly appearance, with a tin box in Taylor, and a desk drawer in Merion, looking forward hopefully to a fortuitous career, looking backward gratefully to a bright past. Once more the pages of the magazine are open to all. Once more the TIP gladly assumes the task of reflecting the college. Whether the ideas be literary or political, humorous or serious; whether in the form of story or verse, there is a place waiting for them in the TIP, or if there isn't, a place shall be made within its yellow covers.

All the magazine demands, is that the material be interesting, and readable. The judges, it is true, must be the editors, whose one desire is to edit a magazine, which will be worthy of the college, and which its subscribers will want to read.

The TIPYN O' BOB wishes to welcome the "new organ" which has sounded among us. We have read the first issues of the *College News* with pleasure, and we congratulate those to whom praise is due. The Editors of the *News* state, in their first number, that there is a strong sentiment among the undergraduates in favor of a weekly paper. We realize that neither the TIP nor the bulletin board is able to gratify this want, and we turn with confidence to the *College News*.

Last year the policy of the TIP was changed. The Editors perceived that a magazine purely literary, or would-be literary, could make no wide appeal to a community, therefore in addition to the other departments, they formed a section entitled "College Convictions." As the contents show, this department shall continue. No doubt the *College News* will perfect this system, in its "Correspondence Column," since it can draw upon a large number of contributors, who persist in thinking that the TIP is contributed to and supported by the English club exclusively. We shall feel the good effects of a little friendly rivalry, for competition is surely as healthful in journalism as in commerce.

The editors of the *College News* ask for our co-operation; we give it heartily, and we hope that the life of this paper, which was born on the first day of college, may be long and prosperous.

THE WHITE PAPERS

The English and German *White Papers* which are now in the New Book Room and which offer one of the best sources for a study of the causes of the present war, present a great contrast to each other. The English *White Paper* presents without comment, what appears to be the entire correspondence of the British Foreign Office touching upon the European crisis. It consists of one hundred and fifty-nine communications, the greater part of which are telegrams between Sir Edward Grey and the British Ambassadors at Berlin, Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome and Belgrade. They make pretty difficult reading at first for it is hard to remember which is which among E. Goschen, F. Bertie, M. de Bunsen and the rest, but after one has caught the thread of the correspondence, there is tremendous interest in it. There can be no question but that the communications are authentic and they convey an accurate idea of the working and aims of British diplomacy. The telegrams are too dry and matter of fact to permit any doubt as to the exact meaning of each one, or any suspicion that they were written for publication. The *Paper* seems to prove conclusively: first, that England tried to prevent the war breaking out by urging moderation on both Austria and

Servia; that her suggestion of arbitration of the difficulties by the four disinterested Powers was rejected by Germany and Austria both; second, that she refused to throw in her lot unconditionally with France and Russia; third, that although Germany tried to obtain from her a pledge of neutrality, she (Germany) would not guarantee the integrity of the French colonial possession, nor respect for the neutrality of Belgium; fourth, that England warned Germany against any infringement of the treaty concerning Belgium and went to war only on account of the invasion of that country.

The *Paper* does not present the case of Russia or France, but it makes England's position perfectly plain and leaves only the question whether she was really forced to go to war on account of Belgium.

The German *Paper*, on the other hand, presents as documentary evidence only twenty-seven communications. Many, which must have passed between the Ambassadors and the Chancellor, are obviously omitted. These "Exhibits" are preceded by a very interesting account of Germany's position and of the events leading up to the war. The writer admits from the first that Germany gave Austria her full-est support in the latter's dealings

with Servia and that she would not consent to arbitration of the Austro-Servian question. The justification for her attitude is that Russia was plotting to form a Balkan league under her own sway which was to take Bosnia and Herzegovina away from Austria and weaken the position of the whole Teuton race. Of course a proposition like that would be difficult to prove however true it may be, and the *White Paper* offers no evidence for it at all. Therefore, unless one is prepared to grant the machinations of Russia and Servia to begin with, the argument is not very convincing.

The telegrams prove that the Kaiser and his ministers tried to prevent the Czar from supporting Servia, and that Austria was willing to promise not to annex any territory after punishing Servia—they prove nothing more. But the whole *Paper*, which makes easier reading than the English one, is tremendously interesting as an exposition of the German point of view. If it does not prove the German statements about Pan Slavic agitations, it at least makes one wonder whether Germany's fears may not be well founded.

HELEN TAFT.

BRIGHIDIN MAVRONE

(Bridget, my sorrow)

Fair in her beauty she sits apart,
 Fair in her beauty, cold in her heart.
 Brighidin mavrone!

Never a tear from her eye is shed,
 Pale with brine her lover lies dead.
 Brighidin mavrone!

His sisters wrap him in the shroud,
 You walk alone with head unbowed.
 Brighidin mavrone!

Left and lost and never won,
 The sad high wall, the coif, the nun,
 Brighidin mavrone!

M. O'S., 1917.

THE BROKEN STEP

Channing strode heavily onward through the monotonous rain. Walking was difficult: his boots sank into the mud at every step; the brown clay clung to his feet and held them down, as if bent on defeating his plan to reach Danville. Only two more hours' endurance—and then Danville, Millie, and rest. But suddenly his strength left him! His teeth chattered with cold and his eyes burned. He looked about and shook his head. Darkness was descending over the dim daylight, obliterating the outlines of earth and sky. Down the road shone the solitary light of the "Travellers' Hope." Yes, he would stop there. Better to put up in the roadside inn, better to risk barely possible recognition and imprisonment, its consequence, than to lose his way in the dark and spend the night wandering in cold and fever. But what danger could there be? Channing laughed harshly. He had not been stricken with fever and ague a year ago when he visited the inn, nor had he borne the marks of a year in the Mexican mines. No one could recognize him. He pulled his hat over his eyes and pushed on confidently. A shaft of light fell across the road from the tavern window. He passed through the lighted space and in at the door.

Inside, a small group was sitting

around an oil-stove. As the dripping stranger entered, they moved aside and made place for him. He sat down in silence, disconcerted in spite of himself by the inspection which he felt he was undergoing on all sides. There was an awkward interval; finally, one of the men turned around and called into an adjoining room, "Hi, Sol—friend of yours."

Channing looked up suspiciously. What did they mean by that? Surely they had not seen him on his former visit. Then, was this mere facetiousness? No answer, however, came from Sol; so Channing, shaken with alternate pulses of heat and cold, continued drying his clothes before the stove. The men about him started a desultory conversation.

In a few minutes, one of the group, a fair-haired boy whom Channing remembered as the inn-keeper's son, rose from his seat and crossed over to him. "What'll you have for supper?" he asked.

"I don't care for any supper," Channing replied, "but can you get me some whisky and show me to my room?"

"Sure thing," answered the boy, and went into the adjoining room.

A moment later, the door reopened, and the landlord Sol came in, a whisky bottle in his side

pocket and a candlestick in his hand. "Here's your supper and here's your light," he said abruptly, "and if you want, I'll show you to your room right away." He moved toward one of the farther doors and Channing rose and followed.

The house was draughty, and the candle-flame flickered. Channing stumbled after its uncertain light through several dark rooms and into a shadowy passage. He could see the rail of an ascending staircase. "Where are you taking me?" he asked suddenly.

"Attic room," the landlord replied; "the other rooms are all taken."

Channing laughed to himself. "Fine joke," he thought, "same inn, same landlord, same room. It's a good thing that there's *not* the same Westerner."

They began to ascend the staircase, the landlord lighting his guest from behind. Channing went up quickly. He had been up that staircase before, he thought to himself, and down it too: he knew all its turns. Then, suddenly, he misstepped and brought his foot down heavily through some broken boards. Channing fell forward. Recovering himself he said angrily, "Damn it, why didn't you warn me of that step?" Then, fearing that through his self-confident haste he might have betrayed acquaintance with the house and curious to discover

by what chance the step had been broken since his previous visit, he asked cunningly, "How does it come that one step of a staircase wears out when all the rest are good as new?"

"You're not a scary chap, are you?" asked the landlord.

"Not exactly," said Channing with a short laugh.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. About a year ago, an escaped convict robbed and killed a Colorado cowboy in that attic room you're going to sleep in. When they brought the coffin down the stairs, one of the men in front let it drop and it fell bang on this step."

"And you never had it repaired?" asked Channing.

"Couldn't very well," replied the landlord. "Nobody'd take the job. Every time we tried, some accident happened. That's all."

They said no more. Sol showed Channing to his room without further mishap, and left the solitary candle burning on the table. His departing footsteps echoed down the creaky stairs and died away. Channing was left to himself.

He turned about and surveyed the room. The candle burned with dim light. Around the flame the brightness hung in the damp air, and then died out abruptly into gloom. Over the table, the rafters, heavily bound with cobwebs, began to slope downwards towards the

darkness about the sides of the room. Becoming aware of a chair in the outskirts of the illumination, Channing seized it and dragged it up to the table well in the light zone. He sank into it, and shaded his eyes with his hand.

It was strange, after all, that chance should have brought him back again to that room. When he left it after that other visit of his, it had been with no thought of ever needing to return to that house or that part of the country. But he had not foreseen to what straits bad fortune might bring him. He had thought it a part of his good luck to have come to this house. It would not have been sufficient merely to escape from the convict gang, not to get a disguise through Millie. Without money he would still have been retaken. Therefore it was the crowning piece of luck by which he had really effected his escape, that he had come to the "Travellers' Hope." But there was the cowboy from the West lounging about in the barroom. He was a little overheated with liquor and was loudly boasting of his own clear headedness and prosperity. He had made a good pile, he said—jingling his belt—in Colorado, where any other fool would have starved to death; and he had augmented it by a little sharpness at Canfield. He would play them all, he declared. Fifty-two dollars a pack, one dollar

refunded for every card made good, five hundred dollars if he made good all. Who would put up the five hundred? Channing could not have wished for a better chance. He persuaded the ranchman to play up in his room where they would be undisturbed. The Westerner agreed to the proposal. But Channing hadn't really intended to kill him—to stun him would have been enough. Everything went wrong after he got over the border, anyway. And here he was, fever-stricken and penniless, about to spend a night in the same room. Queer world!

Channing glided imperceptibly from vague thought to vague absence of thought. . . . A cold draught swept through the room. The candle flickered low. Channing opened his eyes and looked across the table. He grasped the candle and held it high in the air. There was no mistake. Opposite him, a pack of cards in his hands, the Westerner was sitting, laying out—one by one—the rows for Canfield. Channing shuddered. If his fever were going to play him such tricks he would keep his eyes shut. He had done with the Westerner for good, a year ago, and had no mind to be plagued by the past. In a second or two, however, anxious curiosity got the better of him and he opened his eyes cautiously. The fellow was still sitting there, leaning

back in his chair as if waiting for Channing to attend. Their eyes met and Channing could not withdraw his gaze. Then the others began to play and Channing watched. Card by card, he remembered, it was the game they had played together a year ago. He knew what would happen—the Westerner would jolt some cards off the table and stoop down to pick them up. Channing would accuse him of cheating and the fight would begin. There would be a scuffle and he would hit the Westerner's head against the sharp corner of the table. Then he would take the money from the Westerner's belt. Channing smiled at the idea of robbing a ghost. At any rate, the ghost would be dead and there would be an end of him for the night.

With this hopeful thought Channing applied himself to the game, and the ghost took up the cards once more. He played for a few minutes; then, as Channing had expected, with a jerk of his elbow, sent the cards flying and stooped to pick them up.

Channing rose threateningly, words came involuntarily to his lips. "You're cheating," he said; "you dirty wretch," and made a grab for the cards. The Westerner rose quickly, just in time to wrest

from Channing's hand the filled whisky bottle which he was using as a weapon. Channing found himself unarmed. "See here," he said, "it's against the rules. This isn't the way we're supposed to play it off."

The Westerner paid no attention to his words. He advanced upon Channing who retreated step for step toward the door. He shuddered; he cowered against the door, but made ready his wrists to grapple with his foe. Then, suddenly, the candle flame went out. In the dense darkness of the room, Channing felt the Rancher approach him from all directions. An icy sweat broke out on his forehead; an icy fear clutched at his heart. He tore the door open and felt for the dark staircase. Down the stairs he ran, two at a time, for what seemed an endless interval, hearing the steps of the ghost running down swiftly after him and feeling its breath on the back of his neck. Then his foot crashed through a broken board, his ankle turned, and he plunged heavily to the bottom of the staircase. A piece of board jerked out of the broken step by the tripping foot, balanced itself uncertainly for a moment on the edge, fell bouncing from step to step and finally lay motionless beside the inert mass below.

PAGES FROM A MUNICH DIARY

Munich, July 31, 1914.

When shortly after eleven, I came out of the smoky blue air of the Café Luipold, where there had been every appearance of peace, I found on the sidewalk a crowd gathered about an old man who was reading aloud an extra *blatt*. He was a white-haired old man, with friendly eyes, and I shall not soon forget the queer palish light of a street lamp shining on his face, as he read, "the German Kaiser is doing all in his power to avert a bloody struggle." People pressed close about him, men for the most part, and we with them, but it is only the face of the old man that I can remember. . . .

We had not gone far from the Café Luipold, when we heard the sound of a mighty song, and the rhythmic tramp of many feet. Suddenly there surged through the street a throng, a throng filling it from curb to curb, men, women, and children, marching and singing. From where I stood on the sidewalk, I could distinguish here and there, a waiter in his uniform, a student in his cap, artists with their long hair, ragged street urchins, and occasionally a woman. Every now and again I caught a glimpse of a tall, fair-haired youth with a low, white collar turned back at the throat, and once I saw a girl, lifted high

above the crowd on two men's shoulders, carried swiftly on, her dark hair blowing wildly about her face, her eyes shining exultantly, her hands extended before her. A taxi-cab issued from a side street, madly blowing its horn, dissected the crowd. It contained two officers in blue uniforms. At the sight of them, the mob shrieked and cheered. Hats were lifted high in the night air and the officers rose in the cab and saluted.

"Where are they going? Where are the people. . . ? My friend caught at the sleeve of a man who was passing.

"Wohin gehen die Leute?" he asked, but the man slipped free of his hand, and was lost to sight in the crowd. He made several more attempts which were either fruitless like the first or resulted in, "das weiss ich gar nicht."

We remained standing on the sidewalk until the last of the multitude had swept by us, and we were left in the deserted square opposite the Palace, with two twisted columns casting weird shadows on the pavement at our feet, and the recurring sound of "der Vaterland. . . der Vaterland" ringing faintly under the stars.

August 1, 1914.

We went to the Hof Garten in the afternoon, but the place was no

longer alive and excited. As usual it was crowded, but today with quiet, serious people.

While we were drinking coffee, an extra was posted. Immediately there was a great, scraping sound of chairs pushed back on the gravel, and every one crowded around a tree, where a *blatt* was being posted—"Scarcely any hope for peace." Quietly the people turned away, and hardly speaking made their way back to their tables. The garden was strangely silent. Just one day before, every one had been noisy. Eager and talkative, they had thronged about the *blatts*, murmuring, dissenting, questioning. But today, only the light falling through the leaves upon the tables, and the fountains splashing in the midst of the flower beds, and the waiters moving busily about their work were the same. The whole atmosphere of the place had changed; the bravado spirit had vanished with the first approach of war.

August 3, 1914.

I had scarcely risen from bed, when I was greeted with the rumor that the water had been poisoned. Fortunately the rumor proved false.

All day crowds collected in the streets.

"Was thuen die Leute?" I asked, time and time again, but always I received the answer, "das weiss ich gar nicht."

Soldiers began to throng the streets, marching in companies, clad in gray uniforms, knapsacks on their backs, bayonets on their shoulders. Taxi-cabs were filled with officers. Munich became completely military. Theatres, operas, concerts, galleries were closed. The Government had taken over the trains. Mobilization—mobilization was well under way.

August 5, 1914.

Early in the grayness of morning I was awakened by the tramp of soldiers, and running to the window looked down into the street. From the Franz-Joseph Platz came a regiment of men, the drummers at the head. Company after company of tall, bronzed face men in gray uniforms passed in perfect step. The sun appeared over the roofs of the houses and shone, with a burst of light upon their bayonets and helmets. Simultaneously the men began to sing—"das Vaterland das Vaterland." Handkerchiefs, tiny white objects bobbed frantically up and down all along the curb and out of every window. From a shop, a woman rushed out and scattered cigarettes. The column swept up the street.

I felt a sudden tightening in my throat. I looked along the crowd gathered on the sidewalk. There was scarcely one among them who was not silently weeping.

August 6, 1914.

Just at evening we heard singing in the street and rushed to the window. I have never seen a more stirring, or a more unnerving sight. Company after company of peasants, rough mountaineers of Bavaria, men well along in years, all in civilian's dress, carrying in their hands, their pathetic little bundle

of clothes, were marching by. From nearly every window, people leaned out, and waved, and cheered. More and more came, and as they came, the shout ever rose. It was the last call of the Vaterland, the last call of Germany to her citizens and they, loyal brave-hearted citizens as they are, had answered it to the last man.

EMILY NOYES.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

It is generally conceded that we have a sense of humor at Bryn Mawr. If some unfortunate student has not this quality when she comes here, she usually gains it before she has long lived in this community. Perhaps this is because a critical attitude is encouraged here; so that in second year English we learn to detect absurdly poor lines even in Shakespeare. Perhaps it is because humor is contagious, and we laugh with and at each other and ourselves.

But what of "a sense of the serious?" We seldom speak of such a characteristic and are inclined to overlook it as we might something unworthy of possession. If we have this quality when we come to

college we may easily sacrifice it to our overdeveloped sense of humor. Have we not lost our sense of the serious when we take our spirit of laughter and criticism even to chapel services, or when we look upon no song as too sacred to parody? Or when we thoughtlessly spoil for a friend the work of her favorite poet by ridiculing a few faulty lines?

Is it not then necessary that we hold fast to a sense of the serious in order to have the best sense of humor—a sense of humor which will not degenerate because we lose that fineness of discrimination necessary to tell us whether something is a joke or not?

S. F. N., '15.

BOOKS REVIEWED

A thrilling detective story and the facts of history do not often appear together on the printed page, as they do in a new book by Doctor Armgaard Karl Graves, *Secret Agent*. The author was for twelve years a spy for the German foreign office, was betrayed by his employers to the British Government, escaped the usual consequences,—seven years of penal servitude,—and instead, was received into British foreign service. This in itself is no ordinary life for a man, but it is only one of the series of lively adventures of which Doctor Graves tells in his book. It all reads like fiction, but perhaps that is because it is not given to us to know the devious paths of European diplomacy. If the author writes truly, it is revealed that the spy is of more service to his government than is the ambassador; that the present crisis in Europe is at least distantly related to parts cleverly played by

French courtesans under Russian pay in Constantinople, and to parts less cleverly played by certain ambassadors and diplomats. Indeed, the "*Secrets of the German War Office*" would perhaps exalt the spy as the most effective servant of his government but that it shows one who is more effective than the spy—the head of the foreign office in the Wilhelmstrasse. The red tape and detailed organization of this office, Doctor Graves describes in full, and he illustrates by the statement that in it are to be found charts of every battleship in Britain's navy. A book like this reveals the undercurrent of history, which formal treaties and edicts and the meetings of diplomats only serve to cover. How effectually they will be able to cover it in future, may depend on the truth of statement and the spread of circulation of the "*Secrets of the German War Office*."

H. B., 1915.

DULCI FISTULA

"Dulci Fistula," like the senior steps or the lantern-man, is an institution so old that we have long since taken it for granted, and ceased to inquire into its meaning or its reason for existence.

Its meaning—"with gentle pipings"—as each student of Minor Latin will discover for herself—lies carefully concealed in a certain ode of Horace.

And though "gentle pipings" is hardly the epithet which would best characterize some of our college humor, let us try to so order our expression of it, that "Dulci" may be a fitting outlet for our mirth.

If you are so bubbling over with

gayety that you feel impelled to disturb a sedate English class with unruly giggles, to scatter tooth-brushes over the campus, or, most hideous offence of all, to profane a sacred college anthem by vulgar parody, stop a moment before perpetrating any of these rash actions, and consider that you live in a well-ordered community, where there is "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Go home then, pick up the tooth-brushes, and cast the parody into the waste-basket. Sit down at your desk, and in a mood not chastened, but restrained, pipe gently for the columns of "Dulci Fistula."

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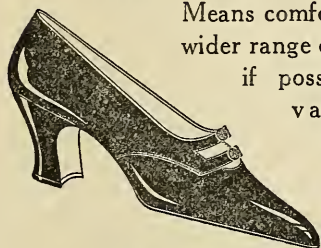
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Tipyn o' Bob

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No. 2

Editor in Chief.

EMILY G. NOYES, '15.

Editors.

HELEN TAFT, '15
HELEN IRVIN, '15

HARRIET BRADFORD, '15
MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL, '15
MARGARET HASKELL, '16

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EDITORIALS

We realize that we have at Bryn Mawr a very short academic year, consequently we feel loath to waste even the first two weeks of it. Lectures and work commence simultaneously, but students are left behind at the very start. We come back to college, after a long vacation, ready for work,—for hard work. We feel fresh mentally, and physically; we feel able to begin our duties with an impetus which will carry us far. Unfortunately we spend this surplus energy uniting in great crowds, outside of the various offices in Taylor Hall. It takes a whole period to have a line drawn through one of the alternate courses registered on a slip of paper; it takes many periods to have a red stamp pressed down a page of our course books (a process incidentally which takes less than a minute). When we are through with our academic duties, we hasten

to fulfil our physical engagements in the gymnasium. Although, here, we have signed for our examinations, a half hour is usually spent shivering in a toga, before we are allowed to lift weights and blow in tubes. While, as regards medical appointments, a whole Saturday morning is not too much to sacrifice to them.

After all, the student body of Bryn Mawr is not so large but that appointments might be made for each member of it,—this could be done by signing for the engagements,—and then these appointments adhered to strictly. If so much red tape is necessary to enable a student to work, at least the student might have the privilege of disentangling the red tape systematically.

In protesting against the new Regulation for Attendance at Lectures, we are faced by the question: "Why, if we are serious students, should we want to cut our classes?"

The majority of us do not want to cut, but we desire to feel free to do so, if, according to our best judgment, it is to our advantage to cut a certain class.

Most of us who come to Bryn Mawr, come either because we intend to use the education we receive here to earn our own livings after we leave college, or because we desire the education for its own sake. Whichever kind of student we are, it is obviously to our disadvantage not to attend as many of our lectures as we possibly can.

Beside these two kinds of desirable students, we have, unfortunately, a third and very small class, which comprises those students who have drifted aimlessly into college, themselves hardly knowing why they are here, and feeling no responsibility to themselves, their families, or the college, for their conduct here. It is to the reckless and wilful cutting of this extremely small class of students, that this Rule for the Regulation of Attendance at Lectures is directly due.

Does it not seem that this regulation is a prop, rather than a punishment, for the guilty few, while it is a galling restraint upon the liberties of the many innocent, who cut seldom or never?

Of course the question occurs: "If we attend our classes in any case, why then do we object to the cut rule?" We object because we do not wish to have our pleasure in attending our lectures voluntarily, destroyed by coercion—because we do not wish to see the tone of Bryn Mawr lowered, as it surely will be, if compulsion enters in where com-

pulsion should not be, and as we firmly believe, is not necessary. Our ideal for Bryn Mawr is a studiousness not compulsory, but voluntary, an academic activity brought about by none but the highest aims, motives, and ideals.

There can be little doubt as to the unanimity of sentiment of the undergraduate body with regard to the rule concerning attendance at lectures. Of course it may be that the strong disapprobation is due to the fact that the students are lazy and impervious to their own highest interests. But we are inclined to think that the ignobler motives are of slight weight and that the undergraduates are principally influenced by the conviction that the innovation makes a step in the wrong direction.

President Thomas' strongest argument in favor of the new rule was that it is to teach us regularity—an essential part of a sound intellectual training. But after all, even if we are driven, by the spectre of lowered grades, to acquire intellectual regularity, will it really be any more enduring than the excellent habits we acquired at boarding school? We admit that some of us lack regularity in our work, but is it the thing which we as a college stand most in need of?

We believe that the complaint chiefly to be made against us, as students, is not that we cut our lectures but that we depend on our lecture notes too much; that we shirk original work. It would seem that what we need most is not increased regularity, but increased intellectual independence. It is to be feared that every new "prop" granted us by the faculty, though it may bolster up the former quality, will be detrimental to the latter; that although we may return to our boarding-school habits, we may also return to our boarding-school attitude towards our work. We think it is because the undergraduates feel their intellectual independence, none too strong now, will be materially weakened if not completely crushed, by the new regulation, that they are willing to fight it to the last ditch.

AUTUMN LEAVES

I put crimson dahlias on my desk, to blend their reflected color in the polished mahogany.

I put pink roses on my tea-table to match those painted on the cups.

There are vases and particular shelves and corners in my room where certain flowers are prettiest. But do they become the room, or does the room become them? I am not quite sure.

With autumn leaves it is different. Has not the one branch I picked yesterday brought indoors all the

wonder of October? There are the colors of the country side—the soft brown of a wide cornfield, the gold of the one lone tree upon it. . . . There is the brilliancy of some cold sunset, the blood-red of the harvest moon at rising.

Already there are leaves upon the branch that wither. Even as the autumn wind strips the trees in the woods whence my leaves came, they too must fall and die.

And then I know my room will seem quite bare and cold.

S. F. N., '15.

SLAVE'S SONG

You were as far from me
As Heav'n above you;
Yet were you made for love
As I to love you.

Many have slain themselves
To whom you sighed.
Fortunate they to have
Loved you, and died.

And though I die for love,
Something endures;
Although you knew it not,
Yet I was yours.

Thus will the poets sing:
You were the shrine;
I but the Offering,
Yet you were mine.

MARGARET LOUISE LOUDON, '16.

THOUGH THE FIELD BE LOST

I wonder if you remember a certain great golf match a few years ago in which Harry Whitacre, an American boy about twenty years old, defeated the two greatest golf experts in the world. The match occurred in the open tournament and his opponents were two seasoned old English professionals Wright and Haddon by name. It was widely heralded at the time as an event unprecedented in the history of golf. If you did happen to read the full accounts in the Boston papers, you may remember that Harry Whitacre was a clerk in Spalding's, who had begun life as a caddy; that he lived just across the street from the Brookline Country Club where the match was played, and that his mother, who was baking, ran across the street to see how the match was coming out and then was ashamed to find herself in the crowd with her apron on. And you may remember what Harry's sister Myrtle said, when interviewed by the *Globe* reporter, "We're real proud of Harry," I think it was, and how she was photographed standing on the front piazza of the family home, with an enormous bow on one side of her hair. I suggest that you may know these details only because if you read the Sunday papers diligently during that

October, you couldn't well have avoided gathering a good many interesting items about the Whitacre family.

"Harry grew up just like any other American boy," said his mother to a reporter from the *Sporting Gazette*. "He used to eat more pie than anything else, I guess. He always liked being on the golf links better than over his books, but his father and I never thought to see him famous."

The match itself was well worth seeing. It was a rainy day, but there were six thousand people pursuing the three great men around the eighteen holes. We had to race madly from place to place. We lost ourselves in swamps, stumbled over logs, were railed at for getting onto the course, and after we had almost broken our necks we found that it was largely luck whether we secured places from which we could see either players or balls. But our enthusiasm never flagged. For was not American youth proving itself the superior of the flower of British professionalism? We intended no discourtesy to the foreigners, but every time that Whitacre outdistanced them, the moist six thousand emitted an irrepressible cheer.

Whitacre presented as complete a contrast to his opponents as one

could well imagine. Wright was a big coarse man, well over fifty, with a slight limp which made him peculiarly deliberate and professional in his movements. He wore a loose khaki shooting jacket and looked like the pictures of the My lord Tom Noddy's head game-keeper. Haddon was smaller, younger, more dapper. He, too, wore khaki but with a certain jauntiness. He was the type of Englishman who might be mistaken for an Earl by any one not too familiar with the British aristocracy. He smoked innumerable cigarettes throughout the match with an air of superb indifference. Both men were tough and weather-beaten—every inch British sports. Their caddies were as seasoned and professional as they themselves. They used all four to get together on every green and consult in whispers. We of the gallery felt with a quiver of indignation that they were plotting the undoing of our new national hero. Wright would scowl and mutter imprecations, while Haddon flicked the ashes from his cigarette with villainous calm. Whitacre, meanwhile, would wait patiently on the other side of the green, occasionally jesting with his proud but diminutive caddy. (I found out about the caddy the next day in the *World*. His name was Tommy Todd; he was twelve years old

and was playing hookey from school. He was caught by the truant officer on the first tee, but was released when the officer learned the motive for the crime.) The hero of the day was a slight, rather delicate looking youth. His complexion wore a pale, almost pasty hue, which must have been the result of his years of clerkdom. His gray suit, in spite of its knickerbockers, had the ready made business cut. For the rest he had nice gray eyes, and a pleasant smile, which displayed good teeth.

I saw the match, as I said, and I took an interest in the pleasant faced boy who concealed so much skill and determination behind his quiet exterior. So the story I am about to tell I discovered as the result of my later investigations.

It doesn't really begin until the match is over. The crowd was roaring itself hoarse for Whitacre, for Wright and Haddon, for England, for America; the victorious amateur had shaken the hands of his grimly polite adversaries and was standing rather helplessly in the middle of the eighteenth green, when his caddy's voice piped up beside him:

"Say, Mr. Whitacre, may I shake your hand before all those other fellows and may I keep one of them balls you used."

Harry looked down in surprise at this newborn formality.

"Why, Tommy, what's got into

you to call me Mr. Whitacre. Of course you can have all the balls."

"Thank you, sir, I'll only take one and ——"

But here the crowd, done with cheering swept across the green and gathered in champion and caddy. Harry was hoisted on half a dozen shoulders and borne towards the Club House. Held aloft on this proud eminence he realized for the first time that he was a Hero. Of course he knew how a Hero should behave. Every properly bred American boy knows that. He must be very modest and retiring. He must not say much but must disclaim the compliments heaped upon him. Harry, after his first dismayed alarm, did not find the part a hard nor an unpleasant one and he fulfilled it admirably. He protested against his glorious method of transportation. He blushed and tried to murmur denials, when the president of the Country Club pressed his hand and said that Boston, indeed the whole United States, was proud of him. He retired into a corner and had to be coaxed out in order to be introduced to rows of ladies, some in rain coats and some in satin. He refused to be treated to a banquet, or even to drinks, but said that he must get home to tell "mother." Finally he refused the automobile of a Pittsburgh millionaire, and insisted on running

home across the links. And underneath all his confusion and embarrassment he was secretly rejoicing in the realization that he was something no one had ever dreamed he would be—a Hero.

"How pleased Emmy will be;" that was his first thought when he was once more out in the mist, cutting across the sodden fair green. He would have made straight for the Pearsons to receive her congratulations if he had not been almost sure that she would be waiting for him with his mother. So he made instead for his own home, the ochre tinted frame house with the corner tower, which stood opposite the seventeenth green.

But Emmy was not awaiting him on the front piazza. Instead there were five young men, sharp-eyed and armed with note books, who were attacking his mother and Myrtle like a flock of crows. They hovered about during the hysterically joyful greeting bestowed upon the champion by his mother, and the slangy exultations of his sister; then they swooped down on all three and renewed the attack of questions and requests for photographs. Harry observed that his mother, and even more Myrtle seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. He himself found the Hero's part somewhat more difficult here than at the club.

Try as he would it was forty

minutes before Harry could ask his mother about Emmy. Mrs. Whitacre hadn't seen her and tried to restrain Harry from going to look for her.

"I think it's real strange she ain't been over, Harry. She always gets home early Saturdays. She don't seem to realize about your golf; now don't go over to tell her before you get your dinner."

But Harry could not be held. The Pearsons were only just around the corner. They were getting up from dinner when Harry entered. Mr. Pearson hurried forward to grasp his hand.

"Well, Harry, is that you? We didn't scarcely think you'd come round to see your old friends any more. Mother, I guess we ought to be offering Harry champagun these days and patty dee—what d'ye call the thing, Emmy?"

"Do you mean pate de fois gras, father," said Emmy with a certain curtness.

"That's it. I guess you'll be pretty much of a swell after this, Harry."

"Don't mind him, Harry dear," said Mrs. Pearson tenderly, "but don't you want somethin' to eat. We've only just finished and we had some real good doughnuts. We certainly were proud of you this morning, Harry."

Harry was hungry and he began to realize once more the advan-

tages of herodom. Mrs. Pearson usually greeted his entrance with a grunt, and swept him and Emmy out of doors so as not to interfere with her housekeeping. While he munched the doughnuts, the strain of eulogy continued. Emmy's mother wanted to know whether his feet weren't wet. Emmy's father wondered whether the Governor of Massachusetts would be sending him a telegram. Emmy's elder brother, who had aspirations as a golfer himself, wanted to know whether he used a mashee or a cleek the most. Emmy's little brother wanted to caddy for him some day. And meanwhile Emmy sat on the far side of the stove sewing on a shirtwaist in rather conspicuous silence. Harry stole glances at her while he answered Tubby Pearson's questions. The doughnuts disposed of he arose and walked to the window.

"Say, Emmy," he said, over his shoulder, "it's clearing up. Come on out on the piazza and look at the blue sky."

"It's right damp," said Emmy, but she folded up her sewing.

Once alone on the piazza, however, things were worse than before. Emmy asked him in conventional tones, whether he had had a hard match. When he had answered there was an uncomfortable pause. Harry felt confused and puzzled. Neither Emmy nor he was ever

very talkative, but the remarkable thing about their friendship had always been that they could understand each other without saying much. Emmy was essentially a person of sympathetic silences; but today he didn't understand her at all and her silence was almost antagonistic. He was chilled and disappointed, for was he not a full-fledged Hero? He had expected more enthusiasm from Emmy than from anyone else. A suggestion insinuated itself into his mind that Emmy did not appreciate him as he deserved.

As he rose to go he felt a certain nervousness in saying, "I forgot to tell you, Emmy, I'm afraid I can't take you over to the Minders tonight. I promised I'd go to dinner over at the club. I tried to get out of it but they said I ought to go out of politeness to Wright and Haddon."

Emmy stooped to pick up a leaf. Then she answered with more constraint than ever:

"That's all right, Harry, I was just going to tell you that I didn't want to go to the Minders after all."

As Harry reached the Pearsons gate he almost collided with a young man who headed for the Pearsons at top speed. On inspection Harry discovered it to be one of the enterprising seekers of news items who had delayed him

in the morning; in fact the reporter from the *Boston Globe*.

"Say, Mr. Whitacre," was his cheery greeting, "I was just looking for you. Your mother said you were over here. A little bird told me that there was something up between you and this Miss Pearson. Say, is it so? Pretty suspicious, I call it."

Harry denied hastily and with what dignity he could muster, that he and Miss Pearson were engaged. As a matter of fact he didn't know whether Emmy and he were engaged or not. Of course he hoped that she was going to marry him but they didn't call it an engagement. At any rate, he felt sure that Emmy did not care for a notice in the papers.

It was unfortunate that the reporter was not satisfied with Harry's determined denial. For as soon as Harry had disappeared around the corner he paid a breezy visit to the Pearsons, stating that Harry had denied the rumor but demanding further evidence. Mrs. Pearson was inclined to mysterious insinuations, but Emmy was crisp and definite.

"Mr. Whitacre told you the truth. We are not going to be married."

The reporter departed still unconvinced and the next day the *Globe* contained a very pretty description of "dainty little Miss

Pearson" who "blushingly denied that any real engagement existed between herself and Mr. Whitacre." "Why, Harry and I are just nothing but the warmest friends" was the *Globe's* version of Emmy's statement.

Harry tried to make light of the article when he came around to the Pearsons that evening. He was in fine spirits, having been made the night before to feel that he was all that a Hero should be. He had been treated as an equal by distinguished men of "Mayflower" ancestry and he had heard two of them telling each other "what a sensible, modest young fellow Whitacre was." He was in such a good humor that he had decided to pardon Emmy's apparent lack of appreciation and to treat her just as if nothing had been wrong between them.

"I suppose perhaps we are engaged, Emmy," he remarked, trying to slip an arm around her slender waist. (The Pearsons had left them in possession of the sitting room—another proof of Harry's changed status.)

"You told the reporter that we weren't, yourself," Emmy answered.

Harry felt taken aback. "Why, I—I just thought you wouldn't want to be bothered with him interviewing you, dear."

Emmy looked unconvinced.

"Say, Emmy, you're not forget-

ting that we're going to see 'The Rogers Brothers' Monday night, are you? I'm going to get the tickets tomorrow."

"Oh, you mustn't be thinking that you have to take me out all the time, Harry. You'll be wanting to go to some big party over at the club."

Emmy's words were brusque but her manner had softened somewhat. Harry's answer was unfortunate.

"Why, I told two of the men there, just last night, Emmy, that I couldn't take dinner with them because I had another engagement."

But suddenly Emmy became icy once more. "Then you'd better tell them that you'll go. I don't care for the theatre, at any rate."

Harry went to the dinner Monday night, the invitation having been renewed and a ready made dress suit procured in the interval. And he received then another invitation to dinner at the club and one to a dance. At the exclusive Country Club which had witnessed his triumph Harry had become a hero scarcely less than in the papers. His manners were so pleasant and his enjoyment of everything so fresh and spontaneous that, for the moment, the conservative Bostonians who frequented the club were inclined to overlook the fact that he was only a clerk and to make quite a to-do over him.

Harry could not help contrasting the appreciation shown for him everywhere with the coldness which marked Emmy's manner. He could think of only one explanation for her conduct: that she did not like him and was disagreeable enough to be angry at the fuss over him. These ideas were fostered by his mother who had regarded Emmy with disfavor for some time.

"She's just nothing but a flirt, Harry boy," she would assure him when she found an opportunity, "and she's got a real nasty disposition besides."

"She stuck up," was Myrtle's comment, "Lord knows why, 'cause she plain and skinny enough."

Harry protested against this abuse but it had its effect. His visits at the Pearsons became much less frequent.

Harry's next important match—a really great golfer has to fight for his reputation at least once a week during the golfing season—was against Crothers, the amateur champion of America and was to be played at Dedham. The match was to be on a Monday and Harry received an invitation from the "Bobby" Peytons to spend Sunday at their "farm" a mile from the golf links.

"Just a few friends are coming out to be there for the match," "Bobby" had told him in extending the invitation as they sat next each other at dinner at the club.

The Peytons were inclined to lion-hunting and "Bobby" felt that to have the hero of the occasion under his roof would help to make his party a success. He was never over exclusive in his choice of guests and, at any rate, Harry's appearance and manners were quite unobjectionable and not without charm. Harry pleased and flattered accepted the invitation readily.

The preparations for the house-party marked the climax of Mrs. Whitacre's happiness. She went down town herself and bought Harry a red and yellow striped tie and red silk socks. She urged him to change his method of brushing his hair. She was sure that men of fashion wore it brushed straight back in a pompadour.

"Like as not Harry'll marry one of them rich Boston girls, now, and never have to work in Spalding's any more," she confided to Myrtle. "I don't believe he's thinkin' any more about that little cat Emmy Pearson."

(To be continued.)

HELEN TAFT.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TYP:

In the previous contented years, one of the chief objections against the existing order of things was the lack of music in Bryn Mawr. Effusions on the Steps, especially the soulful ones, such as "When the vagrant (often sung 'flagrant') breath of spring blows o'er the campus" or "Pallas" or even "Thou gracious," were musical in a sense, but there was always the possibility of the cooperation of an unrecognized mute. Real music there was none, except such as might be eked out of the metallic Pembroke pianos, accompanied by the gyrations of the human voice. These gyrations, though not exactly aesthetic, were meritorious in acquiring for the warbler the technique of her art.

May I suggest to the present generation that the chemistry class room in Dalton is the auditorium for all the scales and trills and ululations that emerge from the music rooms in Pem? that however beautiful in themselves, the Ro-osary and the End of a Perfect Day are nevertheless not so good a stimulus for a student who is struggling to divide iron pyrites by barium sulphate, as logarithms

or even silence would be? Yet from nine o'clock till one, class after class sits preoccupied and shivers while "Imoque ululant profundo Nymphae."

We have often heard in chapel that Bryn Mawr is considered the leader among women's colleges of the United States in regard both to academic standing and personal liberty. Indeed many of us, I think, come to Bryn Mawr largely because it has been the college in which every student has been permitted to use her own discretion in so many matters. With the adoption of the cut rule, however, the spirit of the college is radically changed. Now the students are going to be sent to their lectures. Is this fair to the students, all of whom have returned to college this year without an inkling of the change? Does it not seem just that we should have had a year's notice? In that case some of us could have stayed away if we so desired. Now, none of us can change without serious financial loss. This fact forces most of us to stay here this year whether we will or not.

S. BRANDEIS, '15.

BOOKS REVIEWED

Tramps

One cannot help being grateful to Mr. William H. Davies for his "Autobiography of a Supertramp." It is indeed a sort of "magic freight car" on which we can with very little trouble "hook a ride." Undoubtedly the "call of the road" is felt at some time by all people, but it comes most strongly to us when we are surfeited with the restraining regularities of our well-ordered academic lives. Even though we do love our "gray buildings" and the ever recurrent faces of our friends, yet there are times when we want to break away and tramp the road and feel fresh winds against our cheeks. However, this is hardly practicable for most of us and the only thing that we can do is to get our experience vicariously. All the poetry of the road, with the beauty of nature and the pleasures of comradeship one can find in the little "Vagabondia" books, but for the actual prose, the "real facts" and

convincing details of tramp life there is no other book but Mr. Davies' "Autobiography." This, besides, containing the delight of a long and discursive Shavian preface presents perfectly candidly the life of a man whom even Mr. Shaw calls "incorrigible" and who undoubtedly belongs like the Dust-man in "Pygmalion" to the "undeserving poor." Mr. Davies tells the details of his life in the most trenchant and detached way. For instance, as a boy he did well in the little school in Cornwall where his father was a tavern keeper, but he says, "unfortunately at this time I organized a band of robbers six in number, and all of good families and comfortable homes." After experiences of varying degrees of interest and respectability he finally reached the United States, where he fell in with and tramped for ten years with heroes of the tramp world.

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Hung from each soldier's neck, a stove,
Fried each a savory chop.

And never can chill winter winds
Make these fierce Germans "*halt*;"
In ovens warm, they'll tuck their hands,
And keep them from the "*Kalt*."

M. G. B., '15.

THE WHITING AND THE WHALE

"Will you come a little oft'ner?"
Said the whiting to the whale;
"There's a cut-rule close behind you,
And it's treading on your tail.
See how eagerly the Passers
And the Merits all advance,
They're trembling on the border,—
Will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Won't you join the dance?"

"You can really have no notion
How delightful it will be,
When they drop your marks and flunk you,
In the year that is to be."
The whale replied, "Not much, not much,"
And gave a look askance,
Said he thanked the whiting kindly,
But he would not join the dance.

“Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Won’t you join the dance?”

“What matters it how far we go?”
The whiting then replied,
“I’ll make another whale of you,
If you’ll stick by my side;
The further off from cutting,
The greater the advance,
Then turn not pale, beloved whale,
But come and join the dance.
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you,
Won’t you join the dance?”

M. M. H., '15.

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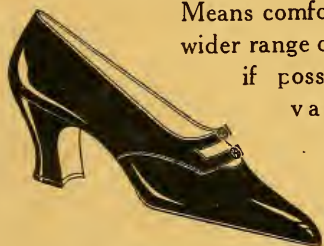
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NOVEMBER 15, 1914

No. 3

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Editors.

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

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MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL, '15
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EDITORIALS

Against the repeal of the cut-rule it has been objected that a return to the original freedom would be successful only so long as this generation remained in college; that when those of us who had lived through the excitement of this year had left Bryn Mawr, attendance at lectures would be sure to fall again into the bad condition recently called to our attention. The revised cut-rule which has just been decided upon by the Faculty seems to have been based upon this objection. But do those who hold this view meet the real question? The "undue amount of cutting" which made possible the [first rule may indicate a lapse from the state of general, wide-awake, intellectual interest characteristic of the undergraduates of Bryn Mawr's early days, but it does not show that the present students have neglected what they understood to be their duty. An essential point in their argument is that they have never been given an adequate understanding of the Faculty attitude regarding cutting, but that, once they have that understanding, cutting can be regulated accordingly. Furthermore, it seems perfectly clear that if, through the years, the Faculty continue to explain their attitude, that attitude will come to be as much a tradition as the tradition which has just been shattered,—that

the Faculty did not care about the cutting except as it affected materially the work of a student; that course books had always been signed and always would be signed. As long as course books always were signed and as long as warning to those who cut too much was confined to a five minute chapel talk once a year, and to a side remark here and there by a very few professors, and as long as "cutting too much" was an undefined term,—just so long was the subject pigeon-holed in the minds of the undergraduates. But now, if the cut-rule were repealed the Faculty attitude as at present understood might become tradition. Other matters become tradition only too quickly at Bryn Mawr, and traditions once formed are famed for their persistence.

We are very grateful to the Faculty for having listened to our arguments about the cut-rule and reconsidered their decision on the subject. We still believe that it would be better if we were allowed to exercise more discrimination than we can, under the new system. But it increases our self-respect to feel that our wishes have some weight with the Faculty, and that they are ready to recognize justice in our complaints. We felt baffled and angry when we were told, before we uttered our protests, that they would surely be unavailing, and it is a great relief to find that the Faculty do not regard our point of view as a negligible quantity. Would it not be possible, hereafter, however, for them to consider it even while they are planning radical legislation, and to come to a good understanding with the students before they make the final decision?

Here at Bryn Mawr a gulf is bound to exist between the Faculty and the students. The majority of the Faculty are men, who do not meet the undergraduates outside the classroom more than three or four times a year and who have very little reason to be interested in their views and very little opportunity to learn anything about their manner of life or even about their methods of work. There is therefore the more reason that the students should present their point of view on any important matter to the Faculty before the latter pass upon it definitely. There is also the more reason that the Faculty should take the students into their confidence, when they are contemplating innovations and should win their co-operation in remedying abuses. Up to the present the feeling of the undergraduates has been that the Faculty handed down their decrees like the Tables of the Law, not caring whether they were sanctioned or even understood as long as the letter was obeyed.

THOUGH THE FIELD BE LOST

[Continued from last issue.]

On Friday evening Harry and Myrtle were standing in the front yard, when Mrs. Pearson and Emmy came by. Emmy nodded and passed on rather hurriedly, but paused when she saw that her mother was determined to stop for neighborly gossip.

"Well, Harry, you ain't been over much lately. Why don't you come to supper tomorrow night."

"Sorry, Mrs. Pearson, but I'm going out to Dedham until Tuesday morning. For a golf match," he added, with a note of apology in Emmy's direction.

"Are you now? I thought you and Emmy was going to Concord and Lexington Sunday."

Harry felt uncomfortable and looked toward Emmy reproachfully. He knew that she had meant him to understand that all engagements between them were off. Therefore it was manifestly unfair that her mother should reproach him for neglect.

Emmy seemed to understand the look for she interposed quickly:

"Of course not, Mother. Harry hasn't time to spend his Sundays like that. Beside—," she hesitated just a fraction of a second; "I said I'd go out to Revere with the Minders. I've got to run home now

and fix up supper. Are you coming, Mother?"

Mrs. Pearson looked after her daughter's retreating figure with an air of dissatisfaction. "I don't know what's got into Emmy," she remarked to Mrs. Whitacre, who had appeared in the front door, "she's that nervous and snappy."

"Perhaps she's makin' up her mind whether to take Jimmy Minder. Girls are often real cross when they're makin' up their minds." Mrs. Whitacre spoke with deep guile and Mrs. Pearson nibbled the bait cast.

"Well, perhaps you're right," she said reflectively. "He is round the house all the time and she's real nice to him though she ain't to no one else. Some girls don't know what's what though," she added regretfully with a look towards Harry.

Harry felt that the truth had been revealed to him in a blinding flash. So Emmy had been playing him off against Jimmy Minder and now she wanted to get rid of him. Well, he wouldn't bother her any more. Perhaps some day, when she came to realize what a hero she had turned down she would regret her choice.

* * * * *

Harry's first evening, at Dedham, was a great success. When he entered the drawing room before dinner he was unpleasantly conscious of the size of his hands, and worried for fear the sleeves of the cherished dress suit were too short. He shifted his feet a good deal while he talked to his hostess and was uncomfortably conscious of a roving eye. But once he was seated at the dinner table matters began to improve at once. The young lady on his right—a Miss Lawrence—expressed a tremendous enthusiasm over the match against Wright and Haddon. She wore a vivid green dress and had black hair, and eyes that snapped. Her interest in him appeared to be so keen and so genuine that Harry began to regain his self confidence. He did not know that interest and enthusiasm were Edith Lawrence's rôle with every man whom she considered in any way worthy of her prowess. As a breaker of hearts, Edith's name was second to none in all Back Bay. Of late she had grown nice in her tastes but there was a novelty about a shop boy golf champion which appealed to her.

"You know I tried to get up close to you to shake your hand but dad wouldn't let me," she assured him, after stating her opinion of the match in superlatives.

Harry soon found himself talking to her so gaily that he was for the

nonce unmindful of slips in his speech and even forgetting to count out and apportion his forks. Miss Lawrence twitted him once on his reported engagement, and Harry blushed nicely.

"Aren't those fellows fools," he replied. "I told that man right off that I wasn't engaged to anybody. I don't see what he asked me for if he was going to put just the other thing in the paper."

"Well, I'm so glad it isn't true, Mr. Whitacre," said Miss Lawrence audaciously. "We can see so much more of you this way."

Harry was somewhat embarrassed by such outspoken flattery, but Miss Lawrence had a very charming manner of saying such things and he was secretly pleased. Way down in his heart he wished that Emmy might have heard her.

There was dancing after dinner and Harry sought out Miss Lawrence who had promised to teach him the Tango. The first tune was a Rag, and in that Harry needed no teaching. His steps were not quite those of the other dancers, but Miss Lawrence seemed to be able to follow him, and Harry led with increasing confidence. He thought, once, of Emmy and the Casino Dance Hall, where they had learned the steps together. He wondered whether she were dancing them now with Jimmy Minder. But he managed to banish these memories

by turning his attention back to his partner.

Harry was emboldened, after his first success, to ask several ladies to dance. They all smiled on him warmly, and showed an enthusiasm over his achievements almost equal to Edith Lawrence's. Harry found it embarrassing sometimes, but delightful. He felt most at ease with Miss Lawrence, however, and he returned to her oftenest.

"Did you know that I made Bobby ask me to this party and put me next to you at dinner?" Edith inquired later in the evening in the conservatory. "I have been dying to meet you ever since the day at Brookline. I can't wait to see the match on Monday, only I suppose it won't be nearly as close as the other one."

Harry was confident enough about Monday, but he asserted cheerfully that he would probably be beaten, and laughed at Miss Lawrence's faith in him.

He found that Miss Lawrence's confidence was shared by the whole party. The men were betting heavily—four and five to one. The modest doubts which Harry expressed were scouted, and he was told that the money was as safe as if it were invested in the Bank of England.

Sunday passed delightfully. There was a walk with Miss Lawrence in the morning, and a

sociable tea before the fire in the afternoon. In the evening Harry found himself again with Miss Lawrence in the conservatory. She wore a dress of spangled white satin with a brilliant orange flower at her girdle. Harry decided that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and the memory of Emmy was almost eclipsed in his mind.

On Monday morning Harry rose early and walked over before breakfast to the links for a final examination of the course. As he returned to breakfast through the garden he heard Edith Lawrence's voice from an arbor, covered with red vines, which stood almost in his path.

"Well, really, Rosy, I don't see any harm in playing around with the shop boy. Of course he's impossible, but he's very appreciative; and you know that I always enjoy curiosities."

"But, my dear, you have been behaving outrageously. Why just think of his dancing. You might have been a couple at one of the Revere Beach dance halls."

Edith laughed. "Yes, and of course it makes me squirm to see him butter his roll on the table; still——"

Harry did not wait for more. It had taken him a few moments to realize that he was the subject of conversation, but when he did he

walked hastily back along the path.

At breakfast he was very silent and avoided the toast and rolls with sedulous care. Also he avoided Miss Lawrence's eye. The whole party were very gay and offered him good wishes and expressions of confidence throughout the meal. Harry wished miserably that he were alone in the caddy house with Tommy Todd. He felt that everyone present was mocking him.

* * * * *

The match was a close one from the beginning. Crothers was in magnificent form, and Harry had lost the steadiness which he had shown against Wright and Haddon. Twice he drove out of bounds; once he lost a stroke in a bunker; twice he missed puts. They were even on the seventeenth tee. Then Harry drove into the brook and his ball was never found. The hole was forfeited to Crothers. The eighteenth hole Harry played in perfect form, but Crothers made two lucky shots, an approach and a put, and the match was his.

Harry stood on the eighteenth green with the bottom suddenly knocked out of his universe. Men were swarming around Crothers and grasping his hand. Harry looked in the other direction and caught Miss Lawrence's eye. She smiled vaguely and turned hastily away. He saw four or five of the

men of the house-party in a little group with their heads together and rather an angry expression in the hunch of their shoulders. At the side of the green was Tommy Todd with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Harry never quite knew how he took his leave of his host and hostess, or how he made his escape from the country club. He knew that he had not seen Miss Lawrence again. He remembered riding to the station in an automobile with his new dress suit case beside him, but that was all.

His mother was in the kitchen when he got home. He had known how she would behave, and had been dreading the meeting. She flung her arms about his neck with a burst of tears and exclaimed, between her sobs,

"Oh, Harry, boy, why did you let that awful Crothers win? I'll just never get over it."

Harry released himself brusquely.

"I didn't do it on purpose, Mother. Is there any dinner left?"

Mrs. Whitacre saw at once that she had made a mistake, and drying her eyes she began to assume a forced cheeriness. She urged Harry not to think about the match; what was one golf match anyhow? She rushed to the door to meet Myrtle and whispered to her in a loud tone that she must try to cheer the poor boy up.

Myrtle's idea of cheer was to exclaim as she entered: "Well, kiddo, so you got walloped, did you?" and then to seat herself on the table and sing rags. Harry jumped up after about fifteen minutes of such gayety and went out of the house. He did not return until after dark.

His mother had prepared all his favorite dishes for supper, and was in despair when he refused them one by one. She had even gotten tickets for the theatre for the three of them and almost cried when Harry refused to go.

"You can get Myrtle's steady, Skinny Connell, to take you, Mother. I'm dead tired and would rather go to bed."

In the end he was left alone in front of the stove, and a slight sense of peace descended upon him.

The clock was striking half past eight when the door opened and Emmy walked in. She turned quite white when she saw him and stopped at the door. Harry realized suddenly that her eyes were prettier than Miss Lawrence's.

"Where's your mother?" was all she seemed able to say.

"She and Myrtle are gone to the theatre."

Emmy recovered herself slowly.

"Mother sent me over to ask her about what she wants to give to the church festival. I didn't know you were back from Dedham. I must

run right back. Tubby's waiting outside."

The door had shut on her again before Harry could answer. He sank down in his chair and covered his face with his hands. He was aroused by a second opening of the door. Emmy had re-entered and stood clinging to the kitchen table which stood between them. Her face was bright crimson and her eyes were downcast.

"Harry," she said, speaking with some difficulty and hesitation, "I heard about the—the match this morning and I just had to come back and tell you that I know it was all bad luck or a mistake or something." Here she raised her eyes and they shone as she continued, "Why if you were on your game you could give that man Crothers a stroke a hole and beat him."

Harry was clinging to the other side of the table now.

"Say, Emmy, do you mean that you care—whether I win and all that?"

But Emmy's short-lived confidence was over. She dropped into a convenient rocker and buried her face in her hands. He could just catch the words, "Why, Harry, of course I do."

So it was his turn to do the comforting.

* * * * *

About a week later Emmy got a letter from her most intimate

friend, Mary Dement, who had been a stenographer in the same office with Emmy and who was taking a vacation in Rhode Island. Harry, being present when the letter arrived, demanded to hear it in a high-handed way, and threatened confiscation if he were denied. For of course they both knew that the letter was congratulatory in purport. Emmy began warily to read.

"My dear Emmy, I am very glad to hear that you are engaged to be married. I am sure Mr. Whitacre must be very nice. No, I was not surprised to hear it. Because, don't you remember the day that Mr. Stackpole came in and said that Mr. Whitacre had won

the match from Mr. Wright and Mr. Haddon? Well, I knew then that you were keeping company with Mr. Whitacre, because you sat right down on the table and began to cry to beat the band—"

Here Emmy's voice trailed off and she dropped the letter into her lap and gazed at her hands.

Harry was standing regarding her with his hands in his pockets.

"Say, Emmy," he exclaimed at last, "is that on the level? Were you really upset over that match?"

Emmy nodded but without raising her head. Harry could see that her neck was very pink.

"Golly," was Harry's comment, "I guess I don't understand much about women."

THE DETECTIVE'S PROPOSAL

The detective drew a watch from his pocket. The train was jolting along in the blackness of a starless night.

"Are you afraid you'll be home late?" I asked ironically.

"No," answered the detective quite seriously. "It's no matter, I'm not married." Then after looking for several moments out of the window, he suddenly said, "Marriage is serious."

"It is," I agreed.

"One should think a good deal about it," continued the detective.

"One should," I acquiesced.

"There's no use in hurrying either."

"Certainly not," said I.

"I've had several opportunities," went on the detective, drawing from his hip pocket an ugly looking revolver, and examining it minutely, "to marry several thousand marks, but"—a mental picture of the detective forcing at the muzzle of a gun fair damsels to consent to marriage, flashed through my mind—"money is not enough." The detective slipped the revolver back into his pocket.

"No?" said I, somewhat relieved at the disappearance of the revolver.

"A woman must have temperament," continued the detective, a determined expression on his face, and produced from the region of his waistcoat a pair of hand cuffs.

"Oh, yes," I murmured.

"And intellect."

"Yes, yes."

"And know how to cook." He opened the hand cuffs and leaned forward. "Just let me try these on." The cold iron snapped around my wrists.

"Now will you?"

The train slowed down. Lamps flashed by the windows

* * * * *

Of course the detective should have forcibly taken me with him, but he didn't. Evidently he had never learned the first rules of romance. He let me slip my hands out of the cuffs, which were at least three sizes too large. Any how he was not seeking on that train a wife, but an English spy.

E. G. N., '15.

A DIRGE

The leaves now fallen lie,—
The veriest roses die;
Drop tears where
My love lies withered—
Sing praise unto the dead,
Who was so fair.

HELEN BURWELL CHAPIN, '15.

SILENCE

Have I not longed for a great quiet and wished that I might hear no sound?

Why then have I lingered alone by the fireside to listen to the crackle of logs on the hearth? Why waked at night that I might hear the beat of rain on the roof, the foot-fall of the wayfarer on a deserted

street, the cry of the first bird that wakens?

Or why have I been glad to hear the wind through the trees, the fall of a leaf in the woods, the roar of the ocean, the rush of a river?

Even as I listened to these sounds it was as though I found the silence I sought!

S. F. N., '15.

A GRAY DAY

Here in the wintry fields it is grown quiet,
The air is icy and the sky is bleak,
The hill is high and all the road is frozen,
The falling mist is wet upon my cheek.

A line of beeches, standing frail and lovely
On the horizon, waver in the mist.
Like them I shrink before the breath of winter,
Yet still I hurry on to keep my tryst.

The haze hangs o'er the landscape like a curtain,
It is grown dark—too dark for afternoon;
The dull gray hills draw nearer to oppress me—
I am afraid—You whom I wait, come soon!

MARGARET LOUISE LOUDON.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"England and Germany."—J. A. Cramb.

A "remarkable prophecy" of the present relations between England and Germany is given in this series of lectures delivered (in 1913) by Professor J. A. Cramb of Queen's College. He begins by urging Great Britain to throw off her indifference to Germany. German and English interests are bound to cross and it is necessary that Englishmen should have "a deeper understanding of Germany, a deeper understanding of that great nation's political temper, it's history, the motives of the actors who in the past have seemed to control that his-

tory." His lectures aim, "to understand what are the forces shaping at present in Germany, which lie far deeper than momentary ebullition of goodwill." He gives a fair and carefully considered estimate of Bernhardt's book on "Germany in the Next War," in which an ethical justification of war with England is attempted. With impartiality Cramb presents the problems which confront all "thinking Germans," and shows with clarity the part played by England in these questions.

The doctrine of "Pacificism" as it appears in England is ably discussed and criticized in the second lec-

ture. The glorious side of war is represented. War, Professor Cramb says, has persisted so long because of the human tendency to become transcendental, to rise above life for the sake of an ideal. War with Bernhardi and Treitscke is a duty. One of the most absorbing parts of the book is the story of Treitscke's career, and the appreciation of him as "a governing force in German thought" and as an interpreter of the forces active in Germany.

A further interpretation of Germany's motives reveals the idea that "while preparing to found a world-empire Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion." An interesting discussion of the new "Religion of Valor" in Germany follows. The lectures end with a remarkably true forecast of the future, worked out as a logical consequence of history.

The book is well worth reading. It is not long, and is written with a strength of style that carries the reader along. The situation, as Cramb sees it, is clearly presented; and while perhaps an anti-German may still hold to his original judgment, he will certainly be more sympathetic with the German attitude.

A. R. H., '15

"Death's Jest Book"

If one has a mediæval taste for death, or believes that death is "*notre propre fin et tout se passe dans un intervalle d'elle à nous,*" one will come with pleasure to "Death's Jest Book" by Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Surely, no poet, with the possible exception of François Villon, was more obsessed with the idea of death than Beddoes. For him death was all absorbing. "Life," he said, "was too great a bore on one peg and that a bad one."

"Death's Jest Book" possesses that weird and curious quality, which one finds in the "Dance of Death," some realistic details, grotesque to any one but a medical student, but above all, beautiful short descriptive passages and phrases. One need not dread to go with Beddoes through mouldy church yards, among "pale corpses" and "shrouded ghosts," to listen to the "little snakes of silver throats in moss skulls sing," for Beddoes is a chaotic poet, physically incapable of finishing anything, as he himself admits, he will turn aside from gruesome sights to lovely songs.

"If thou will ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear sleep; . . .

E. G. N., '15.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TIP:

Are you aware that betting is increasing in college as a result of the Senior orals? Have you investigated the reasons for the many senior supper parties at the tea house and Mrs. Miller's? People go around to hear one another read. If a girl happens to know one uncommon word or one involved construction, her friends bet heavily that she will pass. They wager expensive dinners. She, in turn, much relieved and encouraged, stakes her all on her failure. To save her autumn allowance, may not more than one Senior yield to temptation and stumble over an easy translation? May not the preponderance of failures in the first French oral have been due to this pernicious habit? Can any good come out of this evil?

TROUBLED.

In modern prison reform the criminal is presupposed to possess honor and self-respect; in modern Bryn Mawr reform the student is presupposed to lack honor and self-respect. Punishment, in the most progressive prisons, has become educational; education, in the most progressive woman's college, has become punishment. The only question in which the administration is interested, apparently, is,

not what the student body is learning, but whether it is cheating. Quizzes are presided over by proctors, whose function it obviously is, not to rectify misprints, or to explain obscure questions, but to patrol the aisles and to peer over the students' shoulders. Is this new policy adopted, we ask, because we, the present students of Bryn Mawr, have no honor and inspire no trust, or is it because the students of the future are desired to have no honor and inspire no trust?

The ire of the college has been so completely taken up with the cut-rule—officially called "The rule concerning attendance at lectures"—that feeling about the new regulations with regard to quizzes is just beginning to show itself. There is a certain likeness between the two rules, namely the fact that both seem to us steps backward instead of steps forward—retrogress instead of progress—and we naturally rebel. I do not wonder that the professors prefer not to have the bother of proctoring quizzes. I am sure it is the most natural thing in the world. But if the quiz regulations were to be changed, should they not have been changed to something more nearly representing the honor system instead of to something so like boarding school methods that they

might be taken for the same? What can it be that has brought this terrible stigma of dishonesty upon us? When the professors had charge of their own quizzes they did not spend their time walking up and down the room, eyes and ears intent upon detecting some dishonesty. They were not so curious as to bend over our shoulders or so suspicious as to think we had brought quiz books already filled into the room. It may be that the officials have decided that we are all dishonest because a few of us have signed up in the gym. for a two hour walk when we have really walked only an hour and a half. Because in the past some one has cheated in academic work, why should those in charge of us think that we are all going to cheat? Surely any rule should be made for the majority, not for a small minority. I do not mean to excuse the few students who sign up for exercise which they have not done, merely to make the plea that such students are rare. The majority of us are honest, and we have a right to demand that we be treated as people of our word instead of as cheats and liars.

Why do we all have to go capped and gowned and white-dressed to our orals, as lambs arrayed for the slaughter? To even our most serious examinations we wear what-

ever clothes we please; gowns, it is true, often appear, but caps! And after all one can lose one's degree quite as easily by failing written examinations as orals, so why be so extra portentous over the latter? There is the case of the unfortunate Senior who is hastening back to be received in the arms of her waiting family and misses her train because she has to change her dress; there is the discomfort of wearing a cap; but most disastrous of all the effects is that induced by mental suggestion. Orals would seem far more natural, a part of the day's work, and lose half their fabulous terror if we could go to them in ordinary clothes. And what is there to be said in favor of the custom save that it is a tradition? By all means let us break this tradition if by so doing we shall be able also to break that other tradition so closely affiliated with it, that of entering the dreaded ordeal so frightened that one is quite incapable of doing one's best. After all, orals are intended to bring to light the amount of French and German we know, not to darken our last year in college with haunting terror.

E. R., '15.

The decision of the Undergraduate Association to charge admission to class plays gives rise to a situation which seems undignified, namely asking members of a class to pay

admission to a play given to them. We could avoid this embarrassing arrangement if the members of the class, giving the play, paid twenty-five cents apiece instead of the class for whom the play is given. In the end, the same amount of money

would be raised for the Red Cross, for each class would contribute to the fund at some time during the year, and we would, at the same time, be spared the embarrassment of requiring admission from our guests. A. W. G., '16

DULCI FISTULA

TO THE FRESHMEN

You see them now subdued and gray,
But nineteen seventeen once was gay.
It may teach you self-restraint,
Their story,—then again, it mayn't!
But try to learn through observation
That wisdom lies in moderation.
Everything you do or say
May react some horrid way:
Campus night's in jeopardy,
Gone for ever possibly.
Tooth brushes cannot pass
If they bristle from the grass;
Nor do the busts in Taylor
Like paint,—they're better paler!
Don't try for innovation
(That's the faculty's vocation).
And punishment is drastic
If you're iconoclastic,
—"Tradition is a bore"
May be so—but "hold the door."

M. O. S., '17.

Quizzes in the library remind us of the Mad Tea Party. The places are set for a goodly company, but the March Hares and Hatters and Dormice cry:

"No room! No room!"

And the proctors interpreting the cry:

"You can't sit there! You can't sit there! Pink books by blue, blue books by yellow."

Here too there are riddles to be

guessed. Not, to be sure, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" but, "How did Horace account for the idea of his sons?" Riddles, alas, need time and the student sits gazing despairingly at the library clock, which is like a sun dial when the sun doesn't shine, until the brilliant idea occurs to her, "Why not move along one?" Accordingly,

slipping from her place and leaving the riddles in her yellow book unanswered, she tries those contained in a pink book and then those contained in a blue.

"But what happens when she has gone the rounds?" you ask.

We, like the March Hare yawning, make answer—"Suppose we change the subject." E. G. N., '15.

POPULAR PROVERBS REAPPLIED

"Too many socks spoil the course."

The nervous new professor,
Glanced round his well-filled class;
Loud clicks came from beneath the desk
Of each attentive lass.

The new professor lectured on,
But wondered with dismay,
Why not a member of his class
Was taking notes that day.

Above the clicks continuous,
He asked, "Who conquered Gaul?"
"Knit six rows round, purl two—
Then plain"—they murmured one and all.

Astounded by this answer strange
He tried once more to lecture,
When out into the aisle there rolled
A ball of woolly texture.

No stranger to politeness true,
He leapt from out his seat,
Picked up the roving woolly ball,
That lay there at his feet.

But when he raised it from the ground,
He got an awful shock,
For to that ball, there was attached,
An embryonic sock!

M. G. B., '15.

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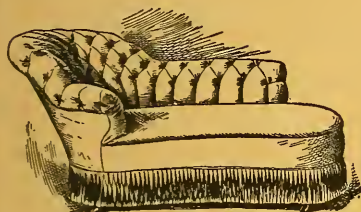
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Vol XII

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No. 4

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EDITORIALS

This year's "schedule for academic work," if cursorily compared with last year's, may present much similarity; the actual working out of the two schedules, however, shows much difference. It has been customary, for example, in major courses, to substitute a thirty-page report for the second quiz. This year, very frequently, the two quizzes are required, and the long report, in addition; nor is the private reading in any way diminished. The effects of this increased pressure of work vary in different people. In some we see utter despair, in others utter contempt, but there are two results which are general in their application as regards the work done this year.

The first is the impossibility of consecutive study. Let us take a typical case as an illustration: A student has a quiz on Friday for which she must learn a mass of technical detail, then she has a report due the following Monday, consequently she must spend the remainder of Friday and all of Saturday reading the books necessary for her paper, and sharing them with the other members of the class, while she reserves Sunday for the actual writing. (It is noteworthy to remark that the Library is as crowded Sunday afternoons and evenings this year as on week days and Chapel as badly attended.) The student's next quiz is on Tuesday, and her third on

Friday. Again we repeat, this is not an unusual instance or an exceptional week. Naturally, with such a crowded schedule, the student is unable to pay any attention during that week to the courses in which she has no reports or quizzes, consequently she is always behind in some subject. We cannot do all our work all the time.

The second result is that thorough work is as impossible as steady work. We have too many books to read, too many papers to write, to know any book well, to make any paper comprehensive. Our reading and our writing alike do not represent the best we can do, but the quickest we can do. If we have misunderstood one subject, however greatly we may be inclined to redeem ourselves and rectify our mistake, we are unable; we must hasten on and try to do a little better in the next subject.

What will be the final results of this increased pressure we can only ascertain after the mid-year examinations. However, from the results of quizzes in some of the required courses, we hardly expect the average of this year's work to be raised, but rather, we expect it to be lowered.

The carefully fostered and steadily growing interest in debating at Bryn Mawr has received a fresh impetus this year through the institution of inter-class debates.

Debating, like hockey and other college activities, is carried on not so much for an end in itself—pleasurable though that end may be—as for the purpose of training and self-improvement. Hockey makes us physically strong, teaches us teamwork and endurance. Debating gives us confidence in ourselves and accustoms us to think quickly and clearly while before an audience. Most important of all, debating stimulates an interest in topics outside the somewhat narrow sphere of our daily college life, and also teaches us to express our opinions on these topics in more carefully constructed sentences than those which we employ in ordinary conversation.

One reason for criticism of the debate between 1915 and 1916 was the lack of interest which the debaters themselves seemed to feel in the subject under discussion. Most of the speakers gave their points clearly and composedly it is true, but with no more expression or enthusiasm than they would have betrayed had they been reciting a carefully prepared lesson. That enthusiasm is a factor of good speaking was proved beyond a doubt by the excellence of the speeches made in the mass meeting held to discuss the cut rule.

The aim of a debate, aside from winning it by good arguments, is, surely, to convince the audience. This result can only be brought about by debaters who are really enthusiastic about their subject and—as a critic of the last debate most helpfully told us—who pick out a few important points and drive them home to the audience again and again. The best debater is not the one who can bring forth the greatest number of points, important or unimportant, but the one who can give the most vital arguments with the most telling effect.

Presumably and avowedly the aim of the administration is to raise the standards—intellectual and academic—at Bryn Mawr by compelling the students to work. Practically, however, the result is that Bryn Mawr is made to run by clock-work. How can a student believe that the real aim is to put academic work before all else when she is ordered out of a laboratory at four o'clock whether she will or no? The experimenting of two hours or more may be just at its crucial point, but if Taylor rings, out goes the bunsen burner, and if the student pleads to stay, she may be answered, "This is the time to exercise, not to work." Here the aim seems not to be to encourage interested work; it seems rather to be to avoid clash between the various departments of the College. Seeking after knowledge must be only at the appointed hours, but it *must be* then. Free hours in the morning are next attacked. Formerly, they were our own. Now they are our own only if our powers of concentration—and our tempers as well—are cast iron. It takes extraordinary imagination and more than average docility in the undergraduate to make her persuade herself that it is only because the College acts for her best interests that she is turned from the library reading room at ten minutes before the quiz hour to seek refuge with ten or fifteen others in the Carola Woerisshofer room or the subterranean stacks. She has been asked to co-operate with the office in trying the new system,—indeed, in trying all the new systems this year. But how can she do so when she sees in them only the hated clock-work regulations and discerns nothing of the practical working for intellectual standards which is their avowed purpose?

A PAINTER OF SHIPS

The throng moved gaily over the Board Walk, screaming and chattering, dressed in its Easter best, while within the gaudy little pennant booth the Goldstein brothers settled their destiny.

"It iss all fixed then. Ve vill divide what pa left us." Abey nodded gravely.

"I vill take the money, and you vill take the leetle booth." Again Abey nodded.

"And one last time—you vill not come mit me?" Heinrich stood hesitating at the little shop entrance, his cap in his hand, and an unwieldy parcel of clothing slung over one shoulder.

"Nein, Heinrich. You must go into the world, and you vill make much money. You haf a great head. And as for me—I also vill be great. But I must stay beside the ocean. My place iss mit the ships. I am an artist!" Abey drew himself up proudly and held out his hand.

"Goodbye, mein Abey!"

"Goodbye, mein bruder!"

That had been the parting. Abey remembered each detail of it as he sat with his white head in his hands, on the stool before the tiny booth. Thirty years ago—and now! He tightened his belt hungrily and ruefully studied the holes in his boots. There was no doubt about it, he

could wear them no longer. The very next picture he sold must pay for a new pair. Money, good money, to be spent on boots, when the heavy tax was long since due for his ten feet on the "Board Walk," and when the success of his latest painting absolutely depended upon the purchase of a new tube of sepia.

A shadow fell suddenly upon him, and he looked up to see a woman and a little girl standing before him.

"Picture, lady? Yes, beautiful picture of the ships." He got up as swiftly as his old bones would permit, and bowed his customers into the booth.

"How much?" inquired the woman, indicating a grey-green water-color of the sea at sunrise.

"Two dollars, lady."

"Two dollars! Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"It iss a vork of art, lady," he explained patiently.

"Come, Patricia, it is much too high." Patricia, however, was not to be persuaded so easily. She burst into a lusty howl, between sobs loudly demanding "the green floor with the nice yellow sun on it."

Abey's fingers twitched nervously, and as Patricia made a hasty and ignominious exit from the shop, he snatched up the picture and hobbled after her.

"Dot's a nice leetle lady. Stop crying, and take the picture. Old Abey gives it to her."

He patted the soft curls clumsily, and sank down again upon his stool.

"Such a *schön* leetle lady, and how she vished the picture!" He threw back his head and laughed. "Yes, dot vas a luffy picture; it showed all the luffiness of the dawn." He went off into a reminiscent dream of the morning he had painted it, recalling how the breeze had stirred his hair, how cool and hard the sand had felt beneath him, and how the light of the sun on the water had brought a lump into his throat.

But suddenly the old, familiar gnawing at his stomach broke through his reverie, and he came back to the present with a sigh. Ah, what a mistake he had made and how grievously he had paid for it. He thought back over the black, interminable years, each with its little history of toil, of struggle to make a penny go as far as a pound, of utter loneliness, and what had he to show for it? A booth full of pictures that no one would buy; eyes sore from the ceaseless beat of the sun upon the water; a frame bent from continual stooping over his canvases, and gaunt from many hours of privation.

A heavy step resounded on the Board Walk, and he sprang up to encounter the passerby.

"Picture, gent? Luffy pictures off the sea and the ships?"

The man paused good naturedly and followed him into the booth.

"What's that smoky thing up on the wall?"

"Dot iss a storm at sea," replied Abey with dignity. He pulled a ladder painstakingly from its corner, climbed carefully upon it, and reached down the canvas.

"Ja," he said, holding it up before his customer, and peering over the top of it, with his head on one side. "It iss a luffy work."

The man glanced at him suspiciously and then chuckled.

"Warum iss it dass you laugh?" demanded Abey, forgetting his English in his agitation.

"It looks like my home town—smoke, you know, and all that," the man explained hastily, mentally cursing himself "for hurting the darned old fool's feelings."

As Abey still looked doubtful, he continued:

"Smoke on the lake, you know. Chicago, dirty town."

"Chicago?" exclaimed Abey rapturously. "And iss it dot you know my brudder? He iss in the vest—Heinrich Goldstein! Ach, he iss a great man."

"Heinrich Goldstein? Chicago? Sorry, but we haven't met."

"Vell, I haf not heard from him," Abey admitted reluctantly, "but he vent to the vest. Oh, he vas a bright boy. I know he iss a great man."

"Sure thing," responded the man

soothingly. "Say, what's the price?" nodding towards the "storm at sea."

"Two dollars. It iss a vork of art."

"Two—? Oh, I say!"

"It iss really two dollars, but for you I make it fifty cents, becos you come from the vest where my brudder iss."

Abey carefully wrapped the picture, and pocketed his half dollar with trembling fingers. He followed his customer to the door, and squinted anxiously at the sun.

"Ach, Himmel! It iss after six. The postman has been around a whole half hour. I must hurry."

He put up the shutters with fumbling hands, seized his cap off of a shelf, and carefully locked the door. Then he stumped hastily along the "Board Walk" till he came to the first side street.

"Mein Gott, if it iss there," he muttered nervously to himself, breathlessly climbing the three flights to his attic room. He flung open the door, hurried to his table, saw that it was empty, and, turning, hung his cap mechanically on a nail upon the wall.

"Ach, nein! not yet, not yet!" He sat down on the edge of his broken bed, shook his head miserably, and fell to musing. For twenty-five years he had repeated this performance nightly, and still his disappointment at finding nothing never became less keen. That his

brother might suddenly have sent for him was his constant hope, and that the letter might have arrived at home while he was still at his booth was each day a haunting fear. To waste so much time—possibly nine whole hours—when he might be packing up and starting on his way across the country to the ease and comfort of the wealthy home he had pictured, seemed to him too great a calamity to contemplate.

"Maybe to-morrow," he murmured, as he started stirring his gruel above the gas jet.

But the morrow dawned, and he was forced to leave for "the shop" without the longed-for letter having arrived.

Slowly he took down the shutters, carefully dusted his pictures, minutely examining each one, and after moments of indecision, he placed the most suitable, with an artful carelessness, along the top of the counter. When all was arranged to his satisfaction, he sat down on his little stool before the door, and waited for customers. The sun was very hot, and it glared down on the water with such ferocity that he even lost pleasure in his favorite occupation of watching the sail boats scudding by. Time dragged, his eyes ached, and no customers appeared. At lunch time he pulled himself painfully within the booth and ate his bread and cheese standing by the counter. It was cooler there, and darker, and

despairing of making a sale on such a day, he brought his little stool indoors, and settled himself hopelessly in the corner at the back of the shop. Cool and dark, yes, cool as it would be in the big parlor at his brother's house. He would sit in the corner there, on a red plush chair, with his head against a gold pillow, and watch the light shine on the marble tops of the tables. And there would always be a bottle of beer at his elbow, and sometimes a good, rare steak. In gilt frames around the walls would hang his pictures, and learned gentlemen and fine ladies would come in to look at them and admire.

The door burst suddenly open and a man's voice trumpeted a hearty "Ahem!"

Abey came slowly out of his dream.

"And how much for the one of the three little sail boats?"

"Two dollars! It iss a vork of art," Abey murmured mechanically.

A jovial roar greeted the statement.

"Ach, mein Abey! Ever just the same. You do not know your old brudder, vas?"

"Heinrich! nicht mein Heinrich!"

"Ja!" thundered Heinrich, striding forward and gripping his brother's hands.

"Ach, Heinrich, but you are beautiful," exclaimed Abey, gazing with

awe at the diamond scarf pin and heavy gold rings. "Just vat I knew. You are a great man!"

"Ja!" said Heinrich, "I am a merchant tailor. For ten years I travelled, and it was not so easy, and at last I struck a good job in St. Louis, and now I vorked up and haf my own place and I am rich."

"Ach, Heinrich, you vas a bright boy, and that makes a great man."

"And I am married," shouted Heinrich proudly. "See, here is my Rosa and the three little ones."

He pulled from his pocket a great, gold watch, and snapped open the back.

"Ach, beautiful, beautiful," breathed Abey, gazing admiringly at the snapshot of the substantial Jewish matron, surrounded by three no less substantial daughters.

"I could not write to you before all vent vell becos I knew you would be great, and I vas ashamed. But now I am rich, and I can face you proudly. Ve are so many happy ones at home together, and ve vant you mit us in our family."

"Ach, Heinrich!" The tears started to Abey's eyes, and he turned away to hide his weakness. "Shall I pack up now? I can start at vonce." He lifted a picture from its place on the wall, and laid it on the counter.

"But, Abey," cried out Heinrich, seizing his arm. "How luffy! It iss a sunset. So red and beautiful! It iss wunderschön!"

A flush spread over Abey's face, and crept up to the roots of his hair.

"Ach, yes, Heinrich," he cried eagerly. "Iss it not so? That iss a lufly vork."

"Haf you more like that, Abey?"

"Ja, Heinrich. I haf many lufly vorks. But wait at the door while I pack them, and I vill show them to you when ve haf more time, in St. Louis."

He dragged the little stool to the front of the shop, saw Heinrich safely deposited upon it, and then started on his packing in good earnest.

"The storms first," he thought, lifting a pile of pictures down from a high shelf and placing them carefully on the counter. He dragged a huge packing box from the back of the booth, mentally congratulating himself on his foresight in having had it ready, and placed the pictures within it. As he did so the top one caught his eye, and he lifted it out and looked at it.

"A lufly vork!" he murmured, and a little thrill ran over him at the memory of how he had sat on the top of his booth through all of one rainy afternoon, wet and shaking with cold, in order to impress the storm upon his mind, so that he might paint it.

"Ach, ja," he whispered, with a little sigh. "No more vet, no more rain. I vill stay nice and varm before Heinrich's gas log."

He spread papers painstakingly over the storms, and attacked the next shelf. This was wholly devoted to a big canvas of a sunset on a winter sea. He shivered as he looked at it. It was upon that night that his absorption in his task and the beauty of the wild scene before him had caused him to forget all bodily discomforts, so that his feet became so badly frozen that he had never since been able to use them with any comfort. He placed the picture absent-mindedly in the box, lost in the vision of that radiant evening.

The last shelf had been emptied mechanically before he came to himself again. Then he straightened up and drew a deep breath. There were only the walls left to dismantle. His gaze fell on a morning scene of gay little white caps on a choppy sea. It occupied the center of the back wall, the proudest position in the booth. As he lifted it gently from its nail, he remembered the happy morning he had hung it there, almost thirty years ago. The blood had raced through his veins, and his heart had sung in the pride of his youth, the thought of the wide world still to win, and the consciousness that this work of his bore the brand of the true creative fire. All these years it had hung there, and no one in all that time had ever asked to have it taken down from its nail, that he might hold it in his hand, or buy it for his own. Reverently Abey folded

it in cotton, and laid it in its place. Now for the ships, and then the packing would be done.

Abey turned to the wall where the steamers hung, took them down hastily and piled them in the box. For some reason he did not like to look at these pictures as he packed them. They recalled too vividly the low string of lights in the darkness, or the long, black smoke trail against the morning sky, that he would never, never see again. No, never again would he see those ships with all their mystery and proud beauty, sailing alone into the wild night and setting forth unafraid for the farthest ports of the earth. He swallowed hastily, and rising, reached for the last group of pictures, his favorites, the little sail

boats. One by one he laid them down upon the papers he had spread—snug, little coasting schooners, with all sails set; trim yachts, long and slim, scudding over the waters; and sloops, gracefully bending to the breeze. Slowly and more slowly he worked. At last his hands fell idle by his sides, and he looked down at the pile in silence.

Then suddenly he reached for the cover of the box, nailed it in its place, and wrote his name upon it with trembling fingers.

He rose stiffly, groped his way blindly to the door, and seized his brother's hands. "Heinrich!" A sob stopped his speech, and he wrung the hands he held in silence. "I am ready. Let us go, Heinrich!"

WHERE ARE THE SONGS OF FALL?

Where are the quiet songs of Fall,
Wind in the trees,
Wind in the rustling corn, and all
The murmurings in withered leaves,
The music of the streams that run,
The drone of insects in the sun,
Like sleepy bees?

Gone with the weary birds' last flight,
Strings of a lute,
Struck at the dying glow of light—
The last clear notes played on a flute—
Sweet pipings in a lonely glade—
All dwell awhile and slowly fade,
And then are mute.

PLAYS REVIEWED

Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Betty Martingale," or "The Adventures of a Lively Hussy"

The Prologue, a portly gentleman in the silks and laces of 1760, with a fine lace-edged cambric handkerchief held delicately by the middle, must have frightened away his audience with his plea for their indulgence of the play and its lack of moral, for there were only a few tens of people in the house to judge the piece he had thus modestly advocated.

Canon Slowpeek, an absent-minded scholar of the days when universities were retreats of quiet study, who cares only for leisure and quiet to finish his dictionary, is tormented night and day by the creditors of his daughter, Lady Betty Martingale, the delightful spendthrift and gambler, whose "Lend me a thousand pounds, please," is the by-word of all the fine gentlemen of the day. This "lively hussy," upon the peremptory summons of her father, appears in her petticoats—and very beautiful petticoats they are—to give her answer to the one man in London who has the courage to want to marry her, Sir Richochet Rascible, Lord Mayor of London. And since the bailiffs are waiting outside the door to carry her off to prison because she could not pay for her necessary gowns and private

laces, she thinks she must needs accept him, but by mischance, she catches sight of his doting red face, his eyes fixed on her ankles, and she vows prison a thousand times first.

But Lady Fewits, her gossip, has another scheme—a Newgate marriage. The Lady Betty, who doesn't care for death, however becoming, as an escape, outmanœuvres the bailiffs, steals in a mask from the house, and she and Lady Fewits fee the gaoler of Newgate to persuade a mad fellow who's to be hanged for treason in the morning to marry the Lady Betty. For the wife's debts are the husband's, and if the husband be hanged, there are no debts. And the mad prisoner, who refuses to have a name to be hanged in, and who cries if he is to be hanged for treason, treason he will commit, consents to marry the unknown woman for the sake of having his treasonable pamphlet published in France. So they all dance off to the marriage together—the mad gallant, the spendthrift fine lady, and Lady Fewits, who has lost what few wits she ever had in this romantic situation and tears her hair and bites her nails and sings, and the gaoler who's to be paid for it all.

And Sir Ricochet Rascible, who in

a towering rage against Lady Betty has allowed himself to be dragged to Newgate by a poor solicitor seeking pardon for his client, finds that the hussy has married the condemned man, and with a mighty laugh he pardons Lady Betty's new husband.

A few months later, Lady Betty, sure that her husband is safely hanged, gaily and madly loves Lord Dering, and he as gaily and madly her. But although she wears her finest laces, uses her most captivating scents and paints her eyes ever so boldly, although she pretends to have lost her uncle and to be about to marry her cousin, Lord Dering will not say, "Marry me." But he finds Lady Fewits tearing her hair, biting her nails, and singing, he recognizes her for the friend of his Newgate bride, and is told by her that his wife is dead. Then gaily and madly he tells Lady Betty he loves her, and she tells him her scents, her laces, the shaded lights, are for him alone, and they ride away gaily and madly to be married.

How it happened that by a strange confusion of words and rings he

came to think himself bound by his Newgate marriage to a tavern hostess and in great heaviness of heart was about to leave his Lady Betty without a farewell; how Lady Betty fancied that she was married to the poor solicitor and how she bargained with the tavern boy to ride away with her on the tavern horse; and how the play might have been tragedy had it not taken place in the days when a gentleman did not stake his fortune on a card if he were not prepared to smile at the losing; how in the end these two, the mad Lord Dering and the lively Lady Betty found they had married one another in Newgate—this is too long to be told, but was merry in the hearing.

Some in the audience grumbled that the Prologue had had but too good reason to apologize for the play, that the piece had neither moral nor plot and frivelled away the time of audience and actors; but some were thoughtlessly glad for the charm of a "lively hussy" in the absurd, gay days when all the world made a jest of her "Lend me a thousand pounds."

M. H., '16.

A DREAM

I dreamed I lay upon a shore
 (As the waves washed in)
And the winds that blow from the world's core,
Across the seas strange music bore,
 Piercing and thin.

I dreamed a ship with silver sail
 (To the wild waves' beat)
Stole up the rising moon's trail,
And the music swelled to a madrigal,
 Fearful and sweet.

I dreamed a maid with hair of fire
 (While the waves rushed by)
Leaned at the rail in gold tire,
And singing wild to a jewelled lyre,
 She lured me nigh.

I dreamed I ran into the sea
 (Through the cold waves' play!)
And as the foam rolled o'er me
I heard a fairy melody
 Fade far away.

S. R. SMITH.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

[The Editors are not responsible for the opinions expressed in these columns.]

Dear Tip:

Can anyone who has lived in Bryn Mawr for four years, seriously think that the Seniors would stoop to place wagers on the results of their orals?

Not only does our home training, but also the idea of right and wrong which we receive at College, preclude any such idea.

We have been told at Chapel that the Bryn Mawr type has degenerated—that it has no longer the moral and intellectual stamina which characterized it in the past. Nevertheless, I, for one, can never believe that we have degenerated to such an extent, and I call upon the editors of the "Tip" to help vindicate us from this charge, through their columns.

H.

Again to bring up the implied slur upon our sense of honor, as shown by the new method of proctoring quizzes, by the endless red tape connected with obtaining excuses for such legitimate things as sister's weddings, or necessary visits to a doctor in town, may we point out that there has been no definite accusation made against us, no time or place mentioned when we showed that we were dishonest, merely vague statements from we know not where concerning the fact that the undergraduate body is dishonest and therefore to be watched. Surely it would be no more than fair play for the

authorities to make a definite accusation against us and allow us to defend ourselves as best we can. This vague feeling of general distrust in academic and athletic matters is more annoying to the sensitive than a definite accusation which at least would be a tangible something against which to fight. We do not desire to escape severe penalties; indeed, we feel that probably severe penalties are the best means of keeping up the standards of the College; we merely beg to be spared this underhanded hinting that we have done wrong. Above all, we would like to defend ourselves in the open.

DULCI FISTULA

ODE TO A BACILLUS

OR

THOUGHTS ON REINCARNATION

Interview hours:
2-3 A.M. in the
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S. R. CASTIC.

Is this a personal reference? See Self-Gov. Resolutions XI.

When I see my love,
Fair head bowed in prayer—

This should be a capital.
So important a thing as
your love demands recognition.

Oh, to be a bacillus
In the meshes of her hair!

As I watch her standing,
When her hymn is sung—

Oh, to be a bacillus
On my dear one's tongue.

She sits with folded hands,
Thoughtful, sweet and pale,—

Oh, to be a bacillus
Under her finger-nail.

Why finger nail?

Thoughts of after life
 Differ according to ilk;
 But may I be a bacillus,—
 And she a glass of milk.

Point of this? Does it
 mean Heaven?

Why not cow? See
 "Female of the Species,"
 R. KIPLING.

V. P., '18.

THE NEW DEGREE

Progress is the watchword,
 Women to the fore!
 They can be policemen now,
 Or Study at the law.

Bryn Mawr, always in the lead,
 Starts some innovations,
 Which the students do not greet
 With genial acclamations.

But, short-sighted students,
 Why be so pugnacious?
 Submit—it's just a fine new course
 To make you efficacious.

Detection is the latest field
 Where woman may meander—
Detectives—Bryn Mawr's latest type—
 You can't misunderstand her.

Pussy-footed proctors
 In the library
 Teach us by example
 What detectives we can be.

Walkers tramp the countryside,
 Captain close at hand—
 Thus the young detective learns
 To guard a prison band.

Be cheerful though you're sent from lab
Ere your work has ceased;
Experienced detectives
Must be themselves policed.

Even cut-rule discipline
Should not rouse objection,
For through it we'll graduate
As Doctors of Detection!

BUT WHERE ARE THE FROGS OF FRESHMAN YEAR?

(With apologies to François Villon)

Tell me in what distant marshes,
Is Flora, the beautiful frog,
Whom I, in my *golarshes*,
Saw squatting in the bog?
Archiapada—eyes agog—
Who had beauty without peer;
Thais, her cousin on the log—
But where are the frogs of Freshman Year?

Envoi

Prince, your mem'ry do not jog,
In your notebook naught is clear;
Nothing points you to that bog—
Yet—where are the frogs of Freshman Year?

M. G. B., '15.

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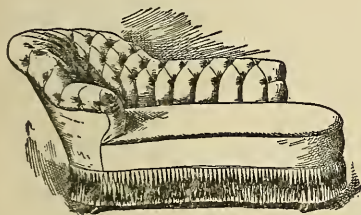
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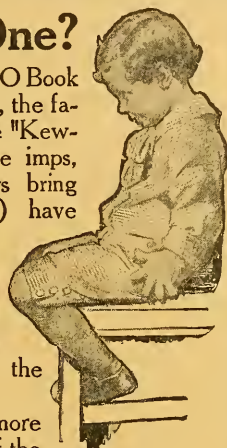
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children than even Palmer Cox's "Brownies" had a few years ago. Rose O'Neill's **Jell-O** children are almost as well known as the Kewpies are or the **Jell-O** girl herself is.

The pictures are delightful, but no more so than the recipes for making some of the most famous **Jell-O** desserts in the easy **Jell-O** way, or the recipes for making brand new **Jell-O** dishes just as easily.

One of the old and one of the new recipes are given here, so that you may see just what to expect in the beautiful new book.

Peach Delight.

Dissolve one package of Peach or Orange **Jell-O** in one pint of boiling water, or one-half pint boiling water and one-half pint juice from peaches. Pour a little of the **Jell-O** into the mould, lay in sliced or canned peaches, add a little more **Jell-O**, let it harden, then add another layer of peaches and more **Jell-O** until mould is full. Set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. Rorer's Bavarian Cream.

(Observe the simplicity of this recipe, and the low cost of the dessert as compared with the usual Bavarian Cream recipes.)

Dissolve one package of Orange **Jell-O** in one pint of boiling water. Add half a cupful of sugar and stand aside until it begins to harden. Then fold in one pint of whipped cream and turn into the mould. Serve very cold.—Contributed by Sarah Tyson Rorer.

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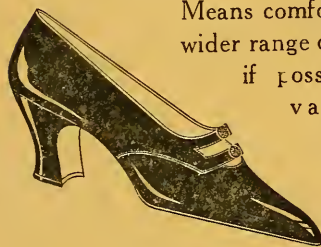
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December 15, 1914

Tipyn o' Bob

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DECEMBER 15, 1914

No. 5

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Editors.

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

HARRIET BRADFORD, '15
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EDITORIALS

To an outsider there might be something a little absurd in the number of things that the undergraduates have found to protest against this year. The cut rule, quizzes in the library, the system of proctoring, the regulations about exercise, have all come in for their share of abuse. In fact, since we came back, we have found all too little time to do anything but "kick."

And yet, as we are often told, we are a highly privileged group of young women. We have some unusual educational advantages, and we are well housed and well fed. Our academic affairs are run smoothly for us. Details tending to our delight or comfort are not neglected—witness the library clock, which has been elaborately lighted so that we no longer strain our eyes in the gloom. Blessed as we are with these privileges and pleasures, we continue to raise our voices in unanimous complaints. Is it because we enjoy complaining and are ungrateful for our present benefits?

No doubt we sometimes are ungrateful. No doubt we do enjoy "kicking" just because it gives us a little excitement. But on this occasion the TIP maintains that the undergraduate body is fighting for a good principle. As a public spirited community with the right of free speech it is incumbent on us to protest when we disapprove of the policy of those in

authority. At present we heartily disapprove of the new policy of the Bryn Mawr authorities, which appears to have for its ideal the outstripping of all American colleges in the matter of regulations and red tape. The many advantages of our life here ought not to reconcile us to changes which are not only disagreeable to us, but from which we are convinced that the college, on the whole, will suffer. Therefore, let us continue to protest as vigorously as possible in hope that we may at last produce some effect.

The trouble with many of us at Bryn Mawr is that we do not know how to say "no."

If some of us knew when, judiciously, to use that invaluable little word, we would not have in our midst a conscientious, but misguided group of people attempting the Herculean task of being at one and the same time, philanthropists, athletes, editors and students.

If we did not undertake so many different things, the girl who longs to spend her precious free hours on the athletic field would not find herself employing them in making clothes for the poor, nor would the girl who likes above all else to read and write, be obliged to give up all her spare time to wrestling with the account books of her class.

The remedy for these unfortunate conditions is the little word "no." If the few who are at present engaging in much more than their share of college activities should resolutely refuse to do anything in which they were not interested, there would result a more rational existence for the emancipated few, an awakening of interest in college activities on the part of the idle many, and a consequent division of labor, so that we should really find that "many hands" do make not only light, but also good, work.

There are many different kinds of things to be done in college, and many different kinds of people to do them. The athletes could turn out better hockey teams if they left the making of clothes to the people especially interested in philanthropy; the writers could do better work if they did not worry over the addition and subtraction in the class account books, but left them to those systematic people who take pride in making accounts balance to a cent.

If only we could learn to say "no," we would all go joyfully on our way, doing only those things in which we are interested; all the organizations would be run, even better than they are at present, because their officers would be enthusiastic, as well as efficient, indeed we could make of Bryn Mawr a little Utopia—if only we could learn to say "no."

THE LIGHT THAT WAS ALWAYS BURNING

I approached Tun-Gate Manor shortly before sundown. A pale light flickered in the gray stone archway. As I rode up the avenue, flanked by tall, bare trees, the sound of my horse's hoofs, which had been ringing merrily on the hard dirt road, became instantly muffled by the fallen leaves.

In my pocket I bore a letter from my uncle, Sir Richard Thornton, which was to be delivered at the Manor. The last rays of the late October sun were disappearing, and the dusk was beginning to gather. I spurred my horse up the drive, which wound sharply to the left and seemed to end in a semi-circle of funereal pines, but upon further investigation, penetrated the pines and led, to my surprise, to the courtyard of Tun-Gate Manor. I dismounted from my horse and knocked smartly with my riding crop upon the heavy door. A long silence ensued, and then I heard footsteps resounding in the corridor. Presently the door swung back upon its hinges, and a wizened, old woman, holding a lighted taper in her hand, peered out.

"There's no one at home, sir," she said, scrutinizing me sharply.

I drew from my pocket my uncle's letter and handed it to her. She set down the taper and took the letter, turned it over once or twice, still

without inviting me in, and then with tremulous fingers broke the seal. As she read, her face assumed a more pleasant expression, and after re-reading it, she said: "You are Mr. Breton and are come for the papers. It is late—you had best spend the night . . . Gregory . . . Gregory."

An old man in a faded, purple livery appeared.

"Take the gentleman's horse," commanded the old woman, and then turning to me: "Won't you step in, sir?"

I entered, and as I did so, I involuntarily shivered. The old woman, noticing, said:

"These October nights *are* chill."

We passed through a long corridor into a spacious hall, where a crackling log-fire was burning, and by it, her feet resting on the fender, sat a young girl. As we entered she raised her eyes, and upon seeing me started quickly to her feet, and then slowly sat down again and gazed back into the fire.

"Miss Alicia," said the old woman, "this is Mr. Breton, a nephew of Sir Richard. He has come for some papers and will spend the night."

The girl held out a long, thin hand and regarding me earnestly with her large, dark eyes, said:

"Perhaps you could tell me, sir,

was the light in the archway burning when you came in?"

Slightly surprised at her greeting, I replied that the light was burning, and an expression of relief passed over her face.

"That is well," she answered, and then turning to the old woman: "Show Mr. ——"

"Breton," I supplied.

". . . to the Blue-room and tell Thompson to set the table for three. We dine, sir," she said to me, "at seven."

The old woman lighted her taper and we passed upstairs and through a long, rather gusty corridor to a square room furnished in black walnut, where the old woman set down her taper and left me to myself. As I removed the stains of travel, I meditated upon my hostess, with her large, dark eyes and weary voice.

"Three," she had said. . . .

"Can it be," I thought, "there is another person within this silent house?" Then, looking at my watch and finding it lacked but five minutes before seven, I took a last look in the beveled-edged mirror and descended the stairs.

I found my hostess standing before the fire and by its flickering light I observed that she was beautiful.

"Have you ridden far, sir?" she asked as I came up and, as I looked into her face, telling her I had rid-

den some thirty odd miles, I thought I had never seen such inexpressibly sad eyes, and yet all the while she was smiling.

"Dinner is served, I believe," she said. "We dine alone, or probably alone."

We passed into the dining-room, a long, Old English hall, wainscoated in oak. The table was laid for three. My hostess placed me at her right, leaving the place opposite her vacant.

"I do not think, Thompson," she said to the butler, "that he will be here until late, and yet you had best leave his place set." Then, turning to me, "The light was burning in the archway when you came in?"

"Yes," I replied.

"He is very particular about it, and said the very last thing: 'Alicia, I shall be home late. Be sure and have the light in the archway burning.' I forgot once. This time I told Gregory, but then I like to be sure. It must on no account go out. But you said it burned bright?"

"Yes," I replied, strangely mystified.

We conversed then of my uncle, Sir Richard, and his house at Houghton, and of hunting, and of Parliament and of London, and I told her the latest scandal, and at my jests she smiled, but always her smile was sad, if one looked at her eyes. I could look at nothing else—they held me irresistibly.

After a short while we returned to

the hall and, seated by the fire, I began to tell her of my life. She listened intently, her head bent slightly forward. Only once she started up abruptly, crying: "Didn't you hear some one?" But it was only the wind that had risen. Again in the midst of my account she stopped me to ask: "Are you sure the light *was* burning?"

At eleven the old woman entered to bear away my hostess. I took Miss Alicia's hand and said a long good night.

"Have you no message to send to Sir Richard?" I asked, "has his ward no message to send that demands an immediate answer?"

"Tell him," she replied, "that I expect he will be home any night now." And as I still remained standing, "but you, sir, I hope, will not wait for an answer before coming to Tun-Gate Manor."

She mounted the stairs, followed by the old woman, and I, after smoking a pipe, repaired to my chilly room.

The wind had indeed risen, and so rattled the shutters that sleep was, for me, impossible. I lay meditating upon Alicia, wondering why my uncle had never told me more of his ward, and then fell to rehearsing our recent conversation, and to fabricating more. Sleep was far removed from me. I glanced at my watch. It pointed to a quarter before one. I

slipped out of bed and, wrapping myself in my riding cloak, stepped out into the corridor preparatory to descending the stairs for my pipe, which I had stupidly forgotten. I had not proceeded far when I was startled by a light, and perceived coming towards me Miss Alicia, bearing a taper. Her hair fell wildly about her bare shoulders, and the light shinning upon her face, cast deep shadows under her eyes. In her left hand, she caught up the loose folds of her night robe. Astonished at her presence at this late hour, and alarmed by her altered appearance, I remained standing speechless, while she came directly towards me, and unseeingly passed me by. As she reached the further end of the corridor, a gust of wind snuffed her taper. Bewildered by her sudden apparition, I turned and groped my way back to my room.

The next morning I was below stairs early. The old woman came in as I was at breakfast. She handed me the papers for my uncle, and hoped that I had passed a comfortable night.

I inquired for Miss Alicia.

"She's asleep now, poor lamb. Awake all night, awake every night, sir."

I expressed my surprise.

"Yes, been going on for over a

year, now, ever since Sir Arnold was killed—”

“Her father?”

“Yes, he went out hunting, one morning, same as to-day, and he said, last thing before he mounted his horse: ‘I shall be home late, Alicia, be sure and have the light burning in the archway.’ Miss Alicia, poor lamb, she forgot . . . Well, it was late when they brought him in—near dead—thrown from his horse, sir. And Miss Alicia . . . the shock was terrible . . . She don’t remember nothing, ’cept to have the light burning and every morning (with her) is the same as

that morning, and every night she’s expecting him back. Ah, it’s a great pity, her a great beauty, to be wasting away.”

“And can nothing be done?” I cried.

“Nothing, so the doctors tell us, but to let her be and have her way. . . . Well, I hope you have a pleasant journey. You can tell Sir Richard, things is about as common.”

I shook the old woman’s hand and, going out into the courtyard, mounted my horse and rode down the drive. As I passed out through the archway I involuntarily looked up. A pale light flickered feebly in the morning sun.

PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND

Brown leaves that fly,
Swift clouds on high,
Tall trees that bend,
Sport of the wind!

Light sands that whirl,
Breakers that curl,
Sails lie to lee,
White-capped the sea.

Is then the wind at play
With all the world to-day?

S. F. NICHOLS, 1915.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"John 'Silence,'" by Algernon Blackwood, is a collection of detective stories, whose field is not material difficulties but psychical disorders. Nevertheless, the earmarks of Conan Doyle are evident throughout them. Although the extraordinary physician is not, like Sherlock Holmes, bent on the restoring of lost heirlooms and the tracking of criminals, is not acquainted with the haunts of thieves, learned in the craft of the police, but is interested in watching psychical experiments on cats and dogs as well as on men, is versed in the magical lore of Egypt and the mysteries of prophetic vision, yet he, like his fellow hero, is equal to every situation, comprehends the nature and solution of a problem from the first incoherent version of the symptoms, never makes a false step and acts only from altruistic motives. While the hero's companion, be his name Hubbard or Watson, is always absurdly stupid and needs each event interpreted to him, and the hero's patient is always weighed down with the strange malady, but obedient and grateful. The setting is the stock type—a lovely farmhouse in the midst of dreary moors, or an island in the Baltic sea, and the air is always heavy with fog or rain and the nights seem much longer than the days. In treatment of the plot, also, these stories re-

semble the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The whole interest depends upon the chain of events, each one of which affords further mystery to the victim and further enlightenment to the doctor. Of course when one is tracking a murderer, every foot-print in the garden is important and needs consideration, but when one is dealing with the persistence of evil personality after death, a tabulated diary, full of psychological catch-words, hardly seems the best method. In the midst of an exciting scene, the ordinary reader is exasperated to meet a sentence, like the following: "All perception, as you know, is the result of vibrations, and clairvoyance simply means becoming sensitive to an increased scale of vibrations." This constant checking up and wearisome note-taking clog the movement and distract the interest. One is in the realm of the abstract, not of the concrete.

And further, one is in the realm of the supernatural, where wolves howl in the night, and spirits of fire dwell in the dark forest of the Twelve-acre Plantation. But the fearful howling, the mystical flames of smoke, are not so terrible when described as when suggested. The author has fancies, which in strangeness and horror are worthy of Poe, but which in their working out fall far short of him. One shudders to

think how the author of the "Fall of the House of Usher" would have depicted the awful moment, when the three men, in the underground cavern, where the mummy lies wrapped in the perfumed linen of ancient Egypt, hear along the passage a "soft and stealthy shuffling," while a jet of sand trickles to the ground with "laborious leisure." Surely Poe would not have decked these themes which are pregnant with real terror and horror, in the stereotype trap-pings of ordinary detective stories.

H. W. I., 1915.

"At the Sign of the Van," by Michael Monahan.

To those who clamour for a book neither too high-brow nor too low-brow, warranted to interest, to amuse and to stimulate, I would recommend a collection of essays entitled "At the Sign of the Van," by Michael Monahan. The author has divided the contents of the book into four parts: Book the First, "At the Sign of the Van"; Book the Second, "Adventures in Life"; Book the

Third, "Adventures in Letters," and Book the Fourth, "Adventures o' the Spirit." His choice of subjects, therefore, has a range sufficiently broad to please the most diverse tastes. In his essay, "Passion," one of his "Adventures in Letters," Mr. Monahan states that "politeness and style will not carry the writer's baggage of books" down to posterity unless it contains that "artistic life-preserver," Passion. Intensity of feeling is ever constant in Mr. Monahan's work, no matter with what subject he deals. Though, at times, his style loses force by a lack of dignity and "politeness" (to tell the truth it smacks occasionally of Elbert Hubbard), the loss is balanced by his sincerity, virility of expression, keenness of insight and fullness of sympathy. I challenge any one to read "A Poet of the Revolution," "A Feud," "Sex in the Playhouse," "De Profundis," or I might as well say the entire book—and not come away inspired and made thoughtful by his criticisms and his ideas.

L. D., 1915.

PLAYS REVIEWED

Hindle Wakes: The Little Theatre.

Stanley Houghton, to judge from his play, had not entirely decided from what point of view he was going to treat his material when he wrote *Hindle Wakes*. The play is adver-

tised as a problem play; it is reviewed for its moral worth. But as the solution of the problem depends upon a turning so unexpected as to seem a playwright's trick, the play is not of great value as a sermon.

The real interest of the play centers in the character of Allan's father, the ambitious old mill owner, who has labored all his life that the mills which his son is to inherit, and in which he himself had begun work as a loom weaver, shall be the largest, not only in Hindle, but even in England. Yet his ambition is not great enough to let him shrink from forcing his son to break off an engagement that would be a step toward realizing his dearest wish, because to fulfill it, the boy would have to desert the girl to whom he is al-

ready married by every canon of his father. It is this rôle of the father, admirably filled in the Little Theatre company, which holds the play together and keeps the action of the play real and intense. A meditative "aye" from him, a stubborn puff at his pipe, makes the stage world a real world, and one can only regret that when Stanley Houghton is capable of creating such a character, he should vitiate his powers by saddling them with moral lessons.

M. H., 1916.

VENUS MISERICORS!

Pitiful Venus!

I deck your altar.

Fair thrice wound garlands with honey-dew wet,

Syrian perfumes that smoke here before you—

With these gifts, Goddess, I come to implore you.

Hear me with favor and grant my prayer. Yet—

Praying, I falter.

Pitiful Venus!

Yet do not hearken.

Do not record this mad prayer that I pray.

I will not ask that with dawn-rosy fingers

You will pluck out your son's arrow that lingers

Fixed in my heart; though I flee from the day

And my eyes darken.

Pitiful Venus!

Now I implore you,

Hear this, my prayer, from your Paphian grove:

If to be cured of this wound mean forgetting.

Losing the joy when I lose the regretting,

Let me die rather—and dying of love

I shall adore you!

L. E. S., 1916.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

On Being Busy

I often wonder why it is that the more we progress the less time we have. The cry of the Red Queen seems to ring constantly in our ears: "You will have to go a great deal faster than *that* if you want to get anywhere." And we all rush along at such a rate that our eyes are filled with dust, we miss the scenery, and when we pause we are too exhausted to be of any service to ourselves or anyone else. Really it is no wonder that the world doesn't improve any faster; it is much too busy. There must have been a greater change by this time in human nature if there had been some arrangement whereby

we all had to sit still for one hour in the day, to allow our consciousness to absorb undigested sensation. And, moreover, the advantages of being leisurely, if not actually, idle are so obvious. We enjoy ourselves more; we are better tempered, and most important of all, we accomplish so much more. We all know that when Alice strolled leisurely along the paths she reached the end of the garden quite easily. Personally, I have no doubt at all that the reason that Homer is still the greatest of all poets is that he had more spare time than any of them have ever had since.

H. T., 1915.

DULCI FISTULA

A wee little elf on a toadstool sat,
He wore a green smock and a tiny cocked hat;
He winked at me with his eye of blue
And whispered to me, "I am looking at you."
How did he know—that queer little elf—
I had stolen that tart from the pantry shelf?
I murmured, "I guess I will put it back,"
But he shook his head and gave a smack
With his wee little lips, and held out his hand,
As if to say, "You don't understand,
The reason I was looking at you,
Is that I love cherry tart, too."

M. O. K., 1915.

ALL IN THE NAME

Minnie Merit and Hope I. Pass were running distractedly down the corridor, their arms filled with German books, word lists and dictionaries.

Suddenly they espied Cornelia Credit standing majestically in a corner, gazing composedly at the bulletin board.

Hope nudged Minnie so violently that two dictionaries fell to the floor.

"She'd know," said Minnie, "she knows everything."

Hope timidly approached Cornelia, who at that particular moment looked positively bursting with knowledge.

"Do you know," stammered Hope, "whether it is against the rules of self-government, or the honor rules, or the rules of the faculty, or any of the rules, for one Senior to substitute for another in the orals? Of course I know it isn't against the athletic rules, but there are so many other rules, and you always know them all. And if I can't get some one to substitute for me, I can never pass."

At first Cornelia looked shocked, then she looked flattered, then she raised one slender hand and brushed her hair back carelessly from her broad brow:

"Indeed, Hope, there is no such rule in the college, though certainly such a procedure would be looked

upon in the light of an innovation. However, I, personally, am in favor of innovations, and your idea is not wholly lacking in interest. In fact, I am strongly inclined to substitute for you myself. I, as you know, received the mark of Credit in my oral."

Hope's eyes kindled with joy, for this was beyond her wildest dreams.

* * *

The next morning Cornelia Credit, attired in Hope's best white dress—which was a trifle tight—was announced at the German oral as:

"Miss Hope I. Pass,
Group: Economics and Politics."

The professor of German raised his eyebrows at her doubtfully; the other two members looked tolerant, but uninterested.

Cornelia began to read. She could not believe it was her own voice she heard, so hesitatingly, so haltingly did the words come. The atmosphere was not a friendly one. Cornelia decidedly missed the cordial smiles, the attitude of respect for intellect, which she had noticed during her own German oral. Likewise the tightness of her dress, and the absence of her own cap and gown—for Cornelia never could bear to wear anything not her own—made her feel ill at ease.

At the end of the passage Cornelia raised her eyes from the book.

The professor looked at her tolerantly. "Better, Miss Pass, better than I had expected, but it will be better still,—when you come next time."

Cornelia stumbled from the room.

In the chapel she met Minnie and Hope, who were waiting for her. They read the truth in her dejected countenance.

Hope burst into tears.

"It's all in the name," she sobbed, despondently, all in the name."

M. G. B., 1915.

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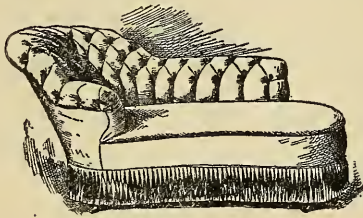
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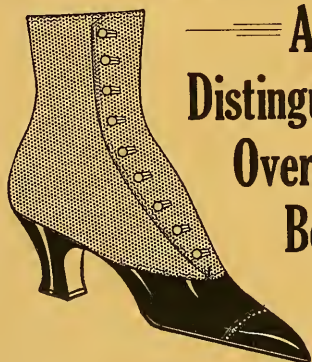
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BRYN MAWR, PA.

January 15, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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JANUARY 15, 1915

No. 6

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EDITORIALS

Those Seniors who passed their Orals this month, and are no longer wishing that they had "died when babies," can look back with great satisfaction to the useful knowledge which they acquired in the course of their strenuous efforts to rise to the Bryn Mawr standards. Most of them know long lists of French words by heart, including such interesting things as vine-shoots and gun-carriages and pomegranate trees. They can distinguish instantly between "Austand" and "Umstand" and "Zustand." They would never be guilty of translating *also* "also," nor *Kultur*, "culture."

Moreover, if they were diligent and attentive, they have gathered many important, though unrelated facts about the geographic formation, the popular customs, the literary, philosophic, and scientific life of the Fatherland. They have also become acquainted (to the extent of a page or so, at least,) with some twenty or thirty prominent French authors. Lastly, they can say to all the world that they have read Treitschke, and no one will ever know how brief and innocuous were the selections in the *Lesebuch*.

What a splendid broad basis of culture they have gained, after all!

This, supplemented by their knowledge of Dante and Shakespere, might almost suffice them throughout their lives. Of course it is too bad that they did not learn a little more about the basic principles of French and German, but then, time was short. And it is too bad that they had to neglect all their interesting Major Courses for several months, but, after all, since they are now pretty sure of their Bryn Mawr degrees, it does not so much matter.

The latest decree of this "annus mirabilis" is one which has had no startling announcement in chapel, no spirited discussion in Undergraduate meetings, but only an accidental discovery. It is a law which is not concerned with attendance at lectures, or with regulation of quizzes; it is a law which has no direct effect upon the students, and which it will be the part of discretion to ignore. It is a law which relates only to the servants of the college.

The employees of Bryn Mawr are not allowed to cross the campus, under penalty of a fine of fifty cents for the first offense, a fine of one dollar for the second, and dismissal for the third. The Italians who have work to do about the grounds are excepted, but the maids, who used the campus very seldom, even in the past, are actually arrested by the watchman if they are found on the forbidden territory.

The rule has since been modified in these respects: Nelson, who has been at college as long as Taylor itself, is not forced to circuit the campus and enter the sacred precincts by way of Denbigh; the maids of Radnor, Merion and Denbigh are allowed to cross the campus after dark, because Gulf Road is realized to be as unsafe at night for maids as for students; all the maids are allowed to attend the Wednesday night classes and Sunday-school in Taylor Hall. No doubt it is very unreasonable of the Radnor maids, who have made Bryn Mawr beds and swept Bryn Mawr corridors as long as Nelson has rung the bell for chapel, to ignore these concessions. It is childish of them never to set foot on the campus but stubbornly to use Gulf Road—be the weather never so stormy—and attend none of the classes in Taylor. Of course some of them have grown gray-haired in their service at Bryn Mawr and this new regulation seems a strange reward for eighteen years of faithful work, yet surely it is the part of wisdom to submit. What good does their silent protest do? It may cost them their position, and 1915 is a year when work is scarce and when many younger more docile women can easily be found.

SUCCESS

When Billy Merritt first came out to Kangra, in his twentieth year, fresh from Oxford, sensitively alive to all the beauty and horror of India, Mrs. Marvell made the remark that it was "an unkind Providence that set a poet over an Indian tea plantation." We all laughed and agreed; yet she was wrong in calling Billy a poet. His Land of Heart's Desire was a world of old manuscripts and first editions, but I didn't know this until long after Mrs. Marvell's epigram had been delivered, and it really doesn't affect the insight that prompted the remark when all is said.

His position was indeed incongruous, as incongruous as his nickname "Billy," which, sometime during his years at Oxford had replaced his real name, Kenyon. Someway, all my preconceived notions of "Billies" had never included that of a lithe, slender boy, dark eyed and sensitive lipped. Doubtless it was the very paradox that made the name cling. Yet he is "Billy" no longer, nor Kenyon, for that matter; I suppose they call him Merritt now.

Billy kept at his work gamely for two years, but it was never really "his work," and he realized it more and more as his second year in an utterly uncongenial position

drew to a close. When the appointment was finally taken away from him and given to another man, we were all glad of it, and convinced that it was the best thing, since Billy decided to go back to Oxford and take up research at the Bodleian. I was sailing for England early in May, and when Billy engaged passage on the *Kawanga* with me, I looked forward to the three weeks at sea with uncommon pleasure, for I expected to learn more of the boy in that time than I had in his two years at Kangra.

The first two days we spent almost entirely together. We stood together at the rail, watching the green-gold water; we tramped the deck; we lay stretched out in our chairs, with eyes on the far-distant horizon. Billy talked, shyly at first, soon with an eagerness forgetful of diffidence. He mentioned his work at Kangra rarely, but without hesitation. There was perhaps a note of boyish regret that he could not succeed even in a situation totally unsympathetic, but he seemed to dismiss his two years in Kangra with a word, and to turn to his future in Oxford as the one thing in the world worth while. When he spoke of the dreams of his university days, and of his new work, his real work, which was itself the fulfilling of his dreams, his

eyes were alight—or were they shadowed?—with something which was neither awe nor great joy, but a mingling of both.

When I came from below on the third morning, Billy's steamer chair was empty, and after a few rounds of the deck, which failed to discover him, I returned to my chair and began a book. Now and then I caught myself thinking how far preferable was the boy's eager selfless talk of himself, and I kept on reading with a vague consciousness that I was but whiling away time until he should appear.

At the end of the morning I came to realize that my reading was not to be a pastime between long talks, after all. For I looked up to see Billy descending the hatchway from the boat-deck with a woman. She was young and more than commonly beautiful, and I remembered that I had seen her before we sailed, surrounded by a small crowd of men. Indeed, her appearance on deck was the signal for the men who had been chatting in idle groups or lounging in chairs, to make their way in her direction with new acquaintances who desired an introduction. I closed the book, and lying back in my chair watched with interest the little group that gathered around Billy and the girl as they stopped near the hatchway.

The girl was very lovely as she

stood in the center of her little court, greeting old friends, meeting new, perfectly poised, in the face of rather spectacular homage. She was splendidly, regally unmoved, though she knew that everyone was watching her; and the proud graciousness of her manner seemed to subdue the rather boisterous laughter of the men, even while their admiration grew. That was the beginning of Vivian Taggart's reign on the *Kawanga*.

After a day or two the girl was so thoroughly sovereign that her marked and continued favor toward Billy was taken in the nature of a command. Little by little the groups of men re-formed in the smoking room or on the deck, and Billy and Miss Taggart were left to themselves. I saw even less of Billy than before, since he was with the girl every available moment. His infatuation was the talk of the boat, though they spoke little enough of a kindred feeling on the girl's part. But there was nothing to be done; the journey would be over in little more than another week, and all the sting of this "midsummer madness" would be lost for Billy in the joy of Oxford. As for falling in love with her in the first place, Billy could not be blamed for that. I have never seen a girl more lovely.

During the last week of the

voyage I noticed a change in Billy. He and Miss Taggart were not together as much as before, and as Billy would lie in his chair, with only an occasional word to me, with his eyes fixed upon the distance, I saw in them a half-sullen dejection that had never been there before. Yet there had been no quarrel; of that I was sure. I could not decide what it was, but something was certainly wrong.

The last night out of sight of land was clear, and the sky was ablaze with stars. I had taken my rug and was lying upon the tight-stretched canvas covering of a boat, looking up at the night sky. It was very still; from the height where I lay the dashing of the water against the ship's side was hardly audible, and the boat-deck was as silent as it was dark. Suddenly I heard footsteps and someone speaking in a low tone. There was a girl's half-spoken interruption, a murmur of protest; then Billy's voice, higher than his wont, and with a note of bitterness, continued

“ . . . for—a failure?”

I saw the dark forms then. The man had stopped by the boat next the one on which I lay; the girl took a few steps forward and then stopped, but she did not turn. I sat upright with an unnecessary amount of noise, but neither figure moved or seemed to hear. I was

about to call out for a match when the girl spoke, quietly, but with unusual haste.

“I can't—I couldn't.” Billy made no sound. After a brief pause she continued, with a new note in her voice: “I am engaged to John Craig. I am going home to be married.” She waited a moment, but Billy did not move or speak. Then she walked slowly to the steps and went down alone.

A second later Billy started toward the steps without a glance in my direction. I lay back in guilty silence, cursing myself that I had overheard and said nothing, yet hoping that I could spare Billy the humiliation of knowing that I had heard. He hesitated at the head of the stairs, and turning, came back, past me, to the end of the officers' quarters, where he turned again. This time he stopped before me.

“You heard?”

“Yes—I—” I began, without a notion of what to say next. He stood in silence for a moment, and then swung up beside me on the boat.

“You heard.” The words came this time as a statement offered in confirmation of something he had previously asserted.

I could find no words now in wonder at his tone, calm, quiet, and with a note of determination.

“You see what I am in her eyes,”

he went on dispassionately, "a failure, weak, ineffectual, impractical."

I looked at him in amazement, but the darkness veiled his expression, and I could judge only by his voice.

"Why, what—?" I managed to begin.

"Oh, I know!" He turned toward me, and a little bitterness crept into his tone, but it was gone when he next spoke. "You never thought so. As far as that goes, Chalmers, neither did I before. But *she* does, and any woman would. Don't you see?" He stopped and began again, more slowly, as if he were trying to explain something that he had carefully thought out.

"When I left Kangra, I wasn't even ashamed. I was glad,—perfectly satisfied. I had hated the work I was leaving, and I was crazy to get back to Oxford. But when I met Vivian, and heard her talk of the men she knew, of the men who do things—the real men in the world—I came to realize little by little how far I came from measuring up to the true standards."

He paused, but still I could find nothing to say to his calm, judicial arraignment of himself.

"I thought it all over, again and again, and I saw what a coward I must be in her eyes—what a coward I really am. I had given up something hard, because it was

hard, and was turning to something easy, in which I was sure to succeed. I knew what Vivian thought, and I soon saw it was the only thing I or anybody else could think. Going back to Oxford simply amounted to adding the disgrace of weakness to the shame of my failure."

At last I could have spoken, but Billy went on, quietly:

"I knew what Vivian thought of me. Don't think I didn't know. But I thought perhaps she could care enough to try to make something out of me—so that she could say at last, 'Love hath made this Thing a Man.' But I didn't really believe it, and what you heard only confirmed my own opinion——"

"What else could she have said?" I cried out in exasperated protest. "She is engaged to another man."

He was silent for a moment and then said:

"You don't understand. I didn't know it, you see, but what I really did was to ask her to pass judgment on me as a man. She did, and as I said, she simply confirmed my own opinion—that a man who is a coward and a failure can win neither the respect nor the love of any woman."

"Billy," I said, impatient with him and angered by the girl. "How the devil can you care *what* she respects or loves when she has played with you from the first!

Do you put any faith in the judgment of a girl who has let you make love to her for a fortnight without a word of the man she is about to marry?"

"The man she is about to marry," repeated Billy, regarding only the last words, which fell in with his own thoughts. "Look at him—John Craig, a successful, prosperous, forceful man. You heard the pride in her voice when she told me who he was. Isn't that the final proof of what I have said—that the man who can win a woman's love must win her respect? Suppose she hadn't been engaged to him, could I have awakened in her that respect, that pride? You know I couldn't." He would not let me interrupt, but went on: "But it hasn't just shown me my failure, Chalmers. It's shown me how to succeed. I'm not going to Oxford, I'm going into my uncle's bank at London. I'm going to make a man of myself. It won't be easy, but it will be worth more than fifty years of Oxford—"

It was useless of him to try to go on, for I refused to listen in silence any longer. For an hour I pleaded, urged, argued, as he lay silent by my side, looking up at the stars. He offered no objection and made no protest, but when I had finished, he slipped to his feet and stood on the deck beside the boat.

"It's good of you to care so much, Chalmers," he said, "but you're all wrong. I'm not acting blindly; I've just found my way. I've been blind all the time before, but I can see now. And it's not a mad impulse. I've thought it all out, and I mean to stand by it. Good-night." He went below, whistling under his breath.

The next day, occupied with the business of landing, I saw little of him. Before we left the ship he came to me and held out his hand.

"Thanks awfully for all you tried to do," he said. "I'm not ungrateful, but I'm sure I know best. Good luck and good-bye!"

* * * * *

Yesterday I heard the first word of Billy Merritt since my return to India five years ago. I was sunk in perfect comfort in one of the armchairs on Mrs. Marvell's veranda, while the *sais* moved noiselessly around preparing tea. Mrs. Marvell was regaling me with all that had happened "among us" during the past three days, while I had been in Darjiling.

"And oh," she said, suddenly, "I have news for you."

I laughed and so did she. "But this is *real* news," she insisted. "I have a letter from Bob Exeter."

"Is this to be news or gossip?" I interposed.

"It's really quite worth hearing," she said. "About Billy Merritt.

You can't have forgotten him. Wait a minute and I'll read you what Bob says."

She was gone to get the letter, and I sat thinking over those days on the *Kawanga*. I hadn't forgotten Billy, but I had heard no word of him since the day we left the boat. Since I had come back to India I had known three managers of that tea plantation, and not one of them had stayed two years.

Mrs. Marvell returned with the letter—a thick one full of all the bits of gossip from "Home" that made up Bob Exeter's letters.

"He says—no, this is about Scott," she said, looking over the letter. "Yes, here it is—a whole paragraph." She began to read aloud:

"I saw Billy Merritt at the Embassy Ball in Berlin last week. He said he knew you in Kangra. I hadn't seen him for seven years since the fall he 'went out.' He's just been made head of the Berlin branch of the Mercantile Trust Company. I was jolly well surprised, for when he was at Oriel we all fancied that he'd be a poet or a 'don' or something in that line."

"What did I tell you?" murmured Mrs. Marvell, with a laughing glance toward me, and then read on:

"Bement was saying that he'd never seen any one rise as Merritt

has in the five years he's been back. He's engaged, by the way, to Alice Gaither—I know *that* will interest you."

Mrs. Marvell laid the letter aside and turned to me. "Isn't that news?" she asked triumphantly.

"Well, rather!" I said. "I really can't fancy it. Billy Merritt as the foreign representative of the Mercantile!"

"That doesn't prove a thing," retorted Mrs. Marvell. "It's his marrying Alice Gaither that proves his transformation. I can fancy a long-haired pianist getting a position with the Mercantile through 'influence,' but there's only one sort of man that could marry Alice. You know that, above all, she would demand 'position.' Her great requirement is 'Success.'"

"One kind of 'Success,'" I objected.

"There's no use in quibbling. To Alice there *is* just one kind."

A memory of Alice Gaither's exquisitely-cut, delicately proud face rose before me. "She'd make a wonderful wife for the right sort of man," I said absently.

We were silent for a while, then she spoke, with a little laugh that was not wholly gay:

"Can't you see her, with jewels in her hair and at her throat, exquisitely gowned, radiantly lovely—a charming hostess—at dinners of the Philistines?"

I thought of the light in Billy's eyes when he talked of Oxford and the wonders it held for him five years ago.

"Poor Billy!" I thought aloud.

Mrs. Marvell laughed. "Few men would agree with you," she said. Her smile faded. "You're right," she went on, quite seriously. "It's as fatal for mortals to reverse as to try the work of the great god Pan, 'making a poet out of a man.'"

"Mortals?" I asked, though I knew that she was thinking neither

of Billy nor of Alice, but of Vivian Taggart.

Her quick smile flashed again.

"It is women, usually."

"And the gods?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," she said quickly.

"And the true gods sigh for the cost and the pain!"

"Are we the 'true gods' then?"

I asked, smiling.

"No." She spoke thoughtfully.

"But it's all *we* can do, too— isn't it?"

LOIS E. SANDISON, 1916.

THE DUCHESS IS OLD

The Duchess is old

And sits alone,

Dealing her cards

On a table of stone.

From her pointed boots

Long shadows creep,

Circling the court

Like serpents of sleep.

Beyond the court

O'er a plot of grass,

Where the sunlight falls,

The villagers pass.

In bright, scarlet cloaks,

With laughter and song,

They come from the fields

The whole day long.

But the Duchess is old

And sits alone

Dealing her cards

On a table of stone.

E. G. N., '15.

A CASE FOR THE GERMANS

It is a common saying these days that the Germans are barbarians—the Germans whom we had formerly considered leaders of civilization. But in spite of the fact that Germany has precipitated Europe into war, is it just to forget that for many years she has led in the arts of peace; and that today she leads the world in science, in commerce, in agriculture, in manufacture, in literature—in short, in all products of peace and civilization? We should pause a moment to inquire into her system of government, before suddenly calling such a people barbarous.

Unfortunately this government, though advanced along many lines, is in spirit a government of the past. It is, as we all know, an imperialistic government which bases its very existence on armed force, and has for its motto "Might is right." Instinctively, we of the United States believe that as the government is, the people is; that the ideals of the government are necessarily the ideals of the people. We forget that Germany is not a republic, and that, therefore, the government does not reflect the ideals of the people.

In the formation of their political ideals, the Germans have labored under certain disadvantages. Whereas other nations have been

freed and united by liberal democratic leaders, the Germans were liberated from Austria's tyranny and united by Bismarck, who was in favor of war-like methods, and by William of Prussia, most imperialistic of kings. Naturally the Germans revered their liberators, without too close inquiry they were ready to accept and cherish the ideals given them by their benefactors. These benefactors not only encouraged militarism in Germany, but they practically forced it upon the people. It was taught in the schools so that children might grow up under its influence. College professors were instructed to inculcate the students with its principles—everything was done to advance militarism and military ideals.

Yet in half a century the Germans have almost freed themselves from these ideals. Germans are born thinkers and not for long will they allow their ideas to be handed down to them ready-made. Their enthusiasm at being united and freed from Austria's tyranny once over, the Germans began to see that the system that had freed them was not a good system. Socialism then grew up, until at the present time, Germany is the most socialistic nation in the world. And socialism means, of course, attack upon war and warlike principles.

Young Germany is all socialistic. But Germany is also prosperous, and prosperity breeds content. The Germans could abolish militarism quickly only through civil uprising. They have not been willing to attempt such dire measures. Still they have been toiling for what they really desire by peaceful means. Surely this method is not uncivilized.

Furthermore it will be remembered that before the Kaiser de-

clared war, socialistic opposition to such a declaration rose almost to the point of rebellion. That declaration cannot be laid on the shoulders of the German people. It was an act of the civil government alone. Once war was declared, rebellion would have been worse than futile, submission was the only course. Still it was submission. Let us not be too quick to call it barbarous approval. C. C., '16.

SONG

Made Love her lips rose-red?

Gave Love them song?

Know well that if they shed

Love all day long.

It would not be for thee.

Tell me then where

To die. Dost dream that she

Would mourn thee there?

CHAPIN, '15.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S "THE SILVER BOX"

There is only one truly dramatic moment in *The Silver Box*. Jones, a discharged groom, while he was in liquor, has stolen from his wife's employers, a purse and a silver cigarette box; the purse he is going to take as payment from "them"—society—for the months he has tramped the streets looking for employment, ready and willing to work at anything; the silver box he will throw into the river, for he is no thief. He'll take the money to Canada to begin life with a fair chance. He has justified himself in his own eyes for scoring off society and is already holding up his head in his freedom from having to solicit work when an officer comes to arrest his wife for having stolen the silver box. Jones is in the habit of beating his wife for taking the world with such meek broken-heartedness, and he has been on the point of deserting her and his children, but she is his wife, she belongs to him, and "they" are going to put her into prison. For a moment he stands there glaring at the officer who grasps his wife by the arm,

glares at his despairing wife—and then with a savage lunge at the officer, he cries to him to let her go, that it was he who took the silver box.

This single moment of high emotional tension stands out in sharp contrast from the wooden and stereotyped actions of a group of type character, who were trite in the days of Theophrastus. Mr. Galsworthy has fallen into the snare of his own extreme conscientiousness; he so wanted to pound home his lesson of the injustice with which the common people are treated, that he sacrificed the flesh and blood quality—notably of the employers of Jones' wife—to bring out his moral. The injustice of the ruling class throughout the play is so gross that one is left in no suspense as to the outcome of the play, and the emotions of its people grip us no more than the words a talking doll gives out when one pulls the string. In consequence, a serious and thoughtful play fails to carry, except in its one dramatic moment.

M. H., '16.

DULCI FISTULA

AMORIS INTEGRATIO

Horace. "O Lydia, when you loved me first
And didn't smile on other men,
My friends called me a lucky dog—
Ah me! but I was happy then."

Lydia. "O Horace, when you wrote your verse
To me, not to the girl from Thrace,
I was a beauty of renown;
You made all Rome admire my face."

Horace. "But now I love the Thracian Chloe.
(She plays so sweetly on the lyre.)
By Jove! to save her precious life
I'd gladly risk eternal fire."

Lydia. "But now Calais's in love with me.
(His father is a rich old man.)
I'd die for him and he for me;
I think that's better than your plan."

Horace. "What if the old love should return
To put us both beneath her yoke?
If fair-haired Chloe I should spurn,
Might Lydia's love I dare invoke?"

Lydia. "Although he's fairer than the stars
And like the summer sun his smile,
And though you're testy, pickled still,
Horace, I'll stay with you awhile."

M. M. H., '15.

PUBLICATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Facts of Frequent Occurrence in the Bryn Mawr Curriculum
Reprinted from *Elements of Culture*

The Publishers, who formerly printed *Bierwirt's Elements of German*, announce an invaluable edition of an old favorite. Anyone who masters the essentials of this neatly gotten up little volume, need have no further doubts about the eventual attainment of her degree. Specimens of the suggestive questions that interlard the text are hereto appended:

I. History.

Sketch the guillotine.

II. Classics.

What is your connotation of Helen on the wall and Iphigenia on the Bull?

Why does Theocritus live? Why did he live, and what did he live for?

How is Homer revealed in Penelope?

III. German.

How do you distinguish *Pildung* and *Kultur*? Under which would you group:

Treitschke.

Heine.

Bernhardi.

Goethe.

William II.

IV. Love.

Just how does Æneas differ from Hamlet as a love protagonist? In your opinion did Laura appreciate Petrarch?

V. Art.

How do you connect Raphael with the Pre-Raphaelite movement?

VI. Politics.

What is the Real Will of the marginal man?

VII. Science.

Can you compare the scale of the shark and the human tooth from the standpoint of Survival of the Fittest?

VIII. Comparative Literature.

How would you locate Provence?

What was the influence of the *Romaunt de la Rose*, on: Machiavelli, Lady Gregory, Rousseau, Carlyle, Masfield, and Adam Smith.

What were the underlying causes of the Celtic temperament?

IX. Psychology.

If the cerebellum of a frog is removed, how big does the moon appear to it (1) on rising, (2) on retiring.

M. A., '15.

M. B., '15.

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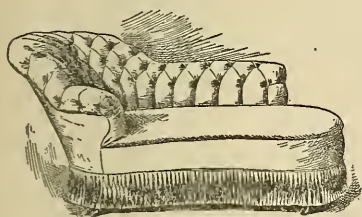
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February 1, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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Vol. XII

FEBRUARY 1, 1915

No. 7

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Editors.

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL, '15
MARGARET HASKELL, '16
LOIS SANDISON, '16

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EDITORIALS

"We were wise indeed," Carlyle said, "could we discern truly the signs of our own time." "Danger" sprawls in four-legged fashion on the edge of the skating pond. "Keep offs" and "Do not cross here" dot the campus, and "Quiet" meets our eye upon opening the library doors.

Yet only the library cat has shown herself truly wise in discerning the meaning of the word "Quiet" in the stacks. Let any one who doubts this assertion pass a morning between 821 A and 720, and we do not hesitate to say that she will come away with a thought something like this: "People who hold conversations among the rows and rows of books, should ask themselves this riddle: 'If the night has a thousand eyes, how many ears has the library stacks?'" At the present moment, we could guarantee the editors of the *College News* material for at least two columns of "Campus Notes," besides some odd bits of information best classified under "Gossip." Such being the state of affairs, it would not be amiss, perhaps, to suggest that the sign "Quiet," put up no doubt, when a word to the wise *was* enough, but which has been discerned truly by the library cat alone, be changed for the good of the many, to: "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

The College was greatly stirred by the eloquence of Frau Schwimmer and by the graphic and horrifying picture she drew of conditions abroad. But a good many people, on sober second thoughts, were unable to accept her estimate of the situation and were not convinced of the wisdom of her plan for a protest by American women.

Frau Schwimmer took the same view of war as does Mr. Carlyle (of whom we happen to be reading a good bit just at present); that the populace of the nations involved have no quarrel with each other; that "their Governors have fallen-out; and instead of shooting one another, have the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot." Frau Schwimmer assured us that if the soldiers in the trenches could but stop fighting for a week and have a few football games together, that they would never be induced to begin again. She assumed, moreover, that the women of the European countries, had they had the vote, would have had peace at any price.

If we accepted Frau Schwimmer's view of the war we should still feel that a protest by the women of America must be unavailing, although we might believe that it ought to be made. But everything that we have heard from Europeans or Americans has convinced us that this war, at any rate, is supported by tremendous popular enthusiasm on both sides and that there is involved in it a real conflict of national ideals. In spite of what Frau Schwimmer told us, the Frenchmen apparently are not being driven into battle by cunning statesmen; the Belgians did not go to war because their King, "to gain some private ends," saw fit to oppose the Kaiser; least of all do the Germans lack the conviction that they are fighting in a God-given cause and fulfilling their destiny.

There is some reason, moreover, to believe that the women do not feel very differently from the men in the countries that are fighting. After all, the English suffragists are not the women to keep silent if they disapprove of a cause. And it is significant that "Christabel" was one of the best recruiting officers in England.

All of this does not make the war any less horrible, but it does make it much more difficult to stop. What solution can we offer that will reconcile the conflicting ideals of the Germans and the English, let us say, when we do not even understand those ideals? Not many generations have passed since we were ourselves plunged in a ghastly civil war. It is hard to see how the intervention of Europe at that time could have settled our difficulties for us. And it is only just for us to remember that on that occasion American women were not much less martial than American men.

The editors of the TIPYN O' BOB realize that the editorial concerning the new rule for maids which appeared in the last issue, presented but one side of the question, and beg to call attention to the article in this number by the Business Manager of the college.

In response to the courtesy of the editors of the TIPYN O' BOB I am glad to be able to explain to its readers the reasons for asking the janitors and maids to come under the general regulations of the college in regard to the use of the campus paths by all employees. I feel more at liberty to make this explanation because these regulations have been worked out by my predecessors in the Business Office.

For a number of years a great effort has been made to keep trespassers and undesirable people off the campus so as to make it safe and pleasant for the students. Since the arrest of a company of six colored men who had been visiting the maids in Denbigh and on their way home badly frightened a number of students, the Business Office has acted under the advice of the college counsel who won the case at Norristown, and has prevented, through the three college watchmen, any white or colored men from crossing the campus after dark, unless they came to call on the students or on the maids. In the latter case our counsel has told us that it would be well for them to be asked to go by the outside roads. At his request also we prepare a list each year of the men whom the maids wish to have call on them, in order that there may be no question about our right to arrest other men on the campus who say they are going to call. During the past few years the Business Manager and the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, the late Mr. William Foley, succeeded in preventing from crossing the campus pedlars, people with bundles, people bringing laundry home and indeed every one who had not business on the campus. They were equally successful in making delivery wagons from different Philadelphia firms go to the outside doors. The present Business Manager and the present Superintendent, Mr. Tom Foley, are now simply following the excellent rules worked out by Mr. William Foley. With a few exceptions trespassers are really kept off the college grounds and every man who enters the campus after dark is subject to observation so that the safety of the students in going about the campus seems to me well seen to.

Now as to the regulations for employees of the college—When I entered the Business Office in September I found that for the last two years new regulations had been made with a view to meeting difficulties that had arisen. The Business Office through the two superintendents employs

regularly forty-one workmen as follows: seventeen working under Mr. Jack Foley, including electricians, engineers, firemen, plumbers and repairmen; and twenty-four working under Mr. Tom Foley, including painters, carpenters, cabinet maker, roofer, upholsterer, night watchmen, driver, and men on the grounds, (this number is increased during the spring months to thirty-one). It proved very inconvenient to have this small army of employees use the campus paths, carrying ladders, tool chests, plumbing materials, including long pipes, etc., as on account of preserving the campus grass they had to use the paths and crowded the students and professors. This was especially noticeable in the late afternoon when they were going home after their working hours were over when visitors were apt to be on the campus. Some people objected to the workmen going about in their shirt sleeves and others objected to their necessarily soiled overalls, and trespassers carrying bundles and pushing carts who were not permitted to cross the grounds felt that this was unjust as long as the workmen of the college carried materials and ladders over the campus. These are a few of the reasons that led to the regulation now in effect that all workmen employed by the Business Office should as far as possible use the outside roads and enter the college buildings by the back entrances. These employees, many of whom are skilled mechanics receiving large salaries, made no objection provided that it was a general college rule holding for all employees, including the hall janitors and maids. It therefore seemed necessary for this and other reasons to make a general rule. It was difficult for the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds and the watchmen to discriminate between the maids belonging to the college and their friends and callers. It was thought that if there was one rule for everybody there would be no feeling that discourtesy was shown to the friends of the maids. Since the opening of the upper campus with the new infirmary, the Model School, and the College Inn the servants employed here had been making paths between the different buildings and objected to rules that were not enforced for other college maids. As all servants employed in private houses use back entrances as a matter of course (for example, the white maids employed at the Deanery never go and come from the Deanery by the campus but always use the back road even though it is a considerable distance to Wyndon Avenue), it was felt by the Business Office that it would not be unreasonable to ask the maids to use the side entrances of the halls and to go and come by the outside roads. Every effort was made to relieve the new regulation of every real hardship by making an exception to the rule for all women servants after dark (it being

as important to protect them as to protect the students of the college) and also whenever outside paths were not cleared of snow.

In reading the editorial on the subject I have wondered whether the editors realize that, including janitors, the college employs fifty-five men and over one hundred women and that all of these employees are visited during the year by numbers of friends. For the safety and comfort of the students it is necessary to keep the campus clear of trespassers of all kinds; yet it is impossible for any one to recognize all the employees of the college and their friends. Serious mistakes have been made in the past. Many people have not kept off the grounds who ought to have been kept off.

I notice also that the editorial objects to fines, but if the writer had the management of a large number of workmen she would know that they have to be kept under strict control. For example, it would be impossible to keep fifty men from smoking in the basements of our college buildings if it were not clearly understood that at the first offence the employee lost his job. Workmen are accustomed to this method of regulation and fully understand it. There is no other way of securing the safety of the college buildings and the comfort of the students.

Since I have been in the Business Office, that is since September, no maid has ever been "arrested" as stated in the editorial. A maid might have been told by a watchman that it was understood she should use the outside road, but as the watchmen do not come on duty until after dark and as the maids are allowed to use the campus after dark I do not think that even this could have happened.

I hope very much that my explanation may make clear to the readers of the TIPYN O' BOB some of the difficulties with which the Business Office has to deal. We try to do our best under very difficult conditions and I shall be very glad if the students will give me an opportunity of explaining to them any regulation of the Business Office which may seem unreasonable until the facts are understood.

LOUISE WATSON,
Business Manager of Bryn Mawr College.

THE CLOSED GATE

PART I. THE FLIGHT.

It was a sultry September evening, suffocatingly hot in the circus tent. Karl sat in his place in the band, trying not to hear the garish music that he played automatically; his clarinet was clenched nervously as he watched Ida mount to the high, the endlessly high platform for "the most spectacular bicycle ride ever made by woman." The band was dramatically hushed when she stood on the platform airily throwing kisses this way and that. She reached for her bicycle;—"Peanuts, popcorn, chewing-gum," the venders untuned through their noses; "ice cream cones, ice-cold pop, and cracker-jack." The shrill voices seemed to surround him, to fill the tent, the night outside, the whole world with their deafening ugliness. In the flickering glare of the gas he could not see the face of the "Queen of air-riding," but he imagined it—the smile set, anxious, bitter. She was balancing herself upon the bicycle; Karl looked down at the board under his feet—it was grimy with stepped-on peanut shells and the tinfoil wrappings of chewing-gum. But although he would not look, in his thoughts he kept seeing the wheels spinning on and on down that vibrating wire; he felt dizzy, sick. There was a little unen-

thusiastic applause, a few excited yells from small boys—Karl looked up to see Ida throwing kisses as though to a multitude of admirers. A whitewashed clown knocked off his fellow's hat, which struck the ground with a loud explosion and started a prolonged clatter of laughter from attendant clowns. The leader of the band gave the signal; Karl put his clarinet to his mouth; if he saw them every night during the rest of his life, he would never grow indurated to these gladiatorial spectacles of "hair-breadth escapes."

A rider in the ring stood with either foot upon the bare back of a galloping horse while a woman drove two others from his shoulders; the clowns rolled over each other in the dust of the plowed-up ground; the band gave a banging last note. *That* evening's show was over.

As he waited for the audience to go out, Karl drew the canvas-wall of the tent down a little from the roof and put his face in the crack to get a breath of the outside air. The sky itself seemed luminous in the starlight with now and then the airiest of white clouds gliding lightly over the stars. It was so quiet, so still.

"I think it's a beastly shame to have a woman do a stunt like that

wheel dive," a young man's voice said close beside Karl.

"Perhaps she likes it," the girl whom he was helping down over the seats answered, untroubled; she was accustomed to dismissing the light troubles of others.

Karl looked enviously at the group of young people of which these two were a part. Madison, where the circus was playing that night, had a university, he knew; no doubt these young people were students there. How dainty the girls were, he thought; what happy voices they had! And how gaily beautiful was the one who had had such a gracious life that she thought a woman made wheel dives because she liked to. He watched them through the crowd until they went out the door; then through the crack between canvas ceiling and wall he saw them wandering away in little groups down the cool, shadowed roads.

The atmosphere inside the tent seemed more foul after the breath of pure night air; the glare, the loud swearing of the men who were loading the trapezes and closing up the seats with a great clatter of meeting boards, the uneasy movement of disturbed animals in the next tent—the whole routine of circus life seemed more ugly, more sordid in its dry business of providing amusement, in contrast with the cool, shadowed roads

and happy hearted young people. The ugliness, the necessity for keeping on and on playing "popular airs" when one longed for beautiful music, the necessity for balancing upon an unsteady wire when one wanted only to rest—such a life was too grindingly mean to be borne, Karl felt in revolt with distaste. Why should not he too wander down those shadowed roads away from the glare, the noise, the ugliness? The question became a determination.

He stumbled down over the seats, not looking nor heeding when some still standing backs fell with echoing clatter; his eyes were sightless with purpose. He was going to Old John; Old John would show him how to get away from the circus, how to go down those shadowed roads after the happy hearted young people. Old John would help him; Old John, the drummer of the circus band who told no tales of his own past but who understood; Old John would find a way. He, Karl, was going to college, to wander through those shadowed roads and see again that gay, beautiful girl whose life had not been rendered ungracious by the incessant sordidness of having to perform; he would hear again her careless, happy voice in which there was no bitterness; he, Karl, was going away from the garish music, the glare, the odor

of caged animals, going out into the pure night air.

PART II. THE RETURN.

"Come on, there's a good fellow, and give us a tune with that circus horn of yours."

Karl drew back in the darkening twilight of the porch at this chance taunt from one of his fraternity brothers and raised his clarinet to his mouth in a quick effort to forget the hurt. The "fellows" were smoking a sociable pipe outside the fraternity house this late September evening before going to bring the girls to the first dance of the year, and they settled contentedly back as Karl began to play; now they hummed bits of this or that familiar tune he played; now drew at their pipes until the tobacco leaves glowed to red heat as he improvised.

A star or two began to glimmer out from the sky. "It's time we were going, you fellows," cried one, straining to see his watch by the intermittent light of his pipe. "Lydia'll give me the deuce for keeping her waiting."

"That's what she will, Louis," laughed another, pulling himself lazily up from the steps. "Come along."

"Is Harriet coming tonight?" Louis stopped by Karl to ask.

"Yes"—Karl held the clarinet more tightly—"Frank's going for her now."

"That's good," Louis called back as he hurried down the steps.

When they were all gone, Karl still sat idly playing as he pictured Harriet as she would come up the steps, pictured how her party cape would fall from her shoulders as she put out her hand to his and said, "Good evening, Karl; I'm glad to see you back," with that indifferent assurance of manner which made him poignantly conscious that he had not lived always among this set of young people who prided themselves upon having the "nicest crowd" in the town. And it was she, this matchless girl, indubitably belle of a selected group, whom he was that night going to ask to marry him. He closed his eyes sharply at the thought of his darling, dreaming of marrying Harriet Cadley—he, a circus boy. It was a circus air that he was playing now; at his realization of the fact it grew monotonous in its emphasized regularity of time and accent—expressionless as habit.

It was three years now since the evening when he had gone to Old John to find a way to leave the circus. Old John had drifted into the circus band when Karl was still a young boy, travelling with his father, who had been a masterful rider of horses even among circus horsemen. Old John and his father had been friends, and

the three of them used to sit late after the show in the dingy room of the boarding house in the town of the day while the two men told the boy stories of a life that was not circus routine.

And Old John had found a way for him. Karl's father had left a little money with him, old John had said, for his son when he should most need it. Karl's schooling, got in the good country schools of small Western towns where the circus wintered, would enable him to enter the university, and, although Karl lacked a scholar's application to tedious foundations, his quick sensitiveness gave him insight and appreciation for what was not mere drudgery. Old John's way had not been too difficult, Karl felt tonight in gratitude.

He had stopped his random playing upon the clarinet, but still faint as an echo he heard circus music. It came from far down the road; yes, there was the circle of lights with here and there the single torch-light jet of gas which marked a peanut-roaster.

It was here, then, his circus. He had been awkwardly conscious in the past weeks of every advance poster; were the fellows reading that large red type, looking at orange pictured lions and tarlatan skirted winged Mercuries; were they thinking, "That's Karl's circus; that's where he came from"?

No, the fellows were kind; they laughed at him often, to be sure, but they liked to have him around with his clarinet and they came to him in their poetical moods and told him how madly they were in love with the latest sorority pledge. They forgot him sometimes at dances and their partners' dance cards were full. There had been times when the hurt of humiliation made him wish himself back in the circus, or dead, but tonight he felt they had only forgotten.

An early musician was trying over a piece of dance-music. Karl looked into the cozy fraternity living room and, as always, the sense of its dark shadowy colors made him passionately glad that it was not the glaring white tent of the circus which he saw. He stopped his glance around the room at the open book shelves. It was not only that the books made a spot of rich color in the room but that he was coming to associate them with quiet hours in lecture room and library. He hated science and drudgery,—and shirked it as much as he could—but there were other things which suited better, poetry which gave one the easeful comfort which he had got by looking down the shadowed road that evening when he had first seen Harriet. Harriet! It was Harriet who mattered. Those other thoughts,—of the fellows,

of his necessary studies—might come before the footlights of consciousness, but behind there was always Harriet. What did she think? Did she despise him; was she only gracious from pity? Did *she* know it was his circus there down the road? But the recollection of Harriet's gay face reassured him,—that happy gaiety of hers so in contrast with his own sombre temperament. Besides there were the evenings when she had played to him; she stopped at the end of each piece to look up at him for appreciation. She did not, he had to acknowledge in spite of his effort to believe nothing discouraging, seem to understand when he tried to put into words the thoughts she had expressed in her music and she would hastily begin a conversation upon topics less intimate than ideas, but that was because he blundered in his expression. To-night she would understand; he would tell her plainly that he loved her. And if she did not care—he walked rapidly to the steps; he would not think of her refusal to consider his love, he could not bear that.

As he looked down the road towards the circus lights, he wondered painfully if he were being a cad to those old friends. But they would understand; they would joke about his high superiority, swear at him amusedly but they would understand. Old John him-

self had written not to come to see them, to forget the connection. Old John was a brick!

And Harriet must not remember too vividly the differences between them; he threw back his head with a movement of impatiently discarding an unpleasant thought,—they would say she had thrown herself away upon a circus boy. But if only she cared, he would make good. If Harriet—that was her gay laugh he heard, she was coming now. He hurried down the steps to meet her.

“Good evening, Karl; I’m glad to see you,” she was saying just as she had said in his picturing; she was unfastening her cape and forgot to give him her hand. That meant nothing; he stilled his disappointment.

He with difficulty got a dance with her late in the evening; the time during which he anticipated that dance was endless, and strangely short. At last it came, and, after he had served her with punch, and had waited while she spoke to Lydia, he persuaded her out on the lawn. Then at the sound of the dance music she was impatient to be back, but at his plea for a single moment she turned back, and he told her plainly that he loved her. The surprise, the embarrassment in her look answered him before even those few words were finished.

"I'm sorry; it's all a mistake and quite impossible," she hurried to speak. "Please, take me back; I did not know—I've known you so short a time—will you find Frank for me please?" In a pause of the music within, from far down the road came the dismal monotonous music of a circus band. "It's your circus, isn't it?" she questioned to make conversation.

He did not answer; he did not understand the necessity for small talk. He found Frank at the foot of the steps and gave her over to him. He stood looking up the steps after her. And so that was the end! Did they all despise him like that? Louis and Lydia were coming up the path, and he stood aside to let them go up the steps. As they passed him, he laid his hand upon Louis's arm, "Louis, can you speak to me a moment?"

Louis was helping Lydia up the steps, "Sorry, but can't you see this is my dance with Lydia?"

Karl stepped back farther out of the path and they went into the house.

He climbed the steps after them and stood looking in at the dance. Harriet, dancing with Frank, was speaking animatedly to him; perhaps she was telling him how he, Karl, had aspired—

He did not belong to them, those happy young people, he never would belong to them; he was outside,

a circus boy. How had he ever dreamed? He wanted to run and run, to get away from the pain, not to think of his mad conceit in hoping that Harriet, the gay matchless Harriet, would marry him, a circus boy. The dance music softened; suddenly he perceived far away, but in his imagination deafeningly loud, the dismal, monotonous music of a circus band.

What was it she had said? "It's your circus, isn't it?" she had said. Yes, it was his circus. Unexpectedly he wanted Old John, wanted his circus friends. They cared for him; they did not despise him, would not criticize him; he belonged to them. Long ago when he had asked his father why he had left life in the world outside the circus, his father had answered with frightening quietness, "Because it was easier to come to the circus."

For a moment he looked around the porch of the fraternity house, the porch where he had played to the fellows and thought they were fond of him, where he had dreamed that Harriet—he caught up his clarinet. He would miss the quiet college life, the problems of lecture rooms which were not mean problems of supporting existence; he would hate the glare and the noise of the circus more than before, and—he could not think nor realize for the pain of it—he would never see Harriet again.

But he was not going back because it was easier—he straightened his head—but because he cared more for those friends down the road, those friends in the glaring circus tent, than for the greater grace of life in the dance. He had had no right to love Harriet; he had no hold upon those happy hearted young people. Their way was not his way.

He was going back to Old John who loved him. He hoped that

Harriet, gay happy Harriet might never learn the lessons the circus had taught Old John. Harriet was the queen and could do no wrong, but she was right, it was his circus. He went down the steps, awkwardly fumbled at the gate, turned back for one last look at the dancing couples; then he closed the gate behind him and hurried down the road towards that dismal monotonous music of a circus band. M. H., '16.

SONG

My love is false to me, heigh-ho!
What's that to me, tush, let her go.
I'll haste me to the carnival—
My love is false to me, heigh-ho!

The loudest rattle will I swing,
My cap with colors bright shall glow
And mocking bells upon it ring—
My love is false to me, heigh-ho!

I'll whirl the fairest to the dance,
I'll skip and scamper to and fro,
I'll rob a kiss and steal a glance—
My love is false to me, heigh-ho!

But when at dawn the skylarks sing
I'll to the river's leaden flow,
And in its floods my bells still ring;
My love is false to me, heigh-ho!

ILSE KNAUTH, '17.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

First Oration Against Teas

To the Editors:

As a novus homo, I am a bit timid about addressing the matres conscriptæ of the college. Moreover, being in a state of convalescence from a severe attack of Freshmen rules, I feel that my strength of mind and body is not what it once was. And yet I will dare, in this condition, to pour forth a tirade against teas. I feel that in denouncing this time-hon-

ored institution, I tread upon one of the tenderest and most cherished of college convictions. Hall teas, class teas, team teas, section teas, teas private and public—what amusements, except perhaps our lectures, do we attend now with more alacrity and regularity? Dare I then condemn the cult of the sacred beverage? Toward the drink itself I bear no malice; but it is against the use to which it is here put that I cry out. Tea is

at best a mawkish brew; but, like more spirited liquors, it instils in its drinkers its own qualities,—a feebleness, a femininity. There hangs, therefore, about “Miss ——’s tea, from 4-6 P. M.” a vacuous inanity, a false propriety, and a certain pseudo-seriousness. Conversation dodders and stumbles, a foolish formality stamps the manners of all the guests (who are they but my every-day work-and-play companions?), and I, the hostess, tremble and fret lest some august Senior receive two lumps instead of one. But some light amusement we *must* have, you say. Oh, yes, but let us contract a habit less pernicious and inane than “teaing.” Rather suffer death after a thousand ice cream sodas in the village than live through that one hour of tea in Pem 00; nay, rather, but let us whisper it, go forth and break a self-gov. rule in two than sit stagnant breaking your neighbor’s tea-cups. If we must perish, let us perish “trailing

clouds of glory,” not wither away in that intellectual desert whose only oasis, a tea, I claim, is a mirage.

M. S., '18.

To the Editors:

The Women’s Peace Party was formed to start this country, and especially the women, thinking about the possibility of universal peace. The founders of the movement started the peace propaganda now because there is no better time to persuade people to become permanent pacifists than when they are horrified by the misery and uselessness of an actual war. Another indication of the same general feeling is the recent formation of the Columbia Common Sense League. This favors a definite anti-militaristic program. In view of this propaganda, should not we, as a college, decide whether or not the women of the United States are to join this movement and to register their opinion against the war? S. BRANDEIS, '15.

DULCI FISTULA

THE WORN-OUT MOON

BY R - - - -D - - - -TH. T - G - -E

Ah, poet, your hair is turning gray. Is it because you, too, in your lonely musings are hearkening to the message of the hereafter?

Why do you stand behind that tree, oh poet?

When the two sisters on their swift-stepping feet go to fetch water, they pass the tree behind which you stand, hearkening.

Then they whisper to each other

and their full, gurgling pitchers lurch suddenly, I do not know why. Can it be that they have just heard the message of the hereafter?

Jackals cry in chorus in the light of the worn-out moon.

Are they crying about the message of the hereafter?

Poet, your hair is turning gray.

M. G. B., '15.

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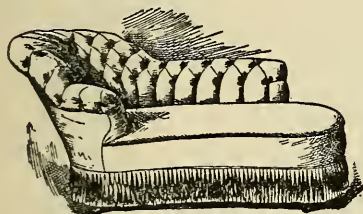
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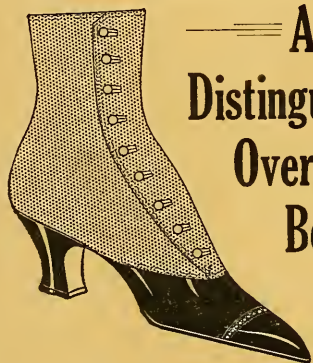
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Tipyn o' Bob

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No. 8

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EDITORIAL

Like the man with the pointer who displays stereopticon pictures, our function is to focus attention upon the merits of what we present. We are very proud indeed of this "Freshman Tip." The initiative 1918 has shown in originating the idea of such an issue and their efficient energy in getting together a great quantity of good material have delighted the hearts of the editors, and fired in them bright dreams of days when the TIP box in Taylor shall have every dusty corner polished by closely packed material. We hope the "Freshman Tip" is an omen as well as an event, for there is very real spirit in its undertaking. When a curious editor asked why 1918 wanted so much to furnish *all* the material for a single number, the answer came at once, "There is, you know, a Freshman point of view." And it is this Freshman point of view which 1918 has given in its TIP. A class is bound to accomplish when it has a point of view in which it believes. That this point of view will change each year, the Freshmen have themselves realized in their very desire to catch it, express it, contrast it with the upperclassmen's jaded inactivity. We do not doubt that later 1918 will reject a part of its present point of view, but we are very sure that they will always be proud to have expressed it before it vanished. And we know the college will take the greatest pleasure in reading a "Freshman Tip."

THE TALENTED YOUTH

There lived in a great city a beautiful, talented youth. He was the pet of all the people, who thought him the handsomest, most spirited young man in the world. Their praise made him very vain and boastful; but he was a kind fellow for all that, and every one loved him.

His father had taught him to play on the lyre, and he played so well that the townspeople thought him a great musician. "You are the best musician in the world," they said, gathering about him in wonder and admiration. "You are even more wonderful than the harpist whom the king pays. The king ought to hear you." But the proud youth laughed and said he did not care for the king's opinion. He ran his fingers over the strings and played a merry little tune. Then an old man who had been a harpist in his youth, spoke: "Indeed, you are very talented," he said, "but you need more teaching. You should go to the top of the hill and see if the Maiden of the Hill will not teach you."

"Who is the Maiden of the Hill? I will have only the very best teacher," said the proud youth.

"Oh, don't you know the Maiden of the Hill?" cried all the people, surprised." She has a lyre, and every night she plays the sun to

sleep. Have you never heard her? She is the most skilful harpist in the world. Yes, dear youth, do go to her, for we want your fame to reach all lands." And the flattered youth shook back his golden curls, and with a winning smile, said he would go.

So he picked up his lyre and walked through the city gates and over the country till he came to a long, sloping hill. Up he climbed briskly, for he was anxious to meet the Maiden and show her how well he played. When he came to the top, the sun's setting rays slanted across an open valley that sloped down to the sea. On the cliffs along the shore glittered the roofs and windows of a city. The purple and gold mist surrounded it, the little breaking waves made a white line at the base of the cliffs, and off in the west was the glory of the setting sun. "How beautiful this is," sighed the tired youth and threw himself down beneath a lone willow tree. The wind blew its delicate, drooping branches far out over his head. "They look like the graceful fingers of a woman twining among the lyre strings," he mused, gazing up. And as he gazed, he saw that no tree stood above him, but a beautiful white-skinned woman, with long, ruddy hair that the wind wound about her body and blew

far out in heavy strands. At arm's length she held a lyre and swept pale fingers across the strings, drawing forth such tender, piercing tones that the sun seemed loath to close his fiery eye and lose the sound in sleep. The notes blew out across the valley and over the sea; the youth strained to listen. "Beautiful maiden," finally he called softly, "will you not teach me to play like that? I, too, am a great harpist." The maiden looked down on him with a gentle smile, and then glided over the edge of the hill, across the valley, and disappeared into the city. The youth stretched forth his hands, crying, "Stay with me, teach me, beautiful maid," but she did not even turn to smile again.

The sun had set, mist filled the valley and hid the city, a cold wind shivered in the willow leaves. The youth clasped his lyre fiercely and strode back to the city. He was very angry. On the bridge before the city the people met him. They crowded about, bustling and curious. "Did you see her? Did she

teach you? What have you learned?" they all asked at once. But the youth pushed them aside, saying, "You have fooled me. The Maiden would not speak to me nor teach me. She did not even wait to hear me play. Why did you send me to meet her? You cared only for the glory my fame would bring you, and now you care nothing for my humiliation. You have betrayed me with your flattery." Some of the people laughed at his words, and some were astonished. But the old man stepped forward, saying, "My son, tell us what she did do."

"She smiled on me and went away," answered the poor youth.

"She smiled on you," repeated the old man, stroking his beard, "She never even smiled on me. That is something to think of, my son."

"Yes, perhaps to think of," responded the youth, and, stooping, dropped his lyre into the fast-flowing river.

M. S., '18.

THE RUBIES OF THE CROSS

A black night in April lowered over Italy, over the lights in Charlemagne's court, over dark shadows of passers in the streets of Rome. One of these shadows, after some stumbling about in the miry streets, stopped at the convent of St. Frances, and reaching up, wielded the heavy knocker on the door. The echoes were followed by a prodigious bustle inside the walls. Bare feet scurried to and fro over a flagged court, a light was lit. Finally the hinge creaked and a grey cowl peered round the corner of the door.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the cowl in the same voice that had cursed so lustily a moment before. "Here is the sculptor come at last to fulfil his contract. You should have come earlier, young man. It is not good to keep the saints waiting. I am of an impatient temper and our chapel sadly needs an altar-piece." The sculptor made no reply but stepped into the bare monastery hall, and paused a moment blinded by the light. The monk, whose cowed head now appeared as a member of a huge, rolling body, not unlike a keg of beer, swung his torch up and down and surveyed the sculptor with a critical eye. "Why, our sculptor looks as starved as a ferret," he exclaimed, "and as nervous as a

weasel! That comes of over-eating, my son, of indulging the lusts of the flesh. See, I, who keep the fast, am fairly smothered under a blessing of righteous fat. Oh, ay, I know that you expect me to call our good Abbot, but you must even wait until I get my breath after all the hurry you gave me at the door. He is not fat, our gracious Abbot, but most miraculously lean, with large eyes that see not an inch beyond his own long nose. That comes of too much bending over his breviary. He will give you our cross to carve and our rubies to set in it all because you look as starved as himself. Not that you are, except as to vain appearance, at all starved! Do you live upon a diet of fasts? Do you eat cold water and parched peas?" At length, seeing that the sculptor showed no inclination to listen, the good friar rolled away.

For a long time the young man was left to his own reflections and to the cold of the hall. Finally steps were heard, slow, gentle steps, as if the mind of the walker were a long distance from his feet, and a tall, meagre man appeared, clad in a grey frock, his rosary clicking under his long white hands. "Welcome, my son," said the Abbot softly, without raising his eyes, "you have engaged, I think, to

carve the altar-piece for the adornment of our most holy chapel. Brother Antonio, who knew you in the days when he was of the world, says that you have a reverence for sacred things and that you are a skilled carver in wood. It has seemed fitting to us that the altar-piece should be a portrayal of the most holy agony of Our Saviour upon the Cross." He paused, fumbled in his robe, drew forth a little sac, and weighed it in his hand. "Here are the three rubies," he said, "with which I—the brothers I would say—have long wished to adorn the Cross. Take them with you, and may the saints reward you for your work."

The sculptor turned to go, and stepped out into the dark street where the rain lashed his face. He half thought of returning to his attic, where the smell of a dinner, at least, would mount even to him, but finding little enough pleasure in that course, left it, and wandered absent-mindedly along a dark street which led to the river and the most ancient part of Rome. He undid the pouch, and held the rubies in his open hand, for the pleasure of feeling their hard, smooth surfaces and seeing the faint sparks of light at their points. The Abbot's words kept ringing in his head. "And may the saints reward you for your work!" What would it be, this reward from the saints? Why had

the Abbot not said that the monks would pay him? They must have spent a great part of their substance upon the rubies. There would hardly be much left for the sculptor. "My wage has gone into the rubies! he cried suddenly. "My wage!" Against his will, little, pleasant thoughts began to play through his mind. He weighed the jewels in his hand and guessed at their value. How rich the owner of them would be! Then, after a long time, came one other thought, apart from the rest. Far ahead, along the road, rose a long white wall, built by a forgotten emperor. And in the wall was a loose stone, and behind the stone—his father had told him of it—was a little niche. "No!" Rienzi turned and walked quickly back towards his garret. But the rubies were still in his hand, and he could not escape the thought, "How safe they would be—there!" Nevertheless, the tall house where he lived appeared through the dark. Already he was on the stairs. How many they were, and how steep! At the sight his resolution flickered out, and he was back in the street with the rain on his face and the rubies in his hand. Far ahead he could see the glimmer of the white wall.

Suddenly he felt that he was not the only one in the stretch of dark street between the house and the

wall. He wondered if there were not something behind him, pausing when he paused, gliding forward when he glided forward. He listened, and heard only the lapping of the Tiber against a bridge. So he went on, bending forward and taking long strides, while his shadow mimicked him behind. At last he reached the wall, and counted eight stones from the end. The ninth was loose. As if of their own will, the rubies slipped from his hand and lay in the niche, like three sparks almost put out in the darkness of the night, and the stone slipped back into place. The moment Reinzi turned away, a man, who had followed him from the convent gate, leaped out of the shadows, slipped back the stone, and fled away along the wall. He carried the jewels under his cloak.

It was the day after this, in the early evening, as he wandered aimlessly about the streets, that Rienzi canoned into a large body, recoiled with an apology and was met by a lusty oath. "So it is you, young rascal, who disturb the meditations of holy men!" thundered the fat friar. "Why I was but meditating upon the appearance of our altar-piece, and the great adornment to be gained by the rubies, which, look you, are symbolic of a number of things, as our good Abbot says, when along you must come with your head in the clouds. Why, my

son, you look more lean and starved than last night! Have patience, however, a word in your ear." He bent forward, and applied his great lips to Rienzi's ear. "Our good Abbot has promised that the man who carves our altar-piece to his liking shall earn fifty gold pieces, and from the moment I saw the tip of your nose, I doubted not you were the man. I know a sculptor of ability when I see him." The friar gossiped himself away and left Rienzi to his thoughts. So there would be a wage! So the saints had not cheated him out of his pay. Fifty gold pieces. He remembered the friar's glint of envy. "Why, then," he shouted joyously to all the winds, "the monks may keep their jewels! What care I for what is theirs when they give me what is my own?" He set off almost running to redeem the jewels from their hiding place.

Every step of the way was a note in his song of triumph. The long white wall loomed along the way. How smoothly the stone slid back! The little dark hole lay open before him. The jewels must be in that corner. No! In the other corner, then, in the middle, along the walls. They were on the ground, then, he must have jerked them out just now. They were not there. He made sure the rubies were on the ground, and grovelled in the dust, looking for them. He thought to

see them in the dark niche, and tore his hands, looking for them. He searched every nook and cranny in the wall, feeling them always under his fingers. But it was of no use. There was the place he had hidden them; he remembered how they had blinked up at him, and now they were not there. All the way home the darkness flashed with little red lights, always three together, but when he stretched out his hand to grasp them they turned dull and cold and his arm dropped at his side. Once, all the red fires grew into one, so that the light was intolerable, and in the midst appeared the figure of a man nailed to a cross and his own voice cried out, mocking him—"It is *that* thou hast offended!" After that the stars came out again and he was home.

All the next day, and the next, he worked at the altar-piece, forcing his fingers to be slow and deft, and day by day the work grew under his hands.

At length one morning the face shone with celestial light and Rienzi knew that his task was done. All that day he spent before it, giving it the last careful touches, and the next morning he put it on his back and set out for the convent, to give in his work and to confess his crime. As he knocked on the door he was involuntarily reminded of his first appearance there. Again the door

creaked open and the grey cowl peered around it. "Good morrow, sculptor," remarked the fat monk, "your task is finished in good season. That is well, for it is not good to keep the saints waiting, and I am of an impatient nature. But come in, young man, look not so pale, and let me see our altar piece." Rienzi came in and propped the cross against the wall. The friar nodded. "A good work, young man, a most excellent work. Our good Abbot will pay you well. It is a most profitable thing to be able to carve in wood." Suddenly a light came into his eyes. "But where are the rubies, young man?" he cried, "the rubies, which cost many a good gold piece, which were to be the adornment of the whole?"

"I stole them," said Rienzi, "I hid them, and they are gone."

"Angels of Satan! Gone! Unsay it young man, most excellent young man! The rubies, for which our monastery has starved itself! For which we have grown thin! Out of this door shalt thou go! Nay, better, thou shalt confess thy sin to the Abbot himself! He will break thy stubborn will! Away with you to confess to him! The rubies stolen! Mercy of God!"

The Abbot was in his garden. He sat on a little bench at the end of an alley and his face was carved with hundreds of little sorrowful wrinkles. Rienzi stood in the alley,

pale and bedraggled, the words of the monk still clapping in his ears. The Abbot rose to meet him. "Good-morrow, my son," he said. "You have brought us the altar-piece. Truly I sometimes wonder if we have not forgotten the teachings of the saints, that the chapel should be as free from the adornments of vanity as the body, or the soul. However," he went on, a soft smile running over his face, "the brothers are well content. They have wished to give you some reward for your pains. Brother Antonius has long had the money in his keeping." He paused and added, "And may God likewise reward you for your work, my son."

"I stole the rubies," said Rienzi. "I hid them and now they are gone." The Abbot's face grew a shade paler. "The rubies of St. Frances," he said haltingly. "I am old, did you say they were lost? The glory of our altar. Ten years ago the brothers began to save, to stint, for the price of the rubies, and you have lost them, through carelessness—through crime?" He stopped, and stood like a statue, not a breath stirring the folds of his grey robe, and the beads clicked furiously under his fingers. Rienzi turned to go. There seemed to be nothing better to do. But in the dark passage stood the monk, large and threatening, blocking the way.

To save his life Rienzi could not have gone past that mass of righteous anger, so he waited, miserably, in the alley. Suddenly the Abbot's voice rent the morning stillness. "I was wrong," he cried, "wrong, wrong! I have laid up treasures in his temple! I thought only of the outward beauty of the chapel, and gave up my soul to lust! Listen to the Word, 'purge ye your chapels as you purge your souls!'" Suddenly his voice softened. "Your crime has been the means of saving me," he said. "My son, wonderful are the ways of Heaven. The fiends of Satan, who tempted you, were but forming you to be the instrument of God." The grey walls whirled around before Rienzi's eyes, and he fell on his knees in the grass. "My father," he sobbed, "I have sinned. Let me live out my life in repentance."

"As I pray that God will forgive my lust, so I pray that he will forgive yours," said the Abbot. "Nay, I do not think you will become one of us. It is born upon my soul that you are of the world and that you can there work most good. But keep ever in your mind the remembrance of God's forgiveness. Go forth, my son, forgiven!" Rienzi rose from his knees, but the Abbot stood silent, wrapped in prayer. At length he went on in his mild, faraway voice, "And now,

my son, let us go down to the refectory, that you may refresh your body with food. It is good for me to fast, but it is good for you to eat that you may be strong to do the world's work." So the Abbot and the sculptor went down the alley, side by side.

THE DAWN

The Dawn comes silent, creeping from the east.

Except the crowing of the cock, no sound
Fortells the advent of the royal guest.

But now I hear the baying of a hound;
And through the long, gaunt fingers of a tree,
The Morning Star shines clear alone for me.
Although it shines for other mortals too,
Today it shines for me and not for you,
Who pass from midnight labours, homeward bound.

J. R., '18.

PRIZE COMPETITION

The editors of the TIPYN O' BOB offer a prize of \$10.00 for the best verse published in the magazine between February 15th and May 1st. The contest is open to all. Contributions must be given to the editors or left in the box in Taylor before *April 15th*. The prize verse will be chosen by a majority vote of the subscribers of the magazine. Each number of the May 1st TIP will contain a coupon upon which each subscriber may cast his vote. These coupons must be placed in the TIP box in Taylor before 6 P. M. on *May 3d*. The prize poem will be announced and reprinted in the May 15th issue of the magazine.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TIP:

Now that the second semester has begun and the burden of proctoring falls chiefly on the Class of 1918, we are for the first time really impressed with the weight of the proctor's responsibility. We are just beginning to realize that it is one thing to be "shushed" two or three times a day and quite another thing to "shush" ten or twenty other people morning, noon and night. When the first week of the new régime is over, I am sure that all of us now on duty will have made firm resolves never to be burdens on future proctors. And, if we are to judge by our predecessors, I am equally sure that, within a week of our release, the resolves will melt away with the thousand other ideas we forget each day. And yet it is a continual humiliation to

us that we are not really trusted here at Bryn Mawr, that we are almost expected to cheat in quizzes unless stringent preventative measures are taken, that in some misunderstanding or careless error we stand guilty of the most deceitful intentions until we are proved innocent. In considering the possibilities of our cribbing in quizzes, is it not rather incriminating evidence that day after day we break Self-Government rules the moment the proctor's back is turned? that we cannot loyally support an organization that earlier students worked so hard to bring into existence? Why should we hesitate to cheat an impersonal body of college authorities if we have no scruples about cheating our friends?

C. D., 1918.

DULCI FISTULA

DIRGE

(To the tune of "Puppchen")

I saw a paramœcium
Go flying round my slide;
I tried to keep him quiet,
But in the end he died.
I told this to a Senior
With many a falling tear,
But all she said to me was:
"You have the wrong idea."

They gave me a wool fibre,
'Twas easier to see:
I made a little drawing
Which looked quite neat to me.
I asked the Demonstrator:
I said: "D' you think this clear?"
But all she said to me was:
"You have the wrong idea."

Then we had spirogyra:
It made me want to cuss:
I looked for two long hours:
I saw no nucleus.
I said to the Professor:
"Are you sure there's one here?"
But all he said to me was:
"You have the wrong idea."

Now whether it's amœbæ
That we are looking for,
Or whether it's bacteria,
Penicillium or Mucor,
I never hope to get one;
I see no ray of cheer,
For all they say to me is:
"You have the wrong idea."

L. V., '18.

TO THE SOPHOMORES

We see you now so subdued and
 gray, that we can believe seventeen
was gay. We'll try to learn through
 observation, but, then, of whom?
 Moderation is a virtue you now
 possess in almost, it seems, excess.
 You say that we're reserved and
 cold, but once declared us overbold.
 Indeed in Pem, the sugared beds
 brought down wrath upon our

heads. We are simply imitating
 your ways, for which we're expiating,
 for Campus Night lost its simple
 charm, when you to Taylor Bell
 did harm. And if patronage and
 favor from the Freshmen make
 you sore, perhaps then you'll
 realize fully that tradition *is* a
 bore!

M. W., '18.

The stifling mob surrounds the office door,
 The breathless crowd stamps every inch of floor
 The clock will never strike the hour of four
 In Taylor.

The door—an end to all suspense—
 One gasp—"My mark in English lit?" "What's up?"—the air is dense
 A voice remarks in accents strained and tense:
 "Just spelling!"

M. P. W., '18.

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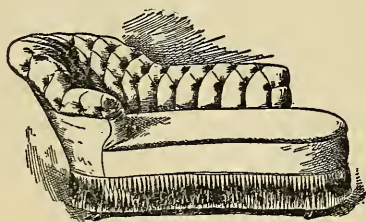
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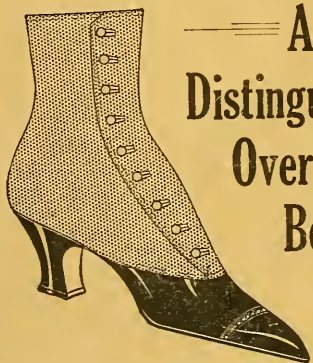
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EDITORIALS

With the advent of the first quizzes the library becomes filled with students who sit industriously splashing, in a seemingly reckless, but on the whole thoroughly methodical way, red ink through the pages of their note-books. This system of "tabbing," as it is called in the college vernacular, is as inevitable a precursor to a quiz or an examination, as the signing of course books is to the beginning of a new semester. It is as well established a tradition, as the ringing of Taylor bell at 10 P. M., or the rising of Freshmen upon the entrance of an upperclassman, or the singing of "Thou Gracious Inspiration" at the close of a college entertainment. Therefore, we do not intend to incur disapproval by attempting to disparage it. On the contrary, we prefer to commend "tabbing" as a restful, peaceful, occupation, as a salutary device for keeping people out of mischief, as an excellent method of employing spare time, as an unequalled means of producing a certain righteous, self-complacent air. Unmistakable is the tone of triumph in: "I have *tabbed* all my notes."

"You've still to learn all you've tabbed," we might retort, but are silent, having learned that the only wise thing to be, in these days, is

strictly neutral. We even refrain from telling a pathetic story of the student who "tabbed" all her notes for an examination and then lost all her tabs, a story with a direct application, for we feel that it is extremely dangerous, as Oscar Wilde says, to point a moral.

We feel well acquainted, theoretically at least, with "the Bryn Mawr type," even if we may have difficulty in defining it, but very few of us have any knowledge whatsoever, of the "Vassar type," the "Smith type," the "Radcliffe type," etc.,—when the list is made large enough to include all the leading eastern colleges for women,—apart from the derogatory pictures of some of them,—in "Once there lived captiously." We have become aware of our lack of information, after reading the regulations for attendance at lectures at our sister institutions. It is not difficult to account for this ignorance; the rather isolated situation of Bryn Mawr, which prevents much intercollegiate intercourse, and the special matriculation examinations, which force, to a large extent, attendance at particular preparatory schools, are both responsible to a more or less degree.

But, however, justifiable our lack of information may be, it seems detrimental to Bryn Mawr and to Bryn Mawr's students, that it continue. When we are away from college, and show ourselves entirely ignorant of other women's colleges, we help to strengthen the opinion which exists concerning Bryn Mawr's snobbishness. And, furthermore, since we are never concerned with any but local matters, our point of view is becoming a very limited one.

Therefore, we should like to suggest that occasionally the chapel talks in the morning, might be discussions of our neighboring colleges. Perhaps, here we speak tentatively, we should be given a brief outline of the history of these institutions, of their present academic policies from which we should learn what courses are required elsewhere, what famous professors are connected with what places, and other collegiate matters which will make Vassar, Radcliffe, Smith more to us than mere names.

A LEGEND OF OLD JAPAN

"Now two things greater than all things
are,

And one is Love and the other is War."

—Kipling: *The King's Jester*.

I

Three hundred years ago there lived a Japanese lord, Hidegori Tozotomi, very high in the esteem of the emperor and the most powerful of all the nobles. Hidegori Tozotomi held in his castle a court like the Imperial Court, and the ladies that attended his wife were no less beautiful than the waiting-maids of the Empress herself. Most beautiful was Hidegori's ward, the maiden Shirotaë. Her hair was the darkest, her eyes the brightest, and her voice the sweetest of all. As befitted the dignity of Hidegori, there were also many knights who served him. One of them, Shinegari Kimura, had often singled out Shirotaë and watched her among the other maids; and Shirotaë, though modesty forbade her to glance openly at Shinegari, had often secretly observed him and eagerly listened to tales of his prowess and loyalty.

As Shirotaë was now of marriageable age, Hidegori, as her guardian, saw fit to give her in marriage to one of the knights of his retinue, and his choice fell upon Shinegari. The joy of each was fulfilled. The wish that each

had scarcely dared to formulate was realized. The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence—Shirotaë, her pink cheeks painted very red and white, in pure white silk and wearing over her head a veil and hood of white, was escorted to Shinegari's home in a long procession. There, seated on the floor side by side, three times they drank alternately from three cups of wine. Thus they were married, and the bride was led away to her apartment. Having exchanged her white robe and veil for a black kimono with a gorgeous red and gold obi, she returned to the feast, and for the first time might look at Shinegari all she desired—yet even now her eyes drooped under his gaze. The saki was drunk, the guests sang and the musicians played, but Shinegari and Shirotaë remained as if in a dream, seeing only the love in each other's eyes, and dimly hearing only the words of the ancient marriage song

"Man and wife live to a great old age
Happy, living and loving."

Then followed days and weeks of pure happiness. They spent much time in their little garden near the

stone-fringed pool, where iris bloomed and gold fish played. Their favorite seat was an old stone bench over which a cherry tree waved in the wind and dropped its petals in a rosy glow upon the graveled walks beneath. During these weeks they grew to know each other better and better, understanding and comprehending each other's moods so well that they seemed to have but one soul.

But their peace had a rude interruption. A neighboring lord, envious of Hidegori Tozotomi's power, had gathered a great army of nobles and their retainers, and was marching against him. Tozotomi knew that defeat was almost certain, but he gathered his forces and summoned Shinegari to act as his personal aide. As Shinegari made his preparations for what he felt would be a defeat, and therefore his last battle (for a brave warrior does not return alive when his lord is defeated), he thought long of his wife. He loved her better than any thing, far more even than he revered his ancestors, and the thought of death, which meant separation from her as well as glory, was torture. But he hoped she would not suspect that the odds were so against him. "I will speak to her," he said to himself, "only of the fame that shall be mine. Shirotæ shall not guess my doom." So he came

home as if rejoicing, and told Shirotæ of the honor that had come upon him—that he had been appointed the Hidegori's aide. But Shirotæ had heard his news before and had learned that defeat was probable. She knew, moreover, that, defeated, he could never return alive. And when, in the little garden where so many happy hours had been spent, he told her of the battle, she heard the reluctance in his voice and his feigned words could not deceive her. She knew that the battle brought to him an anguish like her own, and in that instant her mind was resolved and knew no faltering. Meeting her husband's joy with like joy,—“We will feast tonight, my lord,” she said. “The whole house shall rejoice in the glory of their master.”

Shirotæ was arrayed at the feast in the black kimono and the red and gold obi she had worn at her marriage. You would have said she and Shinegari were even more light-hearted than ever. Shirotæ talked incessantly of the battle, of the glory her husband would win for himself and his master, of the feast with which she would celebrate his victorious return. Shinegari, deceived by his wife's seeming gaiety, felt a more poignant anguish that Shirotæ's final parting could be so light-hearted.

But at the end of the feast,

when the last cups were passed to Shinegari, he started at seeing in them not wine, but water, pure water that is drunk at the parting of friends that will never see each other again. Startled, he looked at her questioningly, and she met his gaze unfalteringly. He drank, and Shirotæ, in her turn, drained the cup, wishing her husband victory in a clear voice. At her quiet command, a servant brought to her the helmet, the most ancient heirloom of the house. In it she burned sacred incense as if in prayer for victory, both of them knowing well that the ceremony was the one performed only before Kimura's last battle.

When the smoke had died away, Shinegari arose, saying lightly that a warrior needed rest, and Shirotæ attended him to his bed chamber, to aid him in disrobing. But although Shirotæ knew that her husband's love for her made him dread the battle, and Shinegari knew his wife had guessed his doom, she still talked gaily of his triumphs, and he answered in like vein. At last Shirotæ, after a long embrace, withdrew slowly to her own apartments.

In her own apartments Shirotæ dismissed all her maids but old Hana who had been her nurse in infancy. After disrobing she bathed and purified herself as before a sacrifice, then donned her wedding robe

of soft white silk which Hana wonderingly brought at her command. The old woman was bidden to bring also writing materials, and with eyes that questioned, though her lips dared not, she obeyed. Shirotæ, unnoticing, wrote swiftly with unfaltering fingers. "Beloved Lord," she began—"Thou knowest what the battle on the morrow will bring. I, too, know. Tomorrow thou wilt fight bravely for thy lord, and mayest thou battle with joy in thy heart, for after death we shall meet. Shirotæ."

"I have written to my lord," she said to Hana quietly. "Take the letter, and do you give it to him on the morrow. Go now, Hana, and tonight pray for my lord's victory."

Alone, Shirotæ sat quietly for a time, engulfed in memories. Her wedding,—the happy days that followed — Shinegari — always Shinegari. How they understood each other, those two! There never had been before any concealment between them. Nor would there be now for long, and she thrilled at the thought. At last, rising and crossing to her shrine where a brazier was burning, she knelt, and having offered incense, prayed—first that Shinegari might win fame for his lord, and then that she might be deemed worthy to meet her husband again. Her prayer ended, the incense extinguished, she took down

the dagger that hung over the shrine and drove it into her heart.

When Shinegari arose to prepare himself for battle, Hana brought him the note. After he read the few lines he rushed into Shirotaë's apartment, to find her lying before the shrine in her blood-stained wedding robe, the dagger in her heart but her lips still smiling. Now the time of concealment was over between Shirotaë and Shinegari. Shinegari had loved his wife deeply, but never before had he realized her greatness, her love and courage worthy of the Empress herself. Now no reluctance would check his arm in battle, but a fierce joy would direct his blows. Shirotaë had accomplished her end.

Kneeling beside Shirotaë he kissed her lips, murmuring "We shall meet again." Tenderly he placed her body on a couch, and having directed the servants as to her

funeral rites, rode away to battle.

Afterward men used to tell of Shinegari in that battle. Wherever the fight raged thickest, there was he, like a young war-god, his sword flashing high above his head as he led his retainers to the charge. An exaltation seemed to possess him, they said. He showed no fear, he faced the army with an exulting laugh. At last he met his death from a blow intended for Hidegori; and men called Shinegari the greatest of vassals, the one who gave up his life that his lord might live.

Hidegori Tozotomi's army was defeated, his power taken from him, and the course of an Empire changed. But all these things have passed away, and only the story of Shinegari and Shirotaë lives on in the legends of the people—the faithful knight and loving wife, united even in death.

A TRANSLATION

But for a day
Am I so fair;
The morrow will slay
With sorrow and care.
Only this hour
Art thou mine own,
Then must I perish,
Alone, alone.

MARIE KELLER, '15.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

I tremble at the neglect of the slipper, I am terror-stricken by the rejection of the birch rod. When I was ten years old I used to consider seriously why some of my playmates were never spanked and why I was. Careful thought always dissipated my half-formed feeling of envy and aroused in me a contemptuous scorn for those who were so good they did not need such punishment, or so bad that they were not worth improving. Now, after some experience in the training of the young, I am convinced that corporal punishment as administered by our forefathers is helpful, nay, essential to education and to the existence of civilization as such. I mean by corporal punishment the painful physical emphasis of some command or moral lesson. This time-honored institution, I feel, is endangered by the modern doctrine that children should learn by experience, and the demand for free development of the individual. I know mothers who speak gently and persuasively to sinful daughters still sucking jammy fingers, or to wayward son still inwardly gloating over the wonderful linen table-cloth tent behind the barn.

Is it not short-sighted of these mothers to ignore the testimony of history? In the earliest eras of

history we read, that fathers waxed strong because of corporal punishment. Solomon in all his glory declares that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. We recall Spartan training and Athenian discipline, and modern history teaches the same lessons. The biographies of such men as Luther and Milton make us realize what the world owes to thorough whippings. The training of Franklin and George Washington are no less illustrious examples. No one can deem it insignificant that George, with the possible exception of the cherry tree incident (refer to any complete history), received the whippings he earned. Our fathers and mothers and their fathers and mothers before them, are forceful examples of the benefits of corporal punishment. Many of us can even point to ourselves, with all due modesty, and say, "behold the fruits of stern discipline and strong hands."

In this enlightened age, even the children, so impersonal and far-sighted is their interest in their own development, will soon choose corporal punishment as the most satisfactory kind. What child does not repent more quickly and more cheerfully after a good spanking than after a solemn lecture or dire threats. Mary remembers the

smart of her last punishment so she will not "forget" to go to school. If you say it is harsh, I say it is effective; if you say it is brutal, I say it is healthful. My brother Jimmy could not understand the objection to his using eye wash as digestive tonic till his father emphasized his words with a familiar rod. The caprices of my parents were perfectly incomprehensible to me; sometimes they wanted me to put my toys carefully away and sometimes they wanted me to spread my things ridiculously about the floor, sometimes they took away from me nice pieces of fruit cakes and again would flood my small mouth with impossible swallows of milk, but soon I learned by experience the consequences of disobedience. As I meditate on the days of my youth I seem to hear my own childish voice and the voices of countless thousands, saying, "We can not understand your strange ideas of right and wrong, but since you rule us, let us know the penalty and let us pay it promptly, then you will not wound our tender sensibilities. We can understand a spanking."

It is not only the children who should beg for this form of punishment, but the parents as well. If you have ever seen a moralizing father try to dodge his son's in-

genious questions you would realize the need of parental protection, some poignant weapon of defense. What chagrin is greater than that which we feel when some wily culprit enjoys the highly reasonable moral punishment we inflict? How can parents protect themselves except by an appeal to the slipper? It is the only unquestionable inevitable means of suppression.

Finally, though with great trepidation, I wish to declaim as insincere and deceptive the time-honored phrase, "it hurts me more than it hurts you." I declare that when a boy feeds his father's pearl studs to his mother's Cuban poodle, that the most loving parents should, and indeed would, grow warm with righteous indignation. I for my part would not deny some relief to their ruffled feelings.

So important a subject should not be lightly dismissed. If we are agreed that the history of the past makes plain the need for corporal punishment, that from the standpoint of the child it is highly satisfactory, and from the standpoint of the parent it is indispensable, let us go further and say that we will champion this institution in defiance of all the pernicious modern tendencies. Let us pay in full measure to our children the debt of gratitude we owe our parents.

"PYGMALION"—BROAD STREET THEATRE

Pygmalion Mr. Shaw has called a "romance," and although one may be conscious in the reading version of theories not assimilated into the play, the acted play appeals as romance. That the cockney flower-girl picked up off the streets and trained by the professor of phonetics to the accents of the duchess should love the young professor who, absorbed in his work, has treated her like the senseless piece of material which he has considered her, is as much in the romantic tradition as Perdita, reared a shepherdess, to grace the court of kings. But this modern romance instead of lyric sentimentality is in the comic vein, and instead of ending with a graceful dance where the gallant hero bows low over the hand of his lady, the professor of a single aim sends his transformed flower-girl out to buy his gloves. Perhaps Mr. Shaw did mean to imply that training to the point of expertness in any line, and that association with experts which such training entails, fosters a keenness of mind, a power of discrimination, which makes a flower-girl the equal of the duchess in more than her pure vowels. Perhaps the play is

a demonstration that being a gentleman is not to treat everyone courteously but to treat everyone alike. But one is very little concerned with these theorems in the acted *Pygmalion*. One follows the fate of the flower-girl who encounters not ravening dragons but society mammas anxious that their daughters shall be just enough up to date and no more, and who comes victoriously through all the ordeals and lives happily ever after. And the extravagantly original theories his critics feel they must ascribe to Mr. Shaw, figure only as a part of the world of unreality where romance must be set.

Perhaps *Pygmalion* is the beginning of a romantic reaction from the realistic problem play. The play itself at least shows such a reaction in its turning back to the simplest of all themes and its frank scorn of the probable. And the very great success of this play in London and New York; its popularity with Shavian audiences as well as with the public which has always shunned the problem play would seem to indicate that even the more restricted audience was ready for the reaction.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

Every year at midyears the question arises of Freshmen who flunk or fail to get their merits. For these we can ask the faculty and office to take no greater or more active interest. Does it not seem, however, that much of the trouble with merits in Junior year might be prevented just here? There are courses in college which, among those of us who have been here three or four years, are known as "possible" for a few and more or less "impossible" for the *merit* student. Shouldn't these Freshmen, then, who have had too little training along lines of independent work or who have been too little impressed with the seriousness of exams, be warned against the impossible courses and warned of the strict necessity of work needful for a grade of merit or above? The great question, of course, is who is to do this, granted that the faculty and the office are already doing as much as they consistently can? Seniors, it seems to us, are the only people who could do this. They have been intimately connected with the courses of the college for three years; they have a more recent and more vivid realization of what the courses now being given in College are than the office does, because, of necessity, the office knows only what the

courses are *intended* to do or be. Also the student advisor can talk with a Freshman more informally than the office can and can thus go into the questions at greater length and gain a more comprehensive idea of the Freshman's point of view as well as of her ability. It seems to us that it should be Seniors, because of the greater number of courses Seniors have taken and because of the greater poise they have supposedly acquired. To qualify them still further, let it not be Seniors who themselves have had no difficulty in obtaining merits. You may object that this is as pointless as refusing to consult an expert. But to us it seems a case in which there is more need to consult a *specialist* and who is in this case better fitted than a *flunker* herself? This point cannot be stressed too strongly, for two reasons. First, because the knowledge of the proportional difficulties of courses does not usually strike a high credit student; and secondly, because of the great bond of sympathy and equality between people who have struggled over the same thing and even, perhaps, failed. We cry your patience for the poor figure, but doesn't it seem as irrational as to ask a girl with unlimited means to advise a poor girl how to spend a

pittance? Their idea of *needs* is essentially different. The question remains, how to select these advisors and how to give them enough authority to carry weight with the Freshmen. The Undergraduate Association seems the only organization fit to mother such an undertaking. Would it not be possible for these advisors to be appointed by the board of the Undergraduate Association? This seems at the first shot an enormous undertaking, for already overburdened Seniors, but if there were two or three Seniors in each hall the work would be lightened. At any rate, it would probably extend over only a week or two at the beginning of college and perhaps a few days after midyears. These Senior advisors in each hall should then be able to consult together as a standing committee of the Undergraduate Association. This, it seems to us, would be a means of letting the undergraduates try to prevent mistakes of their successors; mistakes which the office find impossible to avoid.

DEAR TIP:

There is a college rule of which most of us have never heard, until a provoking and annoying incident brings it before us—the rule that no vehicle, not even a private one, may stand on the campus. Those of us who have relations or friends in the neighborhood often find this a nuisance and sometimes very embarrassing. Why must the watchmen order a machine away immediately after it has stopped? It is not as if the people who came here have any intention of spending the day and picnicking on the campus. They are our friends who come, as a rule, to take us for a ride, to have some message or parcel, or at the most to pay a short call. Yet no sooner is the engine shut off than a watchman comes up to order the machine away. So the chauffeur must take the car outside of Pembroke, or behind Denbigh and trust that when he is wanted again, some one will find him. Surely this is one of the regulations that is not only annoying but useless.

E. B. K., 1916.

DULCI FISTULA

HORACE I, 38 (adapted)

Persicos odi puer apparatus

I hate those eastern styles, Billy,
And bontounières for mien are silly.
Don't haunt the florist for the rose—
The dude is such a stupid pose.
I hate those eastern styles, Billy,
And boutonnières for men are silly.

Don't strive for foppish ornament;
It's not the clothes that make the gent.
In sweeping up the office room,
My boy, you only need a broom.
Don't strive for foppish ornament;
It's not the clothes that make the gent.

LARIE M. KLEIN, '16.

MATHEMATICS IN THE MORNING

Put the arbitrary constant in a place of low degree
With successive integrals between the limits a or b;
Put the reparable variables far from you and me,
For we're taking Mathematics in the morning.

What is sufficient reason that the proof should be exact?
What's the sign of Mdx when turned upon its back?
What's the volume of a solid when revolved within its track?
Oh, we're taking Mathematics in the morning.

If the osculating circle met the cardioid curve,
From odd or even contact would either of them swerve?
A particular solute for the evolute will serve—
Oh, we're taking Mathematics in the morning.

Find the integrating factor for a nodal locus, please—
Turn the tangent to a normal with comparative ease.
Near the points of inflexion a discriminant must squeeze,
For we're taking Mathematics in the morning.

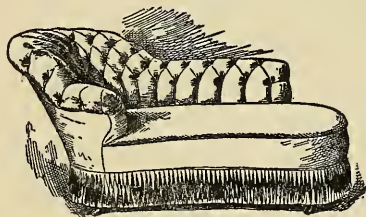
Would a cuspidal locus have a linen envelope?
Would any kindly tangent let you coast upon its slope?
Just intercept his family of curves, and don't let's mope,
Just because of Mathematics in the morning.

M. M. H., '15.

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March 15, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIALS

We have often heard it asserted that a college audience, of all the audiences a lecturer must face, is the most difficult to please. Bryn Mawr, at least, justifies this statement. We all realize how seldom relatively, during the last three years, a Taylor Hall audience has been really impressed by the speaker of the evening.

The reason for this apparent lack of appreciation, which shows itself in abundant criticism, is not because we are narrow-minded, or prejudiced. Indeed, we are glad to be told new theories about astronomy, to be given information about Paleolithic art, to hear various interpretations of the Bible, but we care a great deal more concerning the presentation of these theories and discoveries and sermons. We are so drilled in perfect articulation, that Thomas Hooker himself, would not receive our approbation if he spoke in nasal tones, on a Sunday night in chapel. We are so trained in correct reasoning that we should try to pick a flaw even in the inimitable arguments of Mathew Arnold. We are so exact in our science that a few false biological facts spoil the whole effect of a lecture on "Woman and Economics."

Of course, not for a moment, do we advocate a poor delivery, false logic, untrue illustrations, only we believe we should try occasionally to subordinate these matters to the real subject of the discourse. We should occasionally criticise material instead of manner.

It is rather discouraging for anyone who is interested in seeing fine old plays revived and new plays which lie outside the beaten track produced, to look about at the empty rows of seats in The Little Theatre. The Little Theatre, it is true, has shown a singular lack of tact in its last two productions, but certainly *Arms and the Man*, *The Rivals*, *Hindle Wakes*, *The Critic*, and *The Silver Box* make a brave showing for a half season. We counted the audience one evening and found that fifty would roomily accommodate all who were there. We at Bryn Mawr are proud of our literary discernment; we back Mr. Conrad with all our extreme capacity for enthusiasm; why should we not put some of our energy into supporting attempts to produce drama that as comedy will rank above *Sâri* and as serious drama above such sensational upside down pieces as *The Secret*

We owe our coöperation to The Little Theatre not only because such an attempt as theirs has a claim upon us, but because to let The Little Theatre Company fail would be to deprive ourselves of a whetstone for our dramatic taste. Since modern standards are reactions against judging a play by reading—the manner championed by Lamb—if we are to have a dramatic taste, we must have opportunities of training it in the theatre. We need something more than the usual productions of the year by which to shape our sense of dramatic values. Those of us who are not so fortunate as to be old enough to have seen Mansfield in *Arms and the Man* are glad of a chance to get an idea of the earlier Shaw from even an imperfect company; and we are all curious to see how Mr. Galsworthy's plays work out on the stage. We should be breaking very useful test tubes to let The Little Theatre Company go to pieces.

In this, the last semester of our last year of study, we Seniors pause to count up the ravages which four years of college life have wrought upon our once fresh and girlish countenances.

And even she who came hopefully to college to put into her face that subtle something, spiritual or intellectual, which would distinguish her forever more from the frivolous society-girl, must admit that, as a class, however much beauty we have gained inwardly, we have lost a proportionate amount in our outward appearance.

Insidious wrinkles have crept into our once smooth cheeks, as we wrestled with some deep problem in Physics or International Law,—grey hairs even, have appeared to crown the knowledge of some of us.

To watch a Senior walk across the campus of a windy winter morning, her third best, ill-hanging skirt whipping about her unbrushed shoes, her last winter's bedraggled hat held tightly to her flying hair, is to feel that the pursuit of learning is so swift as to leave all charm by the wayside.

But if there be any truth in the words of Oscar Wilde, that thinking makes everybody ugly, then perhaps we poor Seniors have still a ray of hope. For when we are out of college, and no longer expected to think, perhaps then the youthful bloom will return to our cheeks, the wrinkles vanish from around our eyes and we will become as charming as in our frivolous Freshman days so long gone by.

But we are so old now, and have thought so very much, that we may not be able to change our ways. We wonder—shall we find, after college is over, that this evil habit of thinking is as deeply ingrained as the wrinkles which accompany it?

THE ADVENTURES OF A "KING'S DAUGHTER"

Durham, like Cranford, is in "possession of the amazons." Indeed, with the exception of the minister, the doctor, the stage-driver and the butcher (which posts Durham public-opinion still requires to be filled by men), the whole population is feminine.

"Eliza," Miss Jennie Hubbard was once heard to observe to Mrs. Crowell, when thin little Dr. Hart had just passed Mrs. Crowell's porch, "there is one thing I am thankful to the Lord for, and that is that I am not a man."

Mrs. Crowell, who is very kind-hearted, doesn't usually believe in Miss Jennie's decided manner of talking, but this time, she nodded her head in token of assent. "Only think of not being able to belong to

the 'King's Daughters,'" she added thoughtfully.

The "King's Daughters" is the one missionary society of Durham. It meets every Thursday afternoon, at the different member's houses, at half-past two o'clock and lasts until five. Its object is to make quilts for a Mr. Newton, who is a missionary to the Indians, and who once preached in Durham, on the Sunday the Reverend Mr. Prince's wife had a new baby. The society is democratic in spirit and includes all the ladies in Durham who can quilt, make good cake and who own broad porches. The Gatzmers don't belong, but they consider themselves the aristocracies of the town, and to keep up their reputation take "The Churchman," the

"Ladies' Home Journal" and the "Outlook," the whole year round. Yet with such expenditure the Gatzmers never impressed Miss Julia Johnson, who has been president of the "King's Daughters" for eleven years. "Because," as she has said many a time, "there's only one street in Durham, and though its pleasanter on the south side in winter, its better on the north side in summer, and nobody is any more comfortable than anybody else."

Miss Julia Johnson's description of Durham, even if the Gatzmers might disagree, is a true one. There is only one wide street, which commences at the old hotel, where the stage coaches used to change horses, and stops at the end of the green, where the Fourth of July orations are always given. The Wordsworth estate is a little beyond the green and a little more pretentious, to be sure, but the house had been closed for so many years, that Miss Johnson forgot about it when she described Durham.

Indeed, not only Miss Julia, but all Durham, had forgotten the Wordsworth house, until one day last June, all Durham remembered it with a start, when great glaring head lines in the "Penny Press," announced that the Wordsworth mansion was to be turned into a second-class hotel. (The word used was a "very moderate priced hotel.") The very afternoon that this extraor-

dinary news was proclaimed, the "King's Daughters" were meeting at Mrs. Crowell's. Miss Jennie Hubbard, who belonged to the "Woman's Temperance Union," said she knew the hotel would have a bar, and that the coming generation of Durhamites would be corrupted. Miss Sallie Talcott, who is a very timid "King's Daughter," said she knew it would be impossible now to walk to the post office, without meeting a man.

In the midst of the discussion, the butcher, Fred Atwell, chanced to be carrying some chops to Mrs. Crowell's back door, and on his way back to his cart told Mrs. Crowell that he had seen some workmen, that morning, building a sort of side porch on the Wordsworth house.

"That's for the beer garden," said Miss Jennie despairingly.

Before the next meeting of the "King's Daughters" the "Penny Press" had contradicted the first report, and announced that the daughter of James Wordsworth (James Wordsworth was the last master of the estate, and had been killed in the battle of Gettysburg), Mrs. Wilcox, the widow of the late Frederic Wilcox, a New York banker, intended to return to her old home. Therefore the following Thursday, Miss Julia Johnson brought a daguerreotype of Mrs. Wilcox, who was then Anne Words-

worth, to show to the "King's Daughters." The picture was of a very little girl with very full skirts and handsome pantalets, sitting in a large, carved chair. Miss Jennie Hubbard, Mrs. Crowell, Miss Julia, all remembered Anne Wordsworth.

"She was just about your age, wasn't she?" asked Mrs. Crowell. "I was three months younger" replied Miss Julia, "But that makes us both sixty-six," she added.

By the middle of August, Durham had become accustomed to Mrs. Wilcox's presence. Everyone knew her slow-moving little electric, her large, impressive butler, Jenkyns, and her angular companion, Miss Marcom. Mrs. Wilcox attended the Congregational Church, she sat in the old Wordsworth pew, and put a crisp dollar-bill into the collection plate every Sunday. Miss Sallie Talcott's pew was just three seats behind Mrs. Wilcox's, so that Miss Sallie was impressed every week with the generosity of the new comer, with her splendid black dresses, and the daintiness of her widow's veil. It was so unlike the heavy curtain Mrs. Crowell used to wear for poor Mr. Crowell. Miss Sallie had the misfortune to be ten year's younger than most of the "King's Daughters," and also the bad luck to have been born in Middletown instead of Durham. To be sure the Talcotts moved to

Durham when Miss Sallie was three years old, but Miss Julia never admitted Miss Sallie to be one of the "old inhabitants." Miss Sallie had never felt the difference so keenly, as lately, when she could not claim to remember Anne Wordsworth, like Miss Julia, who went up to Mrs. Wilcox, the very first Sunday she appeared, and invited her, as an old friend, to become a "King's Daughter." Miss Sallie was very surprised that Mrs. Wilcox did not seem to remember Miss Julia's name, though the former Anne Wordsworth, said she was very bad at names, and remembered Miss Julia's face perfectly. Still, it was rather a flat meeting, and Miss Julia never alluded to it. Mrs. Wilcox said she should be delighted to become a member of the society, Her memory for engagements as well as for faces, must have been very bad, however, because she came to very few meetings. She arrived at one at Miss Julia's, when she was not expected, and when there was only bread and butter sandwiches and oatmeal cookies for refreshments. But she did not come to any more, although the next week Miss Sallie had provided cheese and peanut-butter sandwiches and orange cake. Miss Sallie was very disappointed, she thought Mrs. Wilcox must have learned that she was not an old inhabitant. All the "King's

Daughters" felt very sympathetic, and none of them would eat the orange cake so that Miss Sallie could have it for Friday night, when the minister was coming to supper.

The smart was quite forgotten, however, two week's later, when Miss Julia read the "King's Daughters" an invitation from Mrs. Wilcox to have the next meeting at her house. The scented paper, and the black initials "A. W. W." in one corner, were much admired, although Miss Julia acted as if she were used to them.

"What will you wear?" asked Mrs. Crowell of Miss Jennie Hubbard. "My blue silk, I guess," the latter replied, with some indecision in voice, though none in soul, because she knew and Mrs. Crowell knew, that Miss Jennie had but that blue silk dress to wear.

"Let's all go together," said Miss Sallie appealingly. "No," said Miss Julia decisively. Miss Julia had a great knowledge of etiquette. "I think it looks better if we just drop in."

"But," objected Miss Sallie, who knew she should never have courage to go alone, "The King's Daughters" meet at half-past two, and Mrs. Wilcox lives at one end of Durham and we at the other. I don't see how we can help meeting."

"Well," said Miss Julia, and she spoke with all the authority of one

who has been the president of the "King's Daughters" for eleven years, "We can all start together, but after we have crossed the bridge, we must go one at a time."

Next Thursday the "King's Daughters," attired in their best, carrying their handsomest workbags, walked in slow procession down Durham Street. When the band had crossed the bridge, Miss Julia called a halt and went on alone. After the figure of the president turned up the driveway Miss Jennie Hubbard started forth, and then Mrs. Crowell. Miss Sallie watched with bated breath the band at the bridge growing smaller and smaller. At last it was her turn. Even though she was wearing her new black taffata, Miss Sallie thought of turning back. She stopped twice on her way up the drive, regardless of the fact that the next "King's Daughter" was catching up, and was signalling to Miss Sallie to hurry. She rang the bell with a beating heart and felt nervously to see if her hair were alright. She expected a few moments in which to collect her spirits, but the sound of the bell had hardly begun, when Jenkyns opened the door, with all the magnificence of Mrs. Jamieson's Mulliner. Miss Sallie was almost carried off her feet, because she had just bent forward to see if her hat looked straight, in the highly polished

door. Her confusion did not diminish while Jenkyns was solemnly conducting her through the dark hall to the side porch, where he announced her in a stentorian voice as "Miss Talbut."

Mrs. Wilcox welcomed Miss Talbut graciously.

"It's not Talbut, but Talcott," said Miss Julia, "once there were some Talbuts in Durham, but they moved away before the Talcotts came, Miss Sallie you see has not lived here all her life." Poor Miss Sallie tried to apologize and chose the most distant chair.

At last the "King's Daughters" had all "dropped in," had all been announced by Jenkyns, and had settled down to the business of piecing. When Mrs. Wilcox asked Miss Julia for a "square," and offered Mrs. Crowell a splendid piece of pink percale for the next quilt (Mrs. Crowell was the "cutter"), the ice was broken. Only Miss Sallie was still uncomfortable. To hide her humiliation over the Talbut's, Miss Sallie had set to work furiously, and had sewed three "diamonds" together on the wrong side, and now she was trying secretly to undo her work.

Four o'clock is the proper time in Durham for refreshments, but it was not until almost five that Jenkyns reappeared with a large tea-tray, which he carried as though he were performing a sacrificial

rite. After the ladies had praised the tea-biscuit and had asked for its receipt, which Mrs. Wilcox had promised to extract from the cook, Mrs. Crowell admired the teaspoons.

"They have been in our family for generations, I believe," said Mrs. Wilcox, "and I am more fond of them than of all the rest of my silver put together."

Miss Sallie lifted the delicately shaped spoon, but at that moment Mrs. Wilcox's pet cat jumped into her lap, and the spoon slipped from her fingers. Before she could pick it up, Jenkyns was bearing down upon her with a plate of French pastry, and Miss Sallie, fearing the contemptuous glance of that august personage, pretended to be absorbed in patting the cat. She was devoutly thankful the spoon had fallen on the rug. As soon as Jenkyns had gone to the opposite side of the porch Miss Sallie, who could not see the spoon, began to move her feet over the floor cautiously, while she kept her body very straight and still. Mrs. Wilcox's pet cat thought this motion a new kind of play and began to jump at Miss Sallie's toes.

"You are fond of cats?" Mrs. Wilcox asked, while Miss Julia frowned at Miss Sallie for behaving in a manner so unworthy of a "King's Daughter." Miss Sallie abandoned the attempt. In a very little while Miss Julia gave the

signal for departure. To the surprise, however, of all the "King's Daughters," Miss Sallie did not hasten for her shawl, but bent down to pet the cat again. Mrs. Wilcox was moved at her guest's fondness for Josephus.

"You must see some of his tricks, Miss Talcott," she insisted, and Miss Sallie assented joyfully. But Miss Julia, who considered it bad form to remain after one had put on one's shawl, would not allow the rest of the company to delay.

"I never knew Sallie was so crazy over cats," said Mrs. Crowell.

"No more did any of us, and I don't believe she is," said Miss Julia sternly. Miss Sallie had displeased her very much, that afternoon.

The others were entirely out of sight, by the time Jenkyns closed the great, polished door of the Wordsworth house after Miss Sallie Talcott. The last "King's Daughter" swung her bag nervously and kept continually looking behind her. She expected to see Jenkyns running after her at any minute. When the door did really open, Miss Sallie was so overcome that she dropped her bag. It turned out only to be Josephus, and Miss Sallie stopped to pick up her bag. As she did so, something jingled, and in half a second she held the precious ancestral spoon in her hand.

Her first instinct was to return

to the house and restore the lost heirloom, but she shrank from the awkwardness of explanation, from the scorn of Jenkyns. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels, realized somebody was coming up the drive and would be upon her in a second. Without an instant's hesitation she threw the spoon over the hedge.

How she got home she never knew, and she never could remember what she ate for supper. All she could think of, was what must be passing at the Wordsworth house. Miss Marcom had counted the silver and blamed Jenkyns for the missing spoon, Jenkyns had told Mrs. Wilcox of the insult, and Mrs. Wilcox had ordered that the whole house should be searched. Miss Sallie buried her face in her hands sobbed at the havoc she had wrought.

"I must get the spoon," she determined, "I must get it tonight, it might be too late tomorrow," so Miss Sallie with shaking hand lighted her lantern, put on her shawl and started forth.

The journey was terrible. The darkness was only made the greater by Miss Sallie's lantern. It was ten times worse than shutting the chicken-yard at night, which Miss Sallie dreaded doing, more than anything else in the world. There seemed to be at least three owls in every elm and maple, there

seemed to be unnumbered multitudes of frogs down in the meadows. The way to the bridge was endless.

At last Miss Sallie entered the driveway, and began to peer anxiously over the hedge on her left. She had been under a great beech when she had heard the carriage, so when she came to the tree she lowered her lantern carefully and after a moment's search saw the heirloom lying close to one of the great roots. In a few seconds she held the ancestral spoon safely in her hand. Just as she was wrapping it in her handkerchief something rubbed against her skirts, and Miss Sallie found her afternoon's friend at her side. Suddenly a brilliant idea entered her mind, she stooped and picked up Mrs. Wilcox's pet cat. Then with difficulty, because it was not an easy matter to carry a cat, a lantern and an ancestral spoon all at once, Miss Sallie made her way to the house. She rang the bell boldly and asked the maid (Jenkyns must be eating his dinner, and could not be disturbed, Miss Sallie thought, and knew that the gods were on her side) for Mrs. Wilcox.

She was ushered into the library, the minute the maid had gone to find her mistress, Miss Sallie unwrapped the spoon and laid it inconspicuously on a table under a newspaper. Then she sat down in a large leather chair, and waited.

"Mrs. Wilcox has retired, and

begs to be excused," said Miss Marcom, the angular companion.

"I hope I have not disturbed her," said Miss Sallie, "but I found Josephus, on my way from the post-office, and I was afraid he might get lost." Miss Sallie blushed at telling such a tremendous untruth. (Miss Sallie always called a lie an untruth.)

Now Miss Marcom was not an admirer of Josephus, nor did she like to be disturbed in the evening. "Josephus always takes a walk after dinner," she said coolly.

Miss Sallie felt indignant, she knew she was not saying what was really true, but neither was Miss Marcom, since Miss Sallie could hear Mrs. Wilcox talking to someone in the library, she was playing cards, Miss Sallie judged.

"I'm certainly sorry I troubled," said the "King's Daughter," with a degree of spirit which was worthy of Miss Julia—"If you will give me my lantern I'll go home and wet up my bread."

Miss Marcom stepped into the hall to summon the waitress, and in a twinkling Miss Sallie had snatched the spoon from the table and stuffed it deep down between the cushion and the back of the leather chair.

"There," said Miss Sallie to herself, "they won't find that until the spring house cleaning," and Miss Sallie's prophecy came true.

H. W. I., '15.

THE BOOTBLACK

"Shine 5c., or 8 tickets for a quarter." It is a big glittering black and gold sign now, but when I first began going to Tony to have my boots polished there was only a little handmade poster hanging in the window. In those days one could not get eight tickets for a quarter, but only "Shines for 5 c. straight." I remember the day when as he collected his brushes and cloths preparatory to giving my shoes their Saturday polish he first inquired in his soft, hesitating English, "Single shine or tickets, sir?"

"Now, Tony, that's talking," I said, "tickets, of course. Why, I believe I'll live to see the day when you have a marble floor and mahogany chairs in here."

Tony blushed crimson under his dark skin. "I hope I make success," he said simply, "It takes long time," and he fell to rubbing in the paste with unusually lavish hand.

After the tickets came the shining brass foot-rests, the assistants and the newspaper for the customers to read. I never read it, however, for I preferred to watch Tony. It was a pleasure just to see him about his work. He never seemed to be in a hurry as the other boys were, yet there was a certain deftness in his movement which enabled him to finish in less time

than they. As he sat with his dark head bent over my boots and rubbed the paste in with his supple fingers I could not help thinking that he was above his task. Surely he should be putting the finishing touches to some work of art to something of his own creation.

"Tony," I asked him once, "how did you happen to choose this job? Do you think you will stick to it long?"

He looked up a trifle wistfully, I fancied.

"Oh, I don' know," he began and laughed, half embarrassed. "It isn't the job, I mind. It's waiting."

"Waiting?" I inquired sympathetically. "But your trade is growing fast. Why, you will soon have quite an establishment."

"Yes," he said, rubbing the cloth across the dull toe of my boot until it shone resplendent, "it grows all the time." And without further comment he turned to take the clothes brush from the hook.

Often when I passed by the shop on my way home in the evenings I would see him sitting before the door gazing down the alley towards the sunset sky with a dreamy expression in his great brown eyes, the polishing cloth lying forgotten across his knee. At such times he never saw me or heard my friendly greeting and

I often wondered what he was thinking about that he was so absorbed. That it was not blacking pots and brushes or even a new shop with marble floors and mahogany chairs I had long felt certain. For Tony these were but a means, an instrument to that end, whatever it might be, for which he waited and worked "so long."

One noon after my summer vacation when I went to the little shoe shop for my customary shine I was surprised to find it closed and with its doors locked. No sign or word of explanation could I find, and the policeman on the corner knew nothing beyond the fact that no one had been there for several days. I could not bring myself to trust my boots to other and less skilled hands, so all day they remained dull and soiled and the next noon, when I went again to the little shop, I found it open. Tony was waiting for me as of old—yet it was not the same Tony—for how changed he was in appearance. A bright yellow silk tie was knotted about his throat, his curly black hair was smoothly combed and his usual wistful look was replaced by a radiant smile. "Good morning," he remarked cheerily as I climbed up into the chair. "Fine day! Tickets?"

"Good morning, Tony," I said, "Where have you been? Nothing unfortunate kept you away, I hope?"

"Oh, no," he answered, selecting the particular tan polish that I preferred. "I take little vacation."

"That's good. We all need a rest now and then. I see it did you good."

"Yes, I don't mind job now," he replied, and began whistling softly to himself as he snapped the rag back and forth across my boot. That the long-desired end had come was all too plain; the very atmosphere of the shop told me that, but, knowing Tony of old, I hoped for no enlightenment through questioning. However, as I stepped down with shining feet and dropped my ticket in the slot Tony placed himself before me, saying half shyly, "If you don't mind, I like to give you a little present."

"A present, Tony," I repeated, puzzled. "Why, that's mighty fine of you, but—" my voice dwindled off, for he was already down on his knees grubbing under the seat, and soon he emerged with a bulky package which he placed in my hands.

"Not much," he said, blushing, "but I like you to have it; Greek brandy from my wedding. Perhaps you drink it some time and wish us luck?"

As I passed the shop on my way home that evening I looked for Tony as of old. He was not gazing dreamily at the sunset today, however, but was standing before the mirror sticking a red rose in the

knot of his jaunty tie. "Hello," he called, waving his hand. "Some time you come see my wife and me in our new—'establishment'—you call it? Teena will be glad." I shifted the heavy brandy bottle under my other arm and waved back in greeting. No wonder Tony had found it long to wait for the slowly growing trade.

F. G. HATTON, '15.

LOTUS-FLOWERS

Through the casement window flutter
 Warm breaths of a little breeze;
 Moon-made shadows on the shutter
 Paint pictures of pine trees.

Moonbeams lie upon the ocean
 Like scattered lotus-flowers;—
 So upon my heart's sad motion
 Float petals from lost hours.

HELEN B. CHAPIN.

THE STAGE BEAUTIFUL

It is no longer to "make believe" that we go to the theatre. The modern audience is not moved by the imagination of the Greeks, who saw in the sun-lit hollow of their amphitheatre on the slope of a hill outside the city, a world, the scene of the strife of gods and heroes; nor have we the pictorial fancy of the Elizabethans, who crammed "within this wooden O the very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt." What the modern audience wants is a representation of everyday life, faithful to the smallest detail; or a production of

such splendor that its gorgeousness is an end in itself,—Child's Restaurant and a Persian street scene delight us equally. We no longer get our picture through such a line as "how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank," instead we are given a minutely set scene, a yellow moon rising over rippling water and painted trees "gently kissed" by the "sweet wind" blowing in on the stage from the wings.

The question is whether the spectacle is important enough to deserve the emphasis which is being put upon it by much of the

drama of today. If this emphasis makes the dramatist depend upon the illusion of reality gained by minute attention to detail, or upon a spectacle which dazzles by its magnificence, if it makes the dramatist try to present his interpretative imitation of life through these mechanical means rather than through a convincing plot and careful characterization, then the spectacle has undermined the very foundations of drama.

At first thought it seems as if realistic details should render possible a closer approach to naturalness of presentation. A row of houses diminishing in size to present the proper perspective, a drop curtain at the back of the stage which is supposed to open to the audience a vista bounded only by the horizon, form a pretty picture—until the actor enters. Then, unless he limits himself to the foreground, the audience must exercise great imaginative power to persuade themselves that their hero is not some giant who towers above the houses, and darkens the distant mountains with his shadow. Then, too, we have the difficulty of pictorial settings which, contrasted with the massiveness of a plastic rock or the “too too solid flesh” of the actor, become flimsy, incongruous, ridiculous. Such details suggest merely their own reality, not the reality of the scene as a whole. The

imagination may safely be counted upon to supply all details which are in harmony with the spirit of the play. Any work of the producer which does more than suggest the locality and supply the atmosphere succeeds only in destroying the more perfect illusion of the imagination.

To justify the use of elaborate scenery we are told of the inferiority of most of our present-day actors. One might better urge that the public who demand such scenery also demand of their “stars” beauty rather than dramatic talent. Three years ago, in Chicago, hundreds of people, eager to see a pretty auburn-haired girl dance her way through the play of the year, were turned from the doors of a crowded playhouse, while Sarah Allgood was magnificently playing “Kathleen Ni Houlihan” to an almost empty house. Can we be sure that we know our really great actors? To-day an actor relies on the fact that his audience has come to *see* rather than to *hear*, and who can blame him? Why should he take the pains to speak his lines beautifully when he knows that his voice will be scarcely audible above the exclamations of admiration at the beauty of the scene. We encourage our actors to rely on the scenery; what they are truly capable of will remain unknown as long as audiences are content to supply their defects

with ingenious or magnificent scenic effects.

At the first night of Mr. E. H. Sothern's "Hamlet" Mr. Clayton Hamilton tells us how his attention was distracted from the soliloquy on suicide, by a woman near him exclaiming to her neighbor, "oh look! There are two fire-places in the room." He says that the fault lay with the stage-manager, with our whole system of staging. Rarely, if ever, do we come from the theatre feeling that we have seen a perfect production. Some minor detail disagrees with our preconceived picture of how the stage should look, our attention is distracted, we are "rubbed the wrong

way," the emphasis is misplaced, and in that moment the atmosphere desired by the playwright is lost. How can this be remedied? A stage stripped of all scenery would be so novel as to distract the audience even more than our present glittering, over-burdened scenes. Though we may hope ultimately for Mr. Craig's massed simplicity and symbolism, we should try at once to rid the stage of superfluous details that destroy all illusion of the reality of the whole, that encourage our actors to dispense with the niceties of their art, and that hold our playwrights in the bonds of a literary mediocrity.

E. H. H., 1916.

PLAY REVIEW

One difficulty with the production of Mr. Shaw's plays is that the audience always expects a farce and laughs indiscriminately. When they laugh at the Christian Martyrs in *Androcles and the Lion* conventional people are apt to be much shocked. I myself was annoyed, but it was at the hilarity of the audience and not at the irreverence of Mr. Shaw. The Christian Martyrs are not for one moment farcical figures; Mr. Shaw is not making fun either of them as Martyrs, nor of Christianity in general. A friend of mine remarked that she had never seen

Christians appear to better advantage. Certainly they make the Christian virtues most attractive, and not only get the better of all the Romans from the Emperor down, but show up the weaknesses and absurdities of the Roman standards. Lavinia, the patrician maiden, who cannot quite achieve the childlike faith prescribed, but who can meet death with a smile on her lips; Ferrovius, the ardent pugilist, who wrestles heroically to overcome his lust for combat so that he may turn the other cheek; and most of all Androcles,

the adorable Greek tailor, who is so gentle and kind-hearted that he has to give a home to all the stray animals in the village, and yet shows the most sublime courage when it is needed—all three of them are very admirable and lovable characters, consistently conceived and acted with sincerity. Of course, Mr. Shaw is, as always, gently satyriizing human nature, but it is his great merit that the satire does not injure the consistency of his characterization. I, for one, agree with him that there was probably as much human nature in the Christian Martyrs as in anyone else and that there is no more irreverence in satyriizing it there than elsewhere.

Androcles and the Lion is really one of the most delightfully imaginative, interesting, and entertaining plays that Mr. Shaw has ever written. And even if you should be shocked by the lightness of it, and even if you can resist the charm of Androcles with his wide blue eyes and his engaging simplicity, who calls the King of Beasts "Tommy," and the Emperor of Rome, "Your Worship," you will have to admit that there is one character that wins every heart in the audience, whose appearance and expressions of countenance are irresistible, and whose every gesture calls forth applause, and that is—the Lion.

H. T., 1915.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

Forsooth, it is a goodlie companie that gathers in the *New Book Room* these days. Many and constant, it would seem, are the devotees to literature who congregate there. No more, let the allegation against the literary interest of the college be made, that the number of books taken out of the library, by the undergraduates, is extraordinarily small. Rather let it be said, that the undergraduates love to read, but prefer to read the books in the library.

Is interest in literature really

lagging, in the college? I ask myself, when I look around the *New Book Room*. I gaze at the maidens, and note an expression of nervous, hurried trepidation on their countenances, not unlike the expression, which one sees upon the faces of people sitting in a railroad waiting room. If a sudden interest in literature has wrought the change in the *New Book Room*, converting it from a quiet sanctuary, into a stirring rendez-vous—and "Done-while-you-wait" place, I for one, can only bewail the change, and

regretfully look back to bygone days, when the library cat, snoozing in the sun, was the sole occupant of a wicker chair.

Victrolas at College

There are those among us who wildly talk of being awakened and put to sleep by a more musical means than Taylor Bell, or of dispelling the discordant noises of our community dining rooms by agreeable music. But unfortunately such schemes are too ideal to claim any serious attention.

But with the present development of the victrola may not the music lovers among us sanely consider some sort of modern Utopia? A Utopia where, outside of quiet hours we might be indulged in some better form of satisfying our

musical sense than that of self-made noise; where, for instance, the chatter of college teas might be advantageously interspersed with good music.

A Utopia where for refreshment or inspiration when we are tired we need not spend an exhausting hour in a small music room underground trying painfully to pick out with unaccustomed fingers the air of a favorite sonata. Instead we might sit comfortably in our studies and hear a performance of the sonata by Kreisler and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In short, we may conceive of an ideal state where, even at college, we need not be cut off for four years of our daily lives from enjoying one of the greatest cultural influences.

DREAMER.

DULCI FISTULA

THE LAMENT OF THE FRESHMEN FOR MID-YEARS

Bryn Mawr is too much for us; late and soon
Mid-years and Quizzes have laid waste our powers.
Little we saw of Credits that were ours,
Our Merits gone. How will it be in June?
The books within the Lib that made us swoon,
The clock on Taylor Hall that skyward towers
And marks, alas, not only sunny hours;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
They wore us out. If we could only see

Some visions that would make us less forlorn,
Espy a Credit, not a "failed," or "p,"
Upon the bulletin some rosy morn;
We might take hope, since then we would be free
For deeds that would not move the world to scorn.

M. W., '18.

AN ESSAY

(To find a Rhyme for Umbrella)

There was a girl and her first name was Stella,
And then, of course, her middle name was Della,
And after that her final name was Keller.

Next door to her there lived a scheming feller
Who owned a gorgeous green and red umbrella.
He told the girl that he would like to sell 'er
This extra special green and red umbrella.

This proposition, when he tried to tell 'er,
She answered in a voice soft, low and meller:
"I'd buy it Kid, if it were only yellor."

"You think you're pretty smart," he said to Della.
"Look here, this ain't no slouch of an umbrella."
Whereat he raised it with intent to fell 'er,
And show the stuff there was in that umbrella.

Unluckily, in this attempt to quell 'er,
He went too far, and hit her on the smeller.
She shrieked aloud and swooned into a cellar.

A cop he came along and pinched the feller
For the illegal use of an umbrella.
And what became of Stella Della Keller—
They say, "She sure was mashed on that umbrella."

L. V. M.

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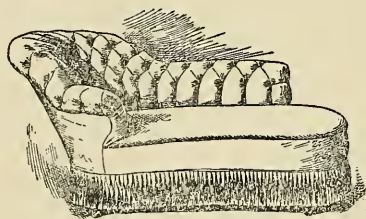
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April 1, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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Vol. XII

APRIL 1, 1915

No. 11

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

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MARGARET HASKELL, '16

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EDITORIALS

The problem which the so-called "Lady-of-Leisure" faces upon graduation, is more difficult, because less definite, than that of the girl who must at once "get a job," and support herself.

To the girl who does not have to work, after these four years of strenuous effort, the prospect of folding her hands and sitting in idleness for the rest of her life is almost terrifying. She demands something to do to occupy her mind and her time, to make her feel that she is of some use in the world, even though all her friends are getting married, or becoming daily more purposeful and important, as they instruct the eager next generation, or guard the mighty secrets of high financiers!

Since a girl does not always care to insult her family by refusing their offered home and support, the simplest answer—"Go out and get a job yourself," is not always the most practical solution of the problem.

If only some inspired person should start an employment bureau for the purpose of bringing to these ladies, not content with being merely leisurely, work interesting and worth doing, though unpaid, "next winter", to many seniors would be a more cheerful prospect than it now is.

For it is easier to follow a career which force of circumstance inevitably marks out, than to do nothing, even for a few years, profitably and well.

We are continually surprised that the Denbigh Fiction Library has succeeded so long in escaping the vigilance of the various "Junk" committees who pack barrels for the heathen every Christmas and spring. We are constantly expecting an original settlement worker among us to discover some forgotten rule, whereby at Bryn Mawr College, a book which has not been taken from the shelves for the space of three years may be sent to hospitals or mission fields. And when such a rule is unearthed, we know well, then, the bookcases in Denbigh sitting room will be quite emptied. Of course those of us who live in Denbigh will feel some regret to say good-bye to the sturdy sets of Thackeray and Dickens, which have served as wall furnishings so long—especially now that the library has had such a fine housecleaning, and makes such an orderly showing,—but we wonder if any one else will feel any regret. We ask the question, because if the Fiction Library has outlived its use, we may anticipate all settlement workers and hand over the volumes to be sent to those who have no new book room, or if they have, realize that new literature on Science and Philosophy and new poetry, does not take the place of new novels and short stories.

If, on the other hand, there is some hidden fondness for the Fiction Library, some desire to read on a Sunday morning, some magnanimity towards those who cannot afford to buy the new novels, we hope it will manifest itself a little more boldly. We hope a few more people will pay the annual fee of fifty cents, will read the books that are already in the library, and will show interest enough to organize a committee to buy the best new books and dispose of the unimportant old ones. We wonder if, after all, the Denbigh Fiction Library has really outlived its use.

The editors have been disappointed that the offer made in the *TIP* a month ago has not produced a more generous flow of verse. We had hoped that we would have to enlarge our covers in order to find room for all the poetry contributed for our prize competition, and, as the reader may see, this has not been the case. We remember that we were once told that the Cloisters, when they were built, were expected to inspire the embryonic poets among us, but we fear that even in the spring they are more often a retreat for those immersed in philosophic or historical research, than for those seeking poetic inspiration.

However, we refuse to believe that if the little England of Elizabeth could have its Shakespere, that Bryn Mawr with all its advantages cannot

produce at least one Sappho; so we exhort you once again to write verses for us whether you have ever done the like before, or not, for we are sure that there are some geniuses lurking undiscovered among us and the editors wish them to make themselves known before the prize is awarded.

THE SPOONS OF THE INCA

It was immediately after an American admiral recognized a Japanese admiral as his former confidential valet that he ordered a careful investigation of all the Japanese servants on ships of the American navy. And it was immediately after the investigation that Saki came aboard the Inca to answer my advertisement for a cook. I asked myself whether I wanted a spy for a servant. He was very small and very ingratiating and he cooked, as I discovered at a first carefully supervised trial better than any cook that I had ever before been able to secure. I decided that he might stay, provided only that he could produce references that would make me moderately sure that we should not be murdered or robbed of anything we cared to keep. On the whole, it would be a good thing if he could keep himself amused by any such simple and silent means as the making of secret charts of the Inca, a former auxiliary boat of the navy. John, his predecessor, had played a mouth organ. When he produced a letter of enthusiastic recom-

mendation from the Y. M. C. A. of a Western college, dated four years ago, I asked no questions about the interval. I urged him to stay as long as he would.

He was abject in his gratitude. My husband, at first patriotically averse to harboring him, he immediately propitiated with an omelette of supreme excellence. To me he promised military obedience and the service of a slave, addressing me, to my surprise, as "Sir."

Later, when I better understood how much his entire outlook on life had been affected by his profession as a spy, I realized that, because of my extraordinarily feminine appearance, he believed me to be a man in disguise. My small son he must have thought an unusually clever dodge on my part.

Except for this embarrassing delusion, which he never lost, but which, to do him justice, he did his best to conceal, after he discovered that it annoyed me and enraged James, his conduct was unexceptionable. To be sure, he did, at first, insist upon furnishing James or me with detailed written accounts of our

occasional guests' past lives, which he apparently investigated with amazing speed and skill during his brief shore leaves. But when we told him very firmly that we preferred not to know whether we were dining with gamblers or bigamists he immediately desisted, and even gave up his shore leaves. He said that they were of no use to him any longer.

Indeed, his conduct was such and his zeal in our service was so great, that when a dozen silver spoons disappeared we implicitly believed his agonized declaration that he thought he had taken them to his room as usual with the rest of the silver at night; that he must accidentally have thrown them overboard. A cream pitcher and two salad forks had disappeared in that way during the time of John. I was so used to such occurrences that I did not visit upon Saki even mild reproof. But his own reproaches were bitter.

"I came to tell you," he said, "merely that you might know where to search for them after I have flung my wretched self after them."

It took James and me nearly an hour to persuade him that he would be much more useful to us alive than dead. When he was finally convinced he immediately set himself to the task of being useful.

"What you need," he decided after a little thought, "is a skilful swimming detective. I know several, all of wide experience. He will bring back the spoons, and my sin of losing them will be forgiven to me."

We assured him that the spoons were not worth the services of a swimming detective. When, in the evening mail waiting to go ashore, I discovered eight envelopes addressed to ostentatiously American names on as many battleships, I firmly forbade Saki to interest any of his friends in the recovery of the spoons. He took back the letters sadly. That night he made his first effort to teach himself to swim. After a few days, when the crew had become very tired of frequent rescues, and we had become very tired of a half-drowned cook, we called Saki to us.

"You must make no more efforts to recover the spoons," we warned him.

"If you do I will interest the war office," James said.

Saki cringed.

"If you do," I said, "I will engage a female cook. I prefer a female cook, on the whole."

Saki smiled happily.

The next morning he appeared dressed as a woman, and was apparently much bewildered when I scolded him and when James laughed. Thereafter he was some-

times a woman and sometimes a man. If one of us frowned, whether at him or the weather, he would hastily change his costume.

James and I were learning that it was best, within limits, to let him go his own way. Now that he was bound not to seek the spoons himself, he endeavored to press others into his service. At first he openly waylaid guests to ask them whether they could swim, or bribed our small son with villainous Japanese candies to dive for the treasure. After that was forbidden he tried mental suggestion with the whole force of his indefatigable little mind. When he poured the coffee in the morning, attired in stiff blue frock and white apron, we felt the intensity of his exhortation like prickles up and down our backs: "Dive for those spoons!" Even little James wriggled with discomfort. When he served luncheon, in white jacket and trousers, we saw that his brows were knit with the same thought; and we ate our prunes with a fork, rather than touch a spoon.

We should have made immediate preparations for a cruise down the bay, if we had not asked a few people to come down from town for the week end. Three of them had promised to come only because the Inca was where she was: a tennis-player, who must be near the club; an artist, who wished to sketch the

shore at that particular joint, and an author, who needed a setting for a Spanish treasure scene. The week-end was a decided failure. The tennis-player, with the perseverance which characterized him, gave up his entire time, in spite of protests as energetic as hospitality permitted, to diving for the spoons. He returned to town nearly drowned. The artist went with him. He had not been able to get the proper "feeling" for the scene, he said. One cannot sketch waves on a low wooded shore, no matter how beautiful, when one is continually thinking of the design of a Queen Anne spoon. The author sympathized with him. His Spanish treasure had shown a tendency to consist entirely of doubloons and spoons, with a preponderance of spoons.

On the evening when the last of our guests had departed, James gave orders to start down the bay in the morning. We sighed with relief. No longer should need for the benefit of tactless guests frantically to avoid all mention of spoons. But the habit still influenced us. I told James and James told me that our purpose in going down the bay was to avoid a possible visit from a burglar who had been operating on shore.

"I've read that they always go for yachts where there are any in the neighborhood," James said,

"there are fewer locks and more valuables, as a general thing; and there is not nearly so much danger from the police."

I agreed that it would do no harm to keep out of the way for a while.

"And as for that absurd matter of the spoons," I added as a casual postscript, "perhaps I had better have an understanding with Saki." I had noticed his despair when he heard that we were to leave the spoons and deprive him forever of any chance of regaining them.

I made him promise not to leave the boat, not to make any last effort to dive, not to bribe any of the crew to dive. On his knees he swore by miscellaneous gods and admirals. I went to bed with a feeling of security.

But in the middle of the night I woke. There was a slight noise above. I suddenly remembered one very important thing that I had forgotten to forbid to Saki. I woke James and told him so. The word hari-kari made him sit up very suddenly. James is something of a coward, but he is very humane, and he remembered the desperate words that Saki had once uttered after he had spoiled some salad dressing. He shouted them in my ear as he hastily made ready to go up on deck. "For no more did I Hosu die. A plunge of the sword and he lay lifeless on his

master's doorstep. So will I do!"

On that occasion Saki had been dissuaded. I urged James to hurry.

He left the door open behind him. I could watch him run up the companion way, and, when he could peer out on deck, suddenly stop. His back stiffened and he gurgled so unhappily that I fancied the hari-kari had been unusually complete and distressing. Why didn't he do something? I called to him once, but he hushed me and waved me back with his hand without even turning to look at me. So he stood, crouched and long enough for me to wonder what one did in a case of hari-kari,—whether one telephoned for the police or for the Japanese consul,—whether one published it abroad or "hushed it up" as a family scandal.

At last my curiosity overcame my desire to avoid an unpleasant sight. I walked very quietly so that James might not hear me and warn me back, and I looked over his shoulder. He was too intent even to notice me. And I saw why.

On deck Saki was talking to an unmistakable burglar. The moon lighted very clearly the burglar's mask and the revolver he held carelessly by his side. It lighted even more clearly the friendly smile of welcome on Saki's face.

James turned to me scowling. "Treacherous dog!" he hissed.

But I shook my head. I knew that Saki could not help welcoming any one who wore any disguise whatsoever as a fellow craftsman or brother in arms.

"Show me where the silver is," the burglar demanded.

Saki answered ecstatically, "The great detective has come, wisely in disguise, and very wisely at night! How gladly will I show you where the spoons are!"

I was not surprised to see the burglar's revolver shake in the moonlight. Saki was dancing around him with weird and bewildering steps. It is not often that one finds by chance a madman accomplice ready, nay eager, to help.

"This way," Saki beckoned him to the rail.

If I had been the burglar I should have obeyed as he did, if not from confidence in the accomplice, then from fear of the madman.

"Down there," Saki pointed.

The burglar stepped back.

"What! Afraid!" cried Saki; and he actually lifted up the burglar's heels and tilted him over the rail.

James is something of a coward, but he is a good swimmer. He rescued that burglar from the bay, and in the morning sent him ashore to the police station, under the escort of three of the crew.

Saki was inconsolable. "Why hadn't we let the skilful swimming detective complete his work, instead of interfering with him in such an unwarrantable manner?" It was in vain that we explained.

"Skilful disguise!" he said.

When among the burglar's effects the police discovered the twelve spoons long supposed at the bottom of the bay, Saki exulted. "A great detective! A great diver!" he said.

MARY ALBERTSON, '15.

THE MENDER OF BUTTERFLIES' WINGS

Once upon a time in the heart of the ageless forest, where the outer life and light never came, a single leaf was propped against a tree trunk and served as a fairy's home. It was a frail home, certainly, which trembled and quaked under the rain-drops and yet the fairy who lived there knew that the leaf would tremble and quake, when he

would no longer want it. He had reached his thousand and first year, beyond which fairies see no more joy in life, for they claim, foolish creatures, that the secrets of the forest can be solved in a thousand and one years. He, being wiser than his race, knew otherwise, and told his great-great-great grandchildren that a thousand and one

years, nay, and all time, would solve not the very smallest of the forest's secrets. And so, being content to know little, he was able to enjoy much, and used to sit before his house on his three-legged stool, in the sunshine of summer mornings.

He must have been an odd, old fellow to look at,—although no one ever laughed at him,—for his cheeks were as red as crab-apples and his skin as withered as a forgotten grape. His hair and beard were as white as hoar frost and his wings,—his wings that were made to bear him lightly over hill and dale, and to reflect all the colors of the morning sun—his proud wings hung limp and useless, and dull colored, by his sides. No one knew why, and curiously enough, although his wrinkled smile was like a sunbeam to the blindest beetle of them all, and although his learning was an ever-bubbling spring to all the winged folk of the forest, that was one thing they never asked him. Some said, and shuddered in saying, that he had used his wings wrongly, had risen above the clouds, to pierce the blue veil and spy out the mystery of the sky. However that might be, and whether, in very truth, his deep eyes had seen the great secret, and he had paid the price of too much knowledge, he was chained to the earth forever, by the weight of his useless wings.

But though he could not fly, he could help others.

To him, when their wings were broken, thronged butterflies, dragonflies, fireflies, beetles and even fairies. In they would troop after a storm, those that had flown too high and had been caught in the grasp of the descending cloud, those which had bravely ventured out to help their fellows, those that had taken snug shelter, and felt their leafy homes crash in about their ears, in they all trooped, tired by their walk, their beautiful wings dragging dully on the ground. Leather Jerkin healed them all. The touch of his hands was like the kiss of the wind on a starry night, and never a one of those that came on foot over the toilsome ways of the earth, but went off lightly by the untrodden pathways of the air. Leather Jerkin sat on his three-legged stool and watched them go. No one knew whether he ever longed to follow them. For years and years Jerkin had lived cheerily on in the dim heart of the forest, content to be a mender of others' wings. And yet, he must have known that he could not be so always, for even fairies live but a thousand and one years.

Once in the lifetime of every insect, butterfly or fairy, comes always one moment, like a sudden start of memory, when he knows that the cabbage leaves which form

his bed and lodging and food, the green grass which enfolds his life in its impenetrable mazes, and the blue sky above it all, are all but perishable things, whilst he is fixed and immortal. And when that moment comes, each ant or bug or spider creeps away to his own place to die. But to each winged creature of the forest, to each butterfly or dragonfly or fairy, the moment comes as a mighty throb of joy. A wild desire surges through him. For the first time, whether he be a thousand years old or have reached his prime in a summer's morn, he knows the purpose of his wings. He feels his heart strings tighten, and he leaps upward. All the earth seems to leap with him. He rises above the grass-forest, above the tree-forest, above the heaving sea of clouds. And then, he finds a sunbeam—for each his own—and is home up, up, up into the Great Sun itself.

And one April morning when the spring sun was shining brightly and the sap was running in the veins of the forest, sudden and clear as a bird's song, and not to be mistaken, the call came to Leather Jerkin. All his soul answered it in a great cry of love. But, of a sudden, as he tried to stretch his wings and mount into the air, he felt them a dead weight on his shoulders, and remembered that, for the lifetime of a forest tree, he had not

risen from the earth. He fell to the ground, and lay there thinking he must deny the call.

How long he lay there he never knew, but all at once, the air about him seemed full of life. There were, on every side, the soft pattering of velvet feet, the murmur of quick, short infinitesimal breathings, and the silent sound that wings make in warm air. But he did not move. Then it seemed to him as if the mighty surge within his soul were answered from without, as if he were in truth, mounting toward his desire, but he never moved. Then, from all sides, came a low cry, multiplied by thousands of soft voices. "Master," it called. "Master, are we too late?" Jerkin opened his eyes. The longing in his soul was at rest. He was rising toward the sun, in the midst of a great army of beetles, dragonflies, butterflies, fairies. All those who had crept to him in their trouble, whose wings he had mended, were about him now, their long wings glancing in the sun. They seemed to stretch for miles, like a jeweled cloak, and he was in the midst, borne upwards by the rush of their strong wings. "We felt your call," came the low chant from the thousand velvet throats, "through the silent wastes of the air we felt it and we came to give our wings for yours." "O wings for yours, our wings for yours!" echoed joyfully

through the close ranks, and the glad army mounted in a great curve toward the sun. Leather Jerkin writhed and twisted in a sudden pain. "You have not been called," he said, "the sun cannot take you in. It will burn you. It will sap the life from your wings. You would sacrifice yourselves for me?" The long ranks wavered, for to each winged creature life was opening out all her sweetness, but then came the reply unfaltering; "You gave us our wings. Shall we not spend them for you?" "No, no!" he cried, "but the glad wings rushed on. On, on they mount. The trees are left behind. The whole forest surges like an angry sea beneath them. Their wings are panting now, their flight goes by starts and snatches. They have begun to thread the frosty regions

of the upper air. The sun's rays dazzle them, blind them, fold them in an intolerable cold glory, and still it is but half reached, still their journey stretches endless before them. The glad wings flutter, the flight pauses. But suddenly, something pierces, like an arrow, through the heart of Leather Jerkin. His sunbeam! His sunbeam comes to him through all the waste of air! It draws him up its golden path, above the butterflies, who sink, trembling, to earth, up—up—up . . . and then, his eyes gazed, undazzled, on that which had seared them before, his wings lifted joyously to that which had deadened them, and Leather Jerkin entered the great unknown. He was singing as he floated upwards, but none remembered the words of his song. MARY RUPERT, '18.

THE SEA

How many times expectantly I've run
To the top-most hill against the sky,
And thought that just beyond, it needs must li
Rippling and glimmering in the noon-day sun.
And often when the twilight has begun
To cast a silent spell, its melody
Will vibrate in the quiet air and die,
As sun-set clouds will fade to colors dun.
Quite unaware, some morning I have smelt,
The pungent, salty perfume in the wind,
Of foam-flowers strewn upon a sandy lea,
And putting all my books away, have felt,
It cannot be so very hard to find.
Surely, today, I too, shall meet the sea.

E. G. N., '15.

BOOK REVIEW

Victory, by Joseph Conrad, is to be found in the New Book room in the February number of Munsey.

The story is laid in the South Sea Archipelago, around which circles a magic ring. Sometimes a traveler sailing by chance through the enclosed region falls under the spell, and thereafter spends his days guiding his little boat in and out among the islands. Such a trader is the "Enchanted Heyst," a Swedish baron, about whom the tale centers.

After the death of a partner who had led him into a wild coal-mining venture, Heyst is living with a silent Chinese servant on a neglected estate. While on a chance visit to a more populous and busy island the baron is struck by the appearance of Alma, a friendless, young violinist attached to a traveling company. He rescues her from the attentions of an inn-keeper, Schomberg, and, out of pity, carries her away from the inn to his island. Thither they are pursued by two reckless men with a servant captured from a far-off jungle; the trio has been urged into the pursuit by the jealous inn-keeper on the promise of Baron Heyst's hoarded gold. In reality there is no treasure; moreover Heyst and Alma are not only almost penniless but also, (what is far more serious) weaponless and denied even the

barricade erected by the frightened Chinese servant. The conclusion, presaged by the whispering forest, the threatening sunset, the furious storm and intense night that blots out all moving life, ends in tragedy from which none of the five escapes.

Someone has said, in substance, of Joseph Conrad's tales, that the atmosphere or Nature tends to grow, to expand like an *Arabian Night* genie released from a jar, till finally it gathers into a malevolent force and, overshadowing the human actors, enters as the controlling power into the drama. This characteristic device is again evident in *Victory* lending an air of mystery and invisible strength.

But, as for the characters, one feels their weakness by comparison tremendously. In the climax, the most dramatic scene, Alma sacrifices her life for Heyst—but in a mechanical way: she receives the bullet meant for another and dies in the sight of her lover. The accident rather than the motive remains uppermost in the mind. The depths of Heyst's love we only realize in the last few lines, telling indirectly of his death in the fire that consumed Alma.

One wishes that the characters had been molded on the same heroic lines as the great actor, Nature.

M. M. T., 1915.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TIP:

A letter in your first March number suggested that a committee of Seniors to advise about courses would be a great help to the Freshman class. The idea was that the committee be composed of students who had struggled with hard courses with none too great success, and that these so-called *flunkers* should warn the Freshmen "against impossible courses." Would not such a "standing committee of the Undergraduate Association" be a shocking admission that we think it a better principle for Freshmen to choose "snap" courses in the hope of passing, than to choose the courses they need, with a determination to master them? And would not the advice of a

committee so constituted be taken by the majority of the Freshmen only for what it was worth? I should not like to believe that the Freshman thinks it necessary to get the advice of the *flunker*, immediately upon her arrival at College. The Freshman's idea of her own ability is too high for that. There might also be a question as to how correctly the *flunker* could estimate the ability of the Freshmen. Surely, if she failed to make the correct estimate the committee would do more harm than good, for it would be far too hard on the Freshmen to crush their enthusiasm by reducing them all to the level of the *flunker*, with her necessarily pessimistic attitude toward the *possibility* of courses. H. B., '15.

DULCI FISTULA

Honorable Judges; worthy opponents; members and friends of the Debating Society:

The question before us this evening is: Resolved, that the Daily Baked Potato should not be dispensed with.

The term "Baked Potato" should be clear enough to all of you. By "daily" we mean the appearance of the Baked Potato at luncheon every

day. By "dispensed with," we mean that it be agreed that the Baked Potato shall occupy a position among the luncheon vegetables no two days in succession.

It is the purpose of the affirmative to show that the Baked Potato is of moral as well as edible value, and that its daily appearance is of benefit to the moral tone of the college.

First: The daily Baked Potato is a great moral support for the student in General Philosophy. The youthful mind, when first confronted with Berkeley's theory, has a tendency to become unbalanced and distressed. Now, for the query "Will the sun surely rise tomorrow?" let us substitute "Shall we have baked potatoes tomorrow?" Where the first question offers reasonable doubt, the second does not, and the student is anchored to a world of reality by a baked potato.

Secondly: The daily Baked Potato adds variety to the luncheon. Inasmuch as any quality becomes more vivid in contrast with its opposite, the appearance of each separate dish is greeted with new

zest and fresh surprise, when it enters side by side with the never-failing Baked Potato.

As my time is so limited, I can but briefly mention how the Baked Potato is a check to extravagance. To the Hungry One on a morning's walk to the village, Wallace's is an enticement, and the vague idea "luncheon" does little to check "that impulse." However, the positive assurance of sustenance at luncheon, which a firm trust in the daily Baked Potato brings, strengthens the will of the Hungry One, who, with a firm step and head held high, passes Wallace's by, and, lovingly patting her fat purse, turns her way homeward—towards the Baked Potato.

L. E. S., 1916.

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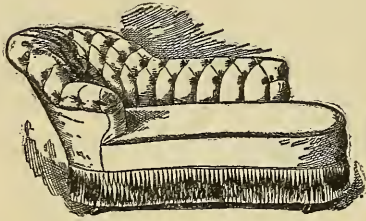
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EDITORIALS

The Comic Muse is a singularly buxom young person, bright-eyed and merry, who is given to nudging her neighbors, evoking a laugh with her elbow, if not with her tongue. She is a mimic and parrot and caricaturist, all in one, with an insatiate taste for the monstrous and absurd. She is perhaps a trifle blustering and aggressive, and does not hesitate to drown out weaker voices with her laugh. It is a long time since she frequented Parnassus. She is essentially of our age, and being of our age, she is not especially beautiful. She is homely and frank and noisy. Being also of our age, she is democratic and popular. You do not think so? Seek her out for yourself then and see. You will doubtless find her in the back row of some lecture room in Taylor, or in the balcony of chapel—for she is no respecter of places—or you may meet her face to face, walking abroad on the campus at noonday.

The reading room of the Library is quite transformed by the new golden glow which pervades it. We study no longer in the austere light of glaring bulbs but under a soft radiance which will surely make even

our "tabs" poetic. In all seriousness, the beauty of the library is increased tenfold, and the insatiate undergraduate can think of only one more thing to be desired. We are able to see the clock, to read by artistic lights, and for ourselves we are content. But when we have visitors,—who stop perchance only between trains—we are anxious to show them the other real adornment of the library reading room, the Sargent portrait of President Thomas. Of course we are able to show it,—if our guests come in the daytime,—but we still remember with pain, the unpleasant time we had in trying to exhibit the picture to an artist at night. We turned on all available lights, held up the lights from the nearest desks,—but still were unable to distinguish a single feature. We can still remember the disgust, which our neglect of our treasures at Bryn Mawr, inspired. Therefore when any more gifts are forthcoming for the reading room, might it not be possible to put a light over the Sargent portrait? We are very thankful for our blessings, but we, like true anti-Philistines, are still crying for more light.

THE SECRET

Cock robin sings it,
The herd-bell rings it,
The flowers nod it
To one another.

The March wind blows it,
The green sward knows it,
The lambkins bleat it
Beside their mother.

'Tis a secret no longer,
He who made the world younger,
And the sun so much stronger,
It was Spring, and no other!

I. K., '17.

LIN CHAI

Lin Chai was just fourteen years old when she first came to the True Gospel Seminary. Her father, Ah Sin, was a prosperous merchant who owned his own embroidery shop in the Foreign Quarter of Canton. He had never shown any leanings toward Christianity, but apparently a neighbor of his, Ah Lun, who owned a China Bazar, had persuaded him to send Lin Chai to an English school. Ah Lun was a Christian and it was he who brought Ah Sin to see Miss Clayton, the principal of the seminary. He implied that Ah Sin wished his daughter to go to America to college. This was very unusual, but Ah Sin neither confirmed nor denied, sitting by in silence and preserving a mask of impassivity on his wrinkled, crafty countenance. The next day he installed Lin Chai in the school without making any terms about her education or treatment. And Miss Clayton saw to it that she was diligently instructed in English and strictly Presbyterian Christianity.

Lin Chai was rather unusual looking for a Chinese girl—quite tall and well developed, with a remarkable amount of life and expression in her almond-shaped eyes. Many Chinese girls are pretty, but Lin Chai's animation was very striking. She was docile and

bright in her classes, but her especial enthusiasm was for games and athletics, where she took the lead of her more restrained schoolmates.

For the first six months Lin Chai's spiritual progress could not be called encouraging. She learned what she was told, but inquiries as to the state of her beliefs or her soul brought forth no response at all. Nor did she show any personal interest or affection for the teachers until Katherine Townsend arrived. Whether it was that Katherine was younger than Lily Stewart and Mary Head, the other two American teachers; or whether it was that she had more sporting instinct, and could not only run races with Lin Chai but could also beat that young lady; or whether it was that her Christianity was not so strictly orthodox as that of her colleagues; at any rate, Lin Chai began to show an interest in her and her teachings which she had never manifested towards the others. In Katherine's English Bible Class Lin Chai became very curious about religious problems. Sometimes she would come to Katherine's room afterwards and ask searching questions as to what kind of evil spirits Jesus cast out, and why the Jews should have wanted to crucify him if he could cure them of leprosy. She was very critical and unemotional

in her interest, but Katherine began to hope that some day Lin Chai would ask her for more.

It was when Katherine had been in Canton more than four months that an incident occurred which really brought Lin Chai and herself together. Katherine was writing letters in her room one evening when Lin Chai burst in, breathless and pink-cheeked.

"Missie Townsend, please, would you to come at once. Miss Clayton, she say at once."

Lin Chai's tones betokened excitement and pleasure rather than alarm.

"But what's the matter, Lin Chai?" asked Katherine as she laid her hand on the girl's arm and ran into the hall.

"The—the robs—they in Miss Head's room. Miss Clayton, she awful scared," added Lin Chai with an unexpected chuckle.

Katherine understood at once. The sneak thieves, or more properly burglars, were a sort of pest in Canton and they had been infesting the neighborhood of the seminary for the last few weeks. As the police force took not even the most languid interest in their activity and as the male Chinese servants had an uncomfortable custom of disappearing when they were needed for purposes of protection, the seminary was an easy prey.

Katherine and Lin Chai found

the other inmates of the seminary gathered together around the fireplace in the Assembly Hall.

"Oh, Miss Townsend," exclaimed Miss Clayton as they entered, "I am glad you are safe. The thieves are in Miss Head's room. They have locked the door on the inside. She heard them there just two minutes ago." Miss Clayton's voice shook badly, although she strove hard for dignity. Katherine wasted no time in further inquiries.

"If you'll telephone for help I'll go up and beat on the door with the poker. It may frighten them," she said hastily, although she could detect a faint shake in her own voice. She had resolved on this bold piece of strategy as she came down-stairs. It created a sensation when she announced it, but the protest from the three other teachers only served to strengthen Katherine in her determination.

"They're Chinamen, and I'll bet they'll run away," she answered them as she brandished her weapon and started for the door.

Lin Chai had been teasing her trembling little countrywoman in the interval and did not at first know what was going on. But suddenly she looked up, grasped Katherine's idea and, darting to the fireplace, seized the tongs and was beside her in the doorway.

"Me go surely with Missie Townsend," she remarked with a

beaming smile. "Us two should knock them robs."

Katherine hesitated a second; then, fired by the new volunteer's enthusiasm, accepted her company and ran quickly across the hall. Mary Head's room was in the opposite direction from Katherine's, on the second floor corridor. Katherine and Lin Chai approached it noisily, Lin Chai giving a gurgle of pleasure as she struck the tongs against the wall. They could hear a faint shuffle inside as they paused in front of the door. Katherine seized the knob and rattled it loudly. There was more shuffling, and still more when Katherine and Lin Chai began banging the door with their weapons. Then, after perhaps thirty seconds, there was silence.

"Perhaps my key would open this door, Lin Chai," said Katherine after a minute or two of waiting. Lin Chai was down the hall and back again while Katherine knelt by the door and listened. She had to struggle some time with the key in the lock. Then they heard the other key drop on the floor inside and a second later the door swung open. While Katherine still knelt Lin Chai sprang past her and was in the center of the room inspecting the situation. Mary Head's clothes were strewn all over the floor, but the room was empty.

Katherine and Lin Chai were the heroines of the seminary for the next week, and on the basis of their adventure together their intimacy increased. Lin Chai used to come up at recess and they would walk out in the garden among the flowering shrubs, while Lin Chai told Chinese fairy stories, or asked questions about America, and the Rocky Mountains, and what one learned at a big college.

It was just ten days after the adventure Mrs. Stoddard invited Katherine and Lily Stewart to go on a picnic out to the Kwang Shi Pagoda up the Pearl River. Mrs. Stoddard was the wife of the Standard Oil agent in Canton and, being an impulsive and somewhat arbitrary lady, she had taken a tremendous fancy to Katherine at sight, carrying her off on secular parties whenever she could be induced to go.

"One of you can ride with us, my dear," she informed Katherine over the telephone, "and one of you can drive out in our buggy (it really is a buggy, you know) with—well, let me see, who else would you like me to ask? Tommy Barker's riding."

"Oh, Mrs. Stoddard, would you let me bring Lin Chai? She's the Chinese girl who frightened the thieves with me the other night. I know she'd love it so."

Mrs. Stoddard was, of course,

* * * *

delighted, and Miss Clayton was prevailed upon also to give her consent.

So it came about that on a lovely summer afternoon Katherine and Lin Chai were driving in a buggy on a bumpy road along the side of the Pearl River. Lin Chai sat very quiet beside Katherine, turning her head frequently with a little jerk, to gaze across the rice paddies at the walled town or out at the hills ahead. After a while she heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Do you like it, Lin Chai?" asked Katherine, with a smile.

"I like to drive more and more on," answered Lin Chai. "I like to drive to America," struggling somewhat with the difficult word.

"We'd better go in the other direction, then," laughed Katherine; "it would be nearer."

"I like to drive with you all-ways, Missie Townsend," answered Lin Chai conclusively.

Katherine had to point out the objects of interest along the way—the high arched bridge and the Buddhist Temple of the Five Genii with its courts and gardens, for Lin Chai had never gone on an expedition like this before and she was eager in her interest.

It was when they had left the river for the moment and were driving through a bamboo grove, that Lin Chai suddenly put her smooth yellow hand on Katherine's

free one, and said simply and seriously:

"Please, would you to tell now about dearie Jesus?"

Katherine's heart gave a throb. One does not expect to make converts driving to a picnic in a buggy, but Katherine was not often daunted by the unusual.

"Do you think much about dear Jesus, Lin Chai?" she asked gently.

"I love him all the time while you teach us, dearie Miss Townsend," said Lin Chai with a shy smile.

Katherine's voice was a little tremulous and hesitating as she began the Gospel stories, but gradually it grew stronger, and she seemed to remember the way her mother had told them to her eighteen years before, when Katherine sat in her lap in the red rocking chair under the apple tree of a June evening. Bullfinches sang in the bamboos and the temple bells sounded suddenly, distant and clear; the rays of the afternoon sun lighted the river to gold and all the country sparkled and gleamed, but the two girls scarcely saw even the road before them. Katherine's words flowed quietly as if from the still currents of her soul, and Lin Chai drank them in with a wrapt and joyous face.

There was a sudden interruption to their peace. They were aware of a clatter in the road behind them.

Katherine turned her head and then abruptly pulled up the pony, and drew him to the side of the road. A high-seated dog-cart drawn by two fast trotting horses clattered by them, so close as to spatter mud on Lin Chai's purple trousers. The driver was alone on the front seat, with a Chinese groom behind, and as he passed he turned and stared down into the faces of the two girls in the buggy. Katherine had the impression of a stocky Anglo-Saxon figure and bloodshot eyes in a coarse, ruddy face, which, as he gazed at them, seemed to her to light into a leer of surprise and recognition. When the cart had passed she was aware that Lin Chai had shrunk down beside her and was trembling.

"Why, Lin Chai, what's the matter? Did you think he would run into us?"

"I awful 'fraid of him there," was the surprising response.

"You're afraid of him?" exclaimed Katherine. "Where had you ever seen him before?"

"He come sometime to my fader's shop," said Lin Chai with an apologetic smile. "I not 'fraid no more now."

Before Katherine had time for any more questions, Lily and Tommy galloped up.

"I thought that fellow would upset you," shouted the latter. "I'd like to have the law on him."

"Who was he?" asked Katherine.

"Fellow named Colquitt; Englishman from up country somewhere. I wish he'd keep away from Canton." And Tommy frowned heavily.

Katherine reserved her further inquiries for another time, as they were approaching the picnic place and the rest of the party had caught up.

The picnic was a great success and everything else was forgotten in the beauties of the sunset behind the ruined pagoda and the excellence of the chicken salad. Lin Chai sat between Katherine and Mrs. Stoddard and was so charming in her demure self-possession that the latter lady took an immense fancy to her. They lingered for a while after supper to watch the moon rise, and then they all rode home together with Lin Chai and Lily in the buggy just ahead. All the way in Katherine's heart was dancing with happiness because of her conversation with Lin Chai and she was planning half a dozen ways in which it was to be renewed.

* * * * *

The next day Katherine missed Lin Chai from her afternoon gymnasium class. She inquired for her, thinking she might be ill, and found that she had been sent for that morning by her father, who wrote to say that Lin Chai's Honored

Aunt had died and that Lin Chai must return for the funeral.

For five days nothing was heard from her. Miss Clayton began to worry and to talk about sending a note to Ah Sin. On the sixth day Katherine put on her hat and gloves and started out alone for his shop. When she arrived two Englishwomen were fingering embroideries, and the old Chinaman behind the counter was expatiating on their beauties. Katherine waited at one side, and she was surprised to find that her heart was beating like a trip hammer and her breath was coming very quickly. She had a sudden sensation of a panic as the two Englishwomen left the shop and she was left alone with Lin Chai's father. He came over to her quickly and poked his wrinkled face toward hers.

"Misse likee buy some 'broideries?" he inquired ingratiatingly.

"No, Ah Sin; I came to ask about Lin Chai. Has she been sick?"

"Lin Chai? No, she no seek. She velly well." Ah Sin smiled politely and Katherine shivered a little.

"But where is she?"

"Ah—Lin Chai, she velly well. She no here." Ah Sin waved his thin arm toward the back of the shop.

"Has she gone away?"

"Yes, missie, she gone. She in Fou Chow perlaps now."

"But what is she doing there?" was Katherine's next attempt at enlightenment.

The conversation between Katherine and Ah Sin lasted some time. Ah Sin gave four different and contradictory explanations of the whereabouts and occupation of Lin Chai in the course of it. Katherine's persistence did not discompose him in the least. Katherine's cheeks were burning and several times she was on the brink of tears, but she would not give up. After she had struggled for fifteen minutes Ah Sin remarked, with a bland smile, that Lin Chai had been married on Tuesday. Katherine grasped the edge of the counter and felt as though her heart had dropped out of her bosom.

"He velly fine young China boy," murmured Ah Sin with sudden expansiveness. "He got lots of horse an' carriage. He do big pidgin (business) in Shanghai. Lin Chai, she velly happy."

Katherine did not give up even then. She wanted Lin Chai's address; she wanted to know when the marriage had been planned. But Ah Sin had finally become sulky and with an evil light in his eye he announced that he would say no more, and left her to shuffle embroideries in the back of the shop.

There was only once chance which Katherine saw to gain further information, and from Ah Sin's

she went on to Ah Lun's China Bazar, two doors away. Ah Lun was polite and troubled, but apparently afraid to divulge anything he might know. He said that he had not attended the marriage. And at first he was positive that no one in the neighborhood knew anything of the bridegroom. It was only when Katherine, as a last despairing attempt, cried, "Ah Lun, can't you tell me why Ah Sin sent Lin Chai to us if he meant to marry her off this way?" that Ah Lun reluctantly and cautiously furnished her with one clue. Lowering his voice to a creaky whisper he said:

"Me no can tell, missee, only perlaps, mebbe—her husban', he likee Lin Chai speakee Inglis."

"But why?" cried Katherine in surprise.

"Mebbee—perlaps he no speakee Chinee."

Katherine started. Suddenly, and for the first time, she remembered the Englishman in the dog-cart on the road to the Kwang Shai Pagoda.

* * * * *

When she got back to the seminary Katherine sent a message to Tommy Barker. He came over

after dinner and Katherine came straight to the point.

"Tommy, tell me about that Englishman, Colquitt I think you said his name was, who almost knocked into Lin Chai and me on the way to the picnic."

"What do you want to know? He owns a tea plantation up country somewhere and he's a thoroughly bad lot."

"Has he much money?"

"Yes, but the English people here won't have anything to do with him. All sorts of rotten stories about him—swindling and torturing coolies and other things too."

"Is he married?" was Katherine's final question, in a strained voice.

"Not that I know. He may have a Chink wife. God help her if he has. But I say, Katherine——"

But Katherine would tell him nothing more that night. She wanted to think, and all night long she lay awake wondering what could be done and haunted by the memory of Lin Chai's face with the sweet and wrapt expression which it had worn as they drove through the bamboo grove, and she listened for the last time to the Gospel Stories.

H. T., 1915.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

The College Bulletin Board

To our credit be it said we have outlived the usefulness of the College Bulletin Board! Even in extreme thoughtlessness we have learned not to steal the merest glance in passing, at that official reminder of unpleasant obligations—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"—and we go on our way undisturbed.

English readers and the captains of the third team water polo alike complain, even as they continue to post their official notices hopelessly, saying, "The bulletin board might be most appropriately used as a repository for the deepest secrets."

Truly this is the remedy to secure the happiness of the officials in our community. Let us unselfishly popularize the official board,

and have all secrets posted there! We would learn instant protest of any new academic regulations before they are admitted to the uninteresting finality of print.

Whereas the fact that our theme was due day before yesterday cannot be expected to interest us now.

We would hasten to be the first to learn of the engagement of a friend, which will be announced next week. The lecture to be held at college two months hence can not be expected to interest us vitally at present.

Yes, even on the most cheerless mornings, we may foretell a crowd of eager faces around the board where we may read of confidences only made after twelve the night before.

S. F. N., '15.

VARIETY IN PUNISHMENTS

(Answer to a TIP article of March 1, entitled *Corporal Punishment*.)

The writer of the article called *Corporal Punishment* "trembles at the neglect of the slipper," is "terror-stricken by the rejection of the birch-rod." The "time-honored institution of spanking is endangered by the modern doctrine that

children should learn by experience, and the demand for the free development of the individual." Corporal punishment is fast being displaced by the "pernicious tendencies" of "mothers who speak gently and persuasively to sinful daughters

still sucking jammy fingers or to wayward sons still inwardly gloating over the wonderful linen tablecloth tent behind the barn." Modern children alas no longer enjoy the satisfaction of "painful physical emphasis of some command or moral lesson." Corporal punishment has declined. Children no longer cry for it—parents actually scorn it.

The cause of this decline, it seems to me, lies in the nature of corporal punishment itself. There is a certain monotony about it which must sooner or later prove irksome to even the most patient offender. The modern child in his craving for incessant entertainment is bored with such an unchanging form of punishment. However much he may appreciate the pleasures of corporal punishment, the normal child demands some new form—lest he die of ennui. The ingenious parent of an ingenious child should devise new forms of punishment for every offence. Thus only can punishment continue to be a daily joy and the mischievous life remain bearable.

Variety in punishments will be both delightful and educational. The sinful son will pursue his crooked path gleefully, undeterred by any fear of corporal punishment, then rush home full of eager curiosity to see what the new punishment will be. Punishment, far from

being a bore, thus becomes an object of ever new interest.

Variety of punishment has a peculiar advantage in that it develops ingenuity. For example, one pleasant form of punishment is the confiscation of toys. This punishment is one eagerly sought by all children "interested in their own development" because of its call for inventiveness. A clever child deprived of his toys rapidly learns to make new toys or to invent new games. The boy whose engines are taken away makes paper engines or becomes an engine himself. Two children, I once knew, who had quarreled, were tied to chairs by their ingenious parent, who used stockings as bands that she might not hurt the children. After a moment of deliberation the children made a treaty and considered means of escape. Finding their fetters unbreakable, they rose with their chairs behind them and laboriously traveled out of the house and across the lawn to find a friend to free them. They found their parent—but that's another story. Mountebank tricks became a favorite game. Once as a dire punishment the rope of their high swing was taken down for a day. They appeared grief-stricken at first, but soon climbed the poles to the cross-bars and sat there as monkeys catching the green apples and balls thrown up to them. The

rope was returned the next day but remained unused, for circeuses were now in vogue. A child left in the dark learns blind-man's buff; a child whose shoes and stockings are taken away discovers the delight of going barefoot.

Not only may ingenious punishments make a child resourceful, but they may be the source of actual instruction. The untruthful child about to have his tongue "washed out," pondered over the problem: "How'll I get it in again?" It will readily be seen that there are tremendous educational opportunities to the boy or girl shut up in his parents' library: to say nothing of the benefit of having to copy all the "ed's" or "ing's" out of a dictionary, or having to memorize the *Constitution of the United States* or Mark Antony's speech, or study the letter M of the encyclopedia.

Resourcefulness, corporal punishment never aroused, except perhaps in the boy who was sent to cut his own birch-rod. Instruction, cor-

poral punishment never gave, save as to the nature of birch-rod and the powers of human endurance.

Of course corporal punishment did have one advantage in that it developed stoicism. If punishment is intended merely to develop stoicism, the old method did that very well; but if our aim is to make punishment, like poetry, serve both to please and instruct—then let us offer to our children all manner of punishments.

The chief danger to be avoided in the variety method is that punishment may grow so delightful as to lose its nature and become reward. If this ever happens, or if parents' ingenuity gives out, or if parent and child alike should ever tire of the monotony of change—then, forsooth, we must return to the old joy of corporal punishment. In the meantime, if we must preserve that "time-honored institution," let us keep it for auspicious occasions only. Let us make it precious by its rareness.

A. K. MACMASTER.

ECSTASY

Over the tops of the highest trees,
Over the creaking weather-vane
 I rise, I rise
 To the sparkling skies
 On soaring wing,
And I feel the cool of the morning breeze
Ruffling my feathers like ripened grain,
 And I sing,—I sing!

Maddened with joy, my soul I pour
From my bursting throat in a shower of song;
 I rise, I rise
 To the reeling skies
 On fluttering wing,—
High through the clear thin air I soar
On the wind that hurries the clouds along,
 And I sing,—I sing!

HELEN J. MCFARLAND, '15.

THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR TO ME

(Child rhyme)

Ma said the boy next door to me
Was just as good as he could be;
He did his lessons, every one,
And wouldn't play till they were done.
How stuck up, I thought, he must be,
That awful boy next door to me.

One afternoon he came to play;
I made a face and ran away.
He looked quite jolly, but, oh, dear,
Mother'd told for 'most a year
How good he was. Oh, what a bore,
That nasty little kid next door.

This morning, on the way to school,
I saw him coast near Hobson's pool.
Right on his tummy—bump! bump! bump!
His books were lying on a stump.
I rubbed my eyes to really see
If 'twas that boy next door to me.

Then all at once he looked around.
"That kid next door," he said, and frowned.
"His mamma's darling." "Me?" I yelled.
"I'll get you for that." But he held
My hand and grinned, "Why, don't you see,
You are the boy next door to me?" M. O. K., '15

THE SEA CAPTAIN TO THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Pale, phantom sailor of the night,
Careening through a sea of clouds,
When will the wind reveal thy flight,
Which yet the surging mist enshrouds?

The clouds draw near, a threat'ning host,
And restless seethes the foam-flecked sea—
When wilt thou come, O fearful ghost,
To take thy toll of me?

The green waves lash across the decks,
My storm-tossed vessel dives and leaps,
Her sails and rigging tangled wrecks,
Her hull alone defies the deeps.

The skies before me cleave and gape,
The storm bells ring, the rafters groan—
God's mercy, now I see thy shape,
Farewell, my trip is done.

I. K., '17.



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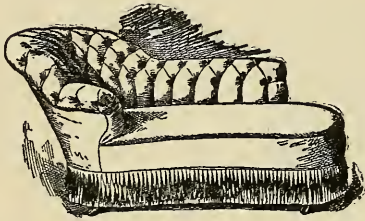
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May 1, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

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MARGARET HASKELL, '16

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EDITORIALS

"In a great Towne, Friends are scattered, so that there is not that Fellowship, for the most part, which is in lesse neighborhoods," Lord Bacon said in his *Essay on Friendship*. And as we write the words, we realize, as we have never realized before, how different is the feeling of fellowship here, in our "lesse neighborhood," than that of scattered friendships in "great townes."

Few of us knew Miss Garrett personally, or longer than one college generation, yet we think of her, not as a stranger, but as a friend who, like us, loved the same beautiful campus and dwelt upon it. And today, when it is time for May-pole dances and for the Japanese cherry blossoms, we are mourning Miss Garrett's death, not only because we, as students of Bryn Mawr, have lost a generous benefactor, and as women, have lost a great worker for our advancement, but because we have lost a cherished member of our "lesse neighborhood."

College reputations are like ready-made clothes. They may fit well or they may fit badly, but at all events, they are convenient. As it is infinitely easier to make use of a shop than of a tailor, so it is infinitely

easier to make use of current opinion than to form one's own. And if the garment fit well, time and thought are saved. But if the garment fit badly——?

A friend of ours came back to pay a visit. "Who is that girl over there in the corner?" she asked. We were having supper at the Tea House.

"Oh, a frightful prune!" we rejoined.

"Why?" asked our friend in surprise.

"Is," we asserted with finality.

At the back of our minds we may have had vague doubts as to why the girl was a "prune." As far as our experience went, she was courteous, pleasant, not unattractive. We could recall that she on one occasion had talked amusingly, with wit and poignancy that suggested possibilities.

* * * * *

"You are a perfect 32," says the saleswoman, and we do not notice the sloping shoulders and the wrinkle in the collar, or if we do, we haven't the time to bother.

Why, night after night, do we forsake our friends, and gay conversation for the studious golden glow of the library? The occupants of the Library desks come forward with three answers: "We like to work;" "we hate to have work hanging over us;" "we are timid." The first two students, having answered, return to work; the timid one adds in explanation, "I never would dare to stumble along as if I were doing sight, and I'd be *too* afraid to say 'Unprepared.'" This is, we admit, a new point of view, and has surely something in it. Yet, without wishing to dissuade the timid one from her purpose of preparing, over the week end, all her work for the following five days, we would offer a suggestion. May not the timidity which requires her to prepare so much more thoroughly than her bolder colleagues, play her false at the last, and force her to deny her week-end's work by murmuring "Unprepared" at the crucial moment rather than undergo the ordeal of translating at all?

ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM

"Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going 'round——"

Pietro was grinding his organ, and for nearly twenty years the arrival of Pietro, with his music box and monkey, had marked in Dorking, Reigate and Tunbridge the beginning of spring.

"I never let my fire go out," said Mrs. Roberts, "or have my flowers on the north side uncovered, until I see him loping down the road."

On this particular day Pietro was playing in front of a large house in Dorking. A window in the upper story was opened and a woman's face appeared.

"Good-a day," called Pietro, jerking with his left hand the rope attached to the monkey, which straightway began executing a primitive dance. But his greeting was not answered by the customary ring of coppers on the pavement. Instead the woman cried:

"Go away! I haven't anything for you! Go away!" She closed the window.

Pietro stared stupidly up at the house for fully a moment, and then, as no one appeared, he stopped his grinding, jerked the box upon his back, called to the monkey, who took his place on the top, and set off down the street. He turned in before another green-shuttered house and began playing again. After a

little while the door opened and a white-capped maid came out.

"Well, if it isn't Pete!" said she as she ran down the steps.

"Good-a day," called Pietro.

"A-r-r-r the monkey!" exclaimed the maid, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Bambino—new—young——" said Pietro. The monkey yanked his cap off and on, and sat down and jibbered.

The maid laughed. She had a special fondness for monkeys. Then she turned to Pietro, recollecting her errand.

"Here's threepence for you," opening her hand, "and you are not to come back. Mrs. Morgan can't stand to hear you playing now."

"Si, si, Grazie," said Pietro, pocketing the money and turning on a reel preparatory to grinding.

"You must be off," said the maid, still eyeing the monkey with interest. "Dirty little baist he is—you must be getting along, and don't you be coming back. Mind!" She went up the steps.

Pietro picked up his organ and moved down the street, a confused feeling in his old head. At the end of the street was a school house, where the children were out in the yard. Pietro set down his organ and began to play. Instantly the children clustered about him.

"It's Pete!" they cried. "Pete! Pete!"

"He's got a new monkey," said one observant little boy.

Pietro smiled.

The children formed groups. Some joined hands and danced. Others watched the monkey's tricks and antics. A few made a collection of pennies and held them out to the monkey or put them on the fence-posts to make him climb. Suddenly a bell rang. The noon recess was at an end. The children stopped their laughing and chattering and turned towards the school house. "Good-bye, Pete!" they called, "Good-bye!"

Pietro looked after them for a moment, then he picked up his organ and set off down the shady road. The sun burned warm on his neck and shoulders. Stray clouds fluttered in the sky. A feeling of contentment returned to him. The spring had come. He was on his old accustomed round.

The next day Pietro returned to the school at noon, but a change had come over the children. They did not, as before, crowd about him.

"Good-a day," he called. "Come see de monk."

They did not stir. From a distance, they looked on shyly. At length one little girl, bolder than the others, approached.

"We can't give you any pennies," she said, holding her hands behind her and looking up at him. "We have to save all our pennies to send to the war. Teacher says you mustn't play."

"No want-a me to play?" asked Pietro.

She shook her flaxen head, then in a sudden burst of curiosity, "How old's the monkey?"

"Seven-a months," answered Pietro. "Mak-a de bow—giv-a de hand—"

But the little girl had backed away.

This episode marked only the beginning of Pietro's reverses. Wherever he went he was greeted, either by silence, or rebuke. Sometimes windows were opened and people called, "Begone! We've nothing for you." At other times, as he walked along the road from one village to another, passers-by would jeer at him, "A fine time for organ grinding." And he would take off his hat and say, "Good-a day! Good-a day!"

Gradually it began to dawn upon him that the war was the cause of his trouble, the war of which he had heard talk in the city, the war which killed thousands of men every day and blew up whole towns and sunk great ships. But he continued stolidly on his way, knowing nothing else to do. He gave up going back

to the same places, finding that the people became harsher, and he took to plodding from village to village, making longer journeys than had been his wont.

One evening when a woman came out to send him away, he begged for a bite to eat. He had eaten nothing all day.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, playing jigs when the country is bleeding with war," said the woman, "and begging for som'ut to fill your stomick when ther's honest folk starving." But she gave the monkey a crust of bread, for he looked so little and pathetic.

Pietro snatched the crust from the monkey and broke off a piece for himself. The monkey squeaked with rage, and the woman, calling him a brute, went into her cottage.

All the next day he got nothing to eat, and the weather changing to rain, he walked doggedly on in the wet. That night he slept inside a haystack and awoke the following morning with a gnawing pain in his stomach. The monkey had evidently caught cold, for he shivered with chills and was snappish and cross. Pietro himself felt weak and remained in the stack all the morning, but by noon, the weather having cleared, he managed to crawl out. When he was on the high road again he heard the sound of beating drums and saw marching towards

him a company of soldiers. They were Territorials which were stationed near there, out on drill. Pietro watched them swing up the road, with the sunlight on their uniforms and on the muzzles of their rifles. They came abreast of him. The first rank filed by. A voice called out. It was the barber's boy from Dorking:

"Hello, old Pete! Hello!"

Pietro stood looking at them. The gnawing pain returned in his stomach. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"Bambino — andiamo — andiamo—" He jerked the monkey to the top of the organ and fell in behind the soldiers.

Within a few steps they came to a meadow where tents were pitched. The men broke ranks.

"Hey! give us a tune!" a man called to Pete.

"Want-a me to play?" asked Pietro dubiously.

"Sure, give us a tune!" said several voices.

Pietro set down the organ and began. The men gathered about him. The monkey huddled on the ground too weak to dance.

"What's the matter with the monk?" asked one.

"Hungry—nothing eat," answered Pietro.

"Huh," grunted the man, but at the end of the tune he went away and returned with a cup of soup.

The monkey thrust his head into the cup and began to lap greedily.

"Ha! he's a regular Territorial, he is!" said the man, and a great laugh went up from the others.

"I woudn'a wonder but the Dago hisself would eat some," said a red-faced Tommy.

"Want some?" asked the man, who had procured the monkey's meal. Pietro nodded, and the barber's boy from Dorking was

dispatched in the direction of the camp kitchen.

Pietro received a tin cup and a spoon, and he and the monkey became regular Territorials. Throughout the summer, in the hours when the men were off duty, he might be seen, in the center of a whistling group, merrily grinding on his old organ, a new tune which the soldiers had brought him:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go——"

E. G. NOYES, '15.

TO CYNTHIA. (Propertius II, 11.)

Alike may other lovers sing
Thy fame, or leave thee unrenowned:
His praise is but an idle thing
Who sows his seed in sterile ground.
Upon thy bier shall yet be laid
Their gifts with thee, on that dark day:
The traveller as he hurries past
Where thy forgotten bones are cast,
Shall spurn them, nor shall pause to say,
"This dust was once a lovely maid."

L. E. S., '16.

A CRY FOR FREEDOM

The great blessing of the life of primitive man as compared with that of civilized man was the absence of clocks. Civilized man is a slave to his watch: it governs his every movement. Primitive man had no watch and in that he was fortunate. Primitive man was awakened gently from sleep with the soft rays of the sun in his eyes. Civilized man awakes at the sound of an alarm clock or a factory whistle. Primitive man leisurely called together his men and paddled down the stream with his bait and fishing-tackle, or hunted in the woods or planted his corn. He fished, hunted or planted till he was weary, till the sun suggested return or till his fish or game was caught, his task finished. Civilized man, on the other hand, can fish till his fish is caught only when fortune favors him and hastens the fish. He likewise cannot fish till he is tired, for he is ever compelled to leave one task and go onto another. He is governed, not by the suggestions of the sun, but by the commands of an infinitely insignificant object, a bit of machinery made out of springs and wheels,—a clock.

Civilized man must measure his time for recreations, his time for sleep, for conversation, even for thought; because at some foolish epoch of civilization man allowed

clocks to gain dominion over him. Primitive man was free. Civilized man will never be free until he asserts his independence of watch-springs and clock-wheels. Men have been known to do so. Henry VIII, we are told, gambled away the bells of the first English clock—the bells of Westminster. History mentions an empty purse as the cause of this act of Henry's. Whether history be correct or not, may we not also infer that Henry, with his intolerance of restraint, decided that clock bells were the first thing in his kingdom that a free man could spare? Thoreau boasted that he once passed a whole summer with no clocks in his house. I have known of several other people who freed themselves from clocks, perfectly sane people, too, and exhibiting no other primitive tendencies.

Bryn Mawr College is as bad as the rest of civilization—perhaps a little worse—for at Bryn Mawr you live, move and have your being by one particular clock—Taylor. You rise at the sound of Taylor, eat your breakfast according to Taylor, snatch a book and dash away to chapel, setting your watch by Taylor as you go. Taylor rings again, and the leader at chapel stops in the middle of her sentence, to finish it “next time.” Lectures follow.

Each professor hastens from topic to topic, with frequent glances at the clock—set by Taylor—and stops in the middle of the most important topic, promising to finish it next time. You meet your friends on the campus and linger to chat. But Taylor rings out and you hasten on, hoping to finish it “next time.” You sit down to write an essay; and breathlessly scribble page after page, wisely seizing whatever is uppermost in your brain. To search deeper would be fatal—Taylor might ring. The depths of your mind you can preserve until your graduate years—graduates, we hear, can work till their work is done. At the sound of Taylor, you rush to class meetings, undergraduate meetings, Christian Association meetings—meetings of all kinds—prepared to transact an infinite number of important affairs. But just as your favorite motion is about to

be voted on, Taylor rings again, and the quorum departs. It will vote “next time.” You sleep, wake, read, write, dance and sing to the rhythm of Taylor bell. All day long we hear Taylor warning us: “Time for chapel, time for lecture, time for ‘gym,’ time for dinner.” She alternates her warning tones with notes of scorn: “Too late for chapel, too late for lecture, too late for interview, too late for ‘gym,’ too late for your book, too late for dinner—time for bed!” So it goes on. College life is an unending series of interruptions and procrastinations. Even now, as I write this, I am oppressed with the thought that soon Taylor will ring again—and I shall be too late.* The only way to become free is to to get rid of clocks. The one demand of every Bryn Mawr student should be: “Let us be independent. Remove Taylor bell.”

A. K. MACMASTER, '15.

*N. B.—Taylor *did* ring.

SIGNS OF THE TIME IN DRAMA

Mr. Granville Barker, who we hope is to speak to us here at Bryn Mawr and whose production of *Androcles and the Lion* is college talk, has a definite theory behind the most striking of his innovations—the apron stage. To give room for the apron stage at the Wallack Theatre in New York, the stage-boxes on either side have been removed and a temporary platform on a line with the second boxes thrown out beyond the frame of the stage over the old orchestra pit. This temporary platform is a step below the usual stage and, carpeted with a simple gray cotton cloth, is absolutely unfurnished. Here much of the business of the play takes place; here Androcles addresses his baby talk to the lion and persuades the beast to let him pull the thorn from his paw; here the Roman soldiers marshal their Christian prisoners to be addressed by the captain in command. The immediate effect of having the acting take place outside the frame of the stage with the actors almost among the audience, makes at first for informality. This intimate contact of spectators and stage Mr. Barker claims is a step towards restoring the poetic drama to our stage, since the differentiation between audience and actors must be made by other means than the dividing line of the

footlights. The actors will have to be distinguished from the audience by diction and by costume; the drama will cease to be a reproduction of contemporary life; and a nearer approach to the conditions of the Elizabethan stage will result in a more poetic drama. Mr. Barker has not only long anticipated a reaction from the realistic problem play, but his faith in this revulsion has been of a practical kind which has led him to formulate a stage which shall be ready for the change when it comes. Belief in a coming romantic drama has particular interest in a man who has himself written such a powerful realistic play as Mr. Barker's *Waste*,—a problem play using typical problem-play material and developed with the approved relentless methods of realism.

The experiments which a dramatist of Mr. Barker's calibre would make in practical stagecraft, have a more than spectacular value. But from this point of view also his productions are more beautiful than the usual "\$100,000 production" of Broadway. The careful character study made of each person in a mob—although the costume may be of the simplest—the groupings which bring out the particular quality of that crowd of people and yet are so pictorial as to make one conscious

of the whole of the stage and not merely of the speaking actor, make the setting of a play tell in every

possible way towards its dramatic value.

M. H., '16.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TIP:

Is our method of voting at college elections what it purports to be? Secret ballot nomination should aim at the direct expression of individual preference. But any one of our college elections shows that there is very little real individual preference in the secret ballot at Bryn Mawr. The name we write on our ballot may be that of the person preferred by our right-hand neighbor or that of the person whom our left-hand neighbor has heard is someone's else preference, but it is most likely to be the name whispered by the person behind us as the choice of the class to which the office belongs. Indeed, the general feeling of the College is that the choice of the class is best. Yet there is danger in accepting these whispered names; there is the danger that they may

not be the class choice. There may well be several possible candidates, supported by several class groups, but to mistake a group candidate for the class candidate is to vote ignorantly and blindly. We should rather make some effort, after we have informed ourselves of the various group candidates, to decide for ourselves, before the night of elections, where our preference lies. We shall then take into account further than we now do, the needs of the Association for which the office is to be filled, or if we have no adequate conception of what those needs are, we shall acquire one. Even if there were a unanimously supported class candidate, it would be our business to decide, each voter for herself, what the candidate has in her that she may be, so to speak, predestined to the office.

H. B., '15.

DULCI FISTULA

THE FRESHMAN PROCTOR: AN APPRECIATION

(With Apologies to W. W.)

She dwelt beside much-trodden ways,
Behind a half-closed door,
A maid whom there were none to praise
On all that vast third floor.

A timid Freshman all alone,
With only Seniors nigh,
In all that hall the only one
To hush loud passers-by.

She lived unknown—but now *I* know
Loud shrieks in every key.
That proctor's gone away—and oh,
The difference to me!

M. G. B., '15.

THE COMPLAINT OF A HACK-WRITER

I've often thought, if at a glance,
Ten thousand daffodils in dance,
Like William Wordsworth, I could see;

Or if in time at break of dawn
To hear the "Lark" salute the morn,
I could arise, as did Shelley;

Or if my friends possessed that urn
Which Keats looked on, and I in turn,
Had hours fifty-six to try,

To write a poem, when I am bid,
As Mr. William Watson did,
To make the tearful muses cry,

Perhaps, like him, I should go mad—
But what I'd write would not be bad.

E. G. N. '15.

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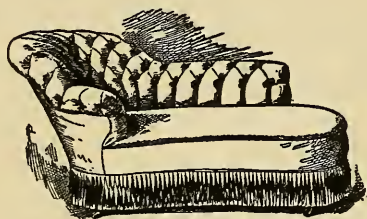
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May 15, 1915

Tipyn o' Bob

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Vol. XII

MAY 15, 1915

No. 14

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Editors

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HELEN IRVIN, '15

MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL, '15

MARGARET HASKELL, '16

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DOROTHEA M. MOORE, '15

MONICA O'SHEA, '17

MILDRED McKAY, '16

EDITORIALS

Reader, as you look within, prithee, answer this last question: How shall we part? With laughter or with tears? Or shall we linger first and look about, and note the ivy on the towers and say, "Thus have we clung together"? Or shall we sing a last farewell upon the steps? Or gather daisies in the hollow? Or eat a solemn picnic just at dusk, of ice cream and peanut butter?

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," said the greatest bard, and "the time has come, the Walrus said," and we must go our ways. We ruefully regret the days have fled, and this is our last chance to try and please *you*, whom we have liked to please. We eagerly await, till we shall meet again, and we may say, "The magazine is open for your contributions, gentle reader,

"And shall we not part at the end of day
With a sigh, a smile?"

Once more the question arises of the need for student advisors to help entering students plan their courses.

Although at present great efforts are made by the office to help entering students choose their courses, in the first bewildering rush of Freshman

days, unless she is fortunate enough to be thrust into English, Latin and Biology, a student may, in the excitement of the moment, take any subject which strikes her fancy, as she hears its name read hastily from the catalogue. Electives may be wasted on irrelevant subjects to fill in odd hours of a badly planned course, or even entirely used up before Senior year, for which they ought to be reserved as a reward of virtue. Worst plight of all, an unscientific Senior may find herself obliged to spend nine hours of her precious last year on an unsympathetic science.

Whether student advisors could best remedy these distressing conditions, is the problem confronting us. Some people feel that no student, herself still in college, can have a sufficiently broad and detached point of view successfully to advise another girl upon the planning of her course. A student advisor, enthusiastic over her own majors, could not refrain from urging her protégées, whatever their tastes or talents, to follow in her footsteps. Correspondingly she would not recommend courses, however good, which she herself had found dull or profitless. The most pessimistic prophets even go so far as to say that the system of student advisors would degenerate into friendly warnings against difficult courses, and surreptitious guidings toward the flowery paths of ease.

Although we do not feel that student advisors would bring such dire results, neither do we feel that they would fill the need of the present situation.

SPRING

The vegetables are sproutin' an' the grass is growin' green,
An' the robins an' the starlin's hoppin' gay;
The boys are playin' marbles an' the girls are skippin' rope,
But the people that I know are far away.
Oh! the sap is runnin' swiftly an' the spring is in me bones,
An' it's O! but I'm longin' to be home.

Mither's workin' in the flower beds midst the pansies an' the pinks
An' me little brother's helpin' by her side;
Me father's watchin' close the cling-stone peach tree in the yard,
An' it's there with them forever I would bide.
Oh! the sap is runnin' swiftly an' the spring is in me bones,
An' it's O! but I'm longin' to be home.

D. H., '18.

EVERYGRAD: A MORALITY IN ONE ACT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| PROLOGUE. | PH.D., a Will o' the Wisp. |
| EVERYGRAD. | HEALTH. |
| SOCIABILITY. | LOOKS. |
| BOOK-LEARNING. | EXERCISE. |
| | SLEEP. |

Time—The Present.

Place—A Level Place at the Top of a Hill.

PROLOGUE

Lordings and gentle ladies all,
 We offer you this trifle small.
 (A trifle can't have monstrous size,
 We use the phrase to minimize
 The slight dimensions of our play.)
 Now as I had begun to say,
 This play is of the modern kind
 That puts a problem in your mind,
 And solves it skilfully for you
 Without the moral's showing through.

The theme to universalize
 Our weak imagination tries.
 The heroine is Everygrad,
 And her associates, gay and sad,
 You'll recognize as they appear,
 In order as I name them here.
 The first to burst upon your view
 Is Everygrad—and this means You.
 Next, gentle Sociability,
 Who loves her gossip and her tea.
 Book-learning then doth hold the floor,
 A Sprite Attendant flies before.
 Health and Good Looks delight your eyes,
 And so doth agile Exercise.
 Now Sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve—
 The play beginneth, by your leave.

EVERYGRAD. ACT I

(*Enter L Everygrad. She runs wildly C, then R Back, wringing her hands. Drops down on floor C.*)

Ev. Alas! I know not what to do,—
I wish the world would crack in two.

(*Enter Sociability R, walks across L, tatting. Ev. groans; Soc. turns back C.*)

Soc. Why, what's the matter, Everygrad?
Hath thy much learning made thee mad?

Ev. Nay, far more inward is my woe.
I don't know where I want to go. (*Sobs.*)

Soc. Why, come with me! I'll treat thee well. I'll teach thee many
a friendly spell.

Ev. (*pointing*). Tea-cups and truffles! Tatting, too!
What thinking can a tatter do?
Nay, what concern have I with thee?
I scorn thee, Sociability!

(*Soc. draws back L.*)

Soc. Oh, very well! but don't forget,
You may wish you had kept me, yet! (*Exit L.*)

(*Ev. groans. Enter Book-learning L, crosses R. Ev. groans again.*)

Book. What aileth thee, thou wretched wight?
Hast lost thy senses overnight?

Ev. (*to Book*). Oh, noble spook of raven hue,
I feel I can confide in you!
I've just been feeling very low,
I don't know where I want to go!

Book. I'll tell thee where thou wouldst go
And take thee there. But stay! If so
Wilt thou forswear all vain delights?
All empty joys, all restful nights?
All foolish decking finery?
All speech pertaining not to me?

Ev. (*enraptured*).

Yea! I forswear them all for thee!
Thy high brow looks so good to me!
But—since you are so awfully kind—
Would you-er-if you wouldn't mind—

BOOK. (*frowning*).

Come, come, this stuttering, Everygrad,
Impresses me as very bad.

EV. (*fidgeting*).

I just was wishing that I knew
Where you had thought of taking me to.

BOOK. That I'll not tell thee, foolish wight—
You'll have to trust my leading, quite.
Down a long hill with ease we'll glide—

(*Enter Ph.D. R, dancing.*)

This vision shall your footsteps guide.

(*Ev. rushing after Ph.D. to L, back to R, back to C.*)

Oh beauteous creature! Stay, oh, stay!

Oh do not flit so fast away!

BOOK. Nay, just ahead she'll always fly.

EV. Oh, I will follow till I die!

BOOK. (*unloading books on Ev.'s arm*).

These you must hold while you pursue,
Or she will never look at you.

EV. (*dubiously*).

All right, of course, you seem to know.

But can I run, if burdened so?

BOOK. I'll see to that. Well, let's set out.

EV. For my companions let me shout.

Ho Health! Ho Looks! I'm on my way!

(*Enter L Health and Looks, cross C.*)

Book-learning, you will let them stay?

BOOK. I don't care if they stay or go.

It's up to you to keep them, though.

EV. Then we are off at last. Hooray!

(*Enter Soc. L, advances pleadingly to Ev.*)

But who is this that bars our way?

SOC. Oh, Everygrad, I beg of you,

Where'er you're going, take me too!

That black-browed lemon by your side

Will make a deadly, dreary guide!

(*Book. starts back angrily and draws Ev. away.*)

EV. No, Sociability, goodby.

My aims for you are fixed too high.

(*Soc. retires L, weeping. Ev. and Book., Health and Looks mark time in place for some moments. Prologue steps forward.*)

PROL. Everygrad goes down hill, First semester—second semester—
(*Voice calls, "Help! Help!"*)

EV. Who calls so piteously for aid?

Let's stop and help! I'm not afraid!

BOOK. Nay, come along, no time to waste!

The vision beckons you,—make haste!

No moment can your journey spare

For tearful plaint and pleading prayer.

(*Curtain is suddenly drawn back, revealing Ex. on pallet by wayside. Ex. sits up with difficulty.*)

EX. Stop! You must stop and look at me!

This feeble, battered frame you see

Lies dying here through your neglect.

Stop! let your downward course be checked!

Look on my limbs, so thin and weak!

My wasted form, my pallid cheek!

Give me a little tender care!

Let me go with you everywhere!

(*Book. pulls Ev. away frowning.*)

EV. I'm sorry, but I cannot spend

My time on trifles. Farewell, friend!

EX. You will not take me, Everygrad?

Some dismal day you'll wish you had!

(*Health and Looks have been whispering together and shaking their heads.*)

HEALTH (*turning back*).

I think I'd better turn around

Before we've covered too much ground.

If Exercise won't go along

I shan't feel very well and strong.

LOOKS. If you turn back, you turn with me!

Nothing in this, that I can see!

EV. Oh, you won't leave me high and dry!

HEALTH. Well, we'll stay round awhile and try.

LOOKS. But Sleep at least must join the band.

Lo, here she comes! Go, take her hand!

(*Enter Sleep R, crosses L. Ev. rushes to her.*)

Ev. Oh, Sleep, you'll surely go along?
Join the light-hearted, merry throng?

(Indicates Book., who grimaces horribly at Sleep.)

BOOK. Nay, is thy vow so soon forgot?
For on thy journey Sleep is not!

SLEEP. Ay, gladly would I go with thee!
Thy leader bars me forcibly!

(Exit Sleep L. Health and Looks have been conversing.)

HEALTH. Go now? No, I just simply won't!
Who knows where you'll come out? I don't!

LOOKS. I can't stay here all by myself!
'By, Everygrad! I'm off with Health.

(They turn to L.)

Ev. Then go, ungrateful, hussies, go!
I don't need you, I'd have you know!
You two vain nothings I can spare.
Deliberately I muss my hair.
I cast my powder puff aside,
Leave my shoe-laces all untied,

(Book. hands horn spectacles to her.)

Draw these enchanting goggles on—
(Health and Looks exeunt L.)

Now, you fair weather friends, begone!

BOOK. Oh, nobly spoken, Evergrad!
Your bold resolve hath made me glad.

Ev. For the kind words I thank you, guide,
I fear your patience I have tried—
But tell me, are we almost there?

BOOK. Oh, Everygrad, I speak you fair,
By casting off that foolish crew,
The way has shortened been for you.
We turn around one other bend.

(They wheel slowly in place.)

BOOK. Now, Everygrad, behold your end!
(Curtain is drawn back, revealing black box on the edge of a hole. Ev. shrieks. Book. attempts to cram her into the box.)

Ev. No! No! I will not go in there!
BOOK. You said you'd follow anywhere!

(Ph.D. has danced around to back of coffin and holds a little Bryn Mawr daisy poised over it.)

Ev. I never dreamed you had in mind
A stupid ending of this kind!
I never would have stirred a step!

Book. Why, Everygrad! You have some pep!

Ev. I won't go in the deep black hole!
Help! Save me! Save my worthless soul!

(Enter L Soc., Ex., Health, Looks, Sleep. They totter feebly, and support one another. Soc. and Looks cross to R to Ev.)

Soc. You spurned us once, you love us now?

Ev. Yes, yes, I know! I break my vow!

Ex. We're weak and feeble, as you know,
Neglect has brought us very low,
But if you mean the words you say,
We'll do our best to win the day.
Hark, while I count! When I say three
We'll bring Book-learning to his knee!
One, two,—

(They prepare to rush. Book. raises his hand majestically.)

Book. Stop! And respect neutrality!
There isn't any fight in me.
If you are all against me,—lo!
I yield to you without a blow.

(Ev. has meanwhile got out of the hole, dropped her books into it and stolen to Looks and Soc., who proceed to restore her to a normal appearance. Book. turns to her.)

Book. But you! perfidious Everygrad,—
With me you surely are in bad. *(Groans.)*

Ev. Oh, come, old thing, don't weep so loud!
We'll let you in with our crowd!

Book. Now—that is not a bad suggestion.
Come Ph.D.—no further question.

Ev. I hope you've learned your lesson, spook.
Not to kill people with a book.

Book. I've learned my place,—I'll tag behind
And pray for Everygrad's mind.

(Exeunt, skipping in order Ph.D., Ev., Health, Looks, Ex., Soc., Sleep, Book.)

EPILOGUE

The play is mixed of grave and gay,
This parting word we wish to say,
If you will leave the gay behind,
Then at the last you'll only find
The grave!

E. B. DAW.

VENUS MISERICORS!

Pitiful Venus!
I deck your altar.
Fair thrice wound garlands with honey-dew wet,
Syrian perfumes that smoke here before you—
With these gifts, Goddess, I come to implore you.
Hear me with favor and grant my prayer. Yet—
Praying, I falter.

Pitiful Venus!
Yet do not hearken.
Do not record this mad prayer that I pray.
I will not ask that with dawn-rosy fingers
You will pluck out your son's arrow that lingers
Fixed in my heart; though I flee from the day
And my eyes darken.

Pitiful Venus!
Now I implore you,
Hear this, my prayer, from your Paphian grove:
If to be cured of this wound mean forgetting,
Losing the joy when I lose the regretting,
Let me die rather—and dying of love
I shall adore you!

L. E. S., 1916.

THE SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES: A FRAGMENT OF A MAD HOMILY

Brethren, verily there is but one deadly sin, which is Siva the Destroyer and Ahriman the Negator; the true Mephistopheles who denieth the light and Beelzebub who conserveth the darkness and Belial who presideth over the little violent sins and Ashtoreth who in blindness seeketh out strange nameless inhuman little sins; but in truth there can be no sin that is strange, no sin unnamable, no sin inhuman, for all are the offspring of ignorance: *liberi unius patris*.

But yet again there be seven deadly Virtues which destroy the souls of more vast multitudes than those mild and harmless ignorances distinguished by the names of the Deadly Sins; and these be Punctuality, Chivalry, Conformity, Modesty, Truthfulness, Reverence, Dutifulness.

Now of these virtues, the first is Punctuality; a minor virtue, but like all small things most potent for evil. For Dutifulness is often in abeyance; Chivalry is not always blasting human intelligence; Truthfulness, harmful as it is, is never actually met with; even Conformity is occasionally defied; but Punctuality ravages its millions and tens of millions daily. So frequently is this virtue practised that out of a thousand couples who perniciously plan to meet at

a given place at a given time, in nine hundred and ninety-two cases one of the parties will be punctual. What more destructive device of Satan ever ruined time, temper, health and happiness? Punctuality hath broken up more marriages than drink. But, say you, there would be no trouble if both parties were punctual? Nor yet if both got drunk, stole, murdered. It is possible to imagine whole societies and states in which every individual is in perfect accord with his neighbors in regard to the slaying of large bodies of his fellow-men. Nevertheless, such pleasing unanimity is not to be commended; *cf.* below, on Conformity. So would mutual punctuality conduce to harmony of spirit. But the fact that our neighbor is addicted to the practice of a deadly virtue does not excuse us; rather should we by example and precept strive to show him the error of his ways. And that punctuality is an evil virtue, who will deny? Who cannot trace the curse of his whole life to ill-timed punctuality? The wisdom withdrawn from us by acquisition of knowledge during our punctual attendance at school! The mental activity inhibited by lethal hours of punctual attendance at classes! The fatal "steady job" we sank into because of our punctuality in keeping our appointment with the

fat Philistine who dispensed it! In a humbler sphere, the indigestion acquired by punctual attendance at unnecessary meals! And was not even that *prima causa malorum*, our very presence in this knobby Cosmos, due to malign conjunctures of punctualities ever since the primal collision of two wandering stars? The gods are merciful and demand of us but one punctuality; and nobody is ever late at Charon's ferry. Why then should we discipline ourselves with lifelong rehearsal for an appointment that we cannot miss?

Chivalry is the treatment of a member of the female sex, not as an End and an Individual, to be judged *per se* as a complete Whole, and to be liked or disliked on her own merits—not as a serious and individual Thing, quite as actual as a stone against which one stubs one's toe—but as a Means. In this respect she is on a par with other useful domestic

animals, like cows and horses. Observe the word—cheval, a horse; chevalier, a horse-owner; chivalry, the attitude of a horse-owner towards women. When a man wishes to express his attitude towards women, he has recourse to a word derived from that noble animal the horse. As for the end which gives value to woman, it has naturally been refined with the advance of civilization, until, among enlightened peoples, she becomes the instrument for maintaining the Ideals of Self-sacrifice and Heroism in the race—a subtle but not on that account more endurable insult. Therefore, while chivalry usually claims to spare women physical suffering, and to content itself with suppressing all stirring of mental and moral independence—

[At this point the homilist began to discourse on the symbolism of golf-links, and became even less intelligible.] —H. C.

PLAY

The word "play" suggests the busy idleness of old wharves, the lazy importance of decadent shipping, the fascination of deserted warehouses, faintly articulate of mysteries, strange sweet odors luring small children from their play among the musty bales to seek for hidden treasure. Again it suggests green forest

days, days when every stream holds mystery and every road adventure, when the dragonfly poised above the pool is a fairy, silver clad, and when from every glade and path you enter something marvellous has just fled. Play is a veil from which romance looks unafraid.

REBECCA GARRETT RHOADS.

BOOK REVIEW

Oxford Poetry, 1914

Perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh thought the collection of Oxford Poetry for 1914 too modest in appearance to attract notice in the world, and so felt obliged to herald it by means of a gaudy introduction. But be it as it may, one is in a mood, after reading his four sententious pages of preface, to appreciate the simplicity of the poems which fill the little volume. These poems are very short, with a few exceptions, as, for instance, a poem on Heywood, reminiscent of Alfred Noyes, their metre is seldom involved and their diction quiet, with little color, beyond the mere mention of lamplight or apple blossoms. Some Greek quotations and wine songs to Cynthia give an academic tinge occasionally, although for the most part we read of everyday things told in a simple way. And how charming this simple manner may be, an irregular sonnet, called "Reasonableness," by Walter Dunlop, shows well:

"I thought that we had quarrelled,
so I went
Out of your room into the drizzling night.
You had been reasonable, said what
you meant,

I asked too much, and you—well,
you were right.
I passed your window, and I could
just see
A shaded lamp beside your open
book,
And you already reading quietly—
I paused a moment, thinking you
would look.
You never moved, but started some
old song,
Your feet upon the chair where I
had sat.
I thought that we had quarrelled, I
was wrong;
You did not even care enough for
that."

This little book and poetry has been in "The New Book Room" all winter, and no doubt you are well acquainted with it. I enjoyed re-reading it the other day and comparing with it our "harvest of poetry" here at Bryn Mawr, which is almost gathered now. And such a comparison is surely good discipline whenever one is feeling self-complacent and when one has just voted for the best poem which has been in *TIP* this year.

H. W. I., '15.

COLLEGE CONVICTIONS

DEAR TIP:

The other evening when the question of a debate was announced as, "*Resolved*, That the United States needs more argument," we laughed. If we only considered the question as applying to that very small part of the United States, Bryn Mawr, we should have a proposition that is no laughing matter. Debating has been progressing more or less this year, with more or less interest on the part of the college as a whole. The heads of the debating teams, and a few "unfortunates" who "promised," and therefore cannot escape, have been trying to keep up the interest, but they are becoming discouraged, not because the college as a whole disapproves or is utterly indifferent, but because it loudly acclaims the nobility and utility of the practice of debating and then sits back and forgets the debates or has not time to go. But argument is not merely debating. Argument has been plead for previously and will be plead for hereafter, but the plea will

not be heard as long as some of us, as we do, lean back contentedly with the thought that argument is the sole pleasure that we indulge in, and that surely we need not cultivate the practice more. We really have not the right conception of argumentation when we are thus contented, because, for the most part, we really do not argue. We make assertions on both sides, but on the whole, we do not keep the condition that should accompany all argument—openmindedness, fairness. Having made our assertions, we shut our ears to the other side and think up more assertions. The important thing for us is to stress our own point of view to the utmost. If we could outgrow this childish state of argument we should be ascending a step nearer to good debating and should be overcoming an oft-repeated criticism, not taking into consideration the view of the other side; we should also be making a true advance in intellect by allowing ourselves to be open to conviction.

A. L., '16.

DULCI FISTULA

PARTED LOVE

We met in a butcher shop last week. I was waiting for my chops to be wrapped when I saw him, and he, with truly masculine initiative, came over at once and put his hand in mine. Our understanding was wordless and complete. Hand-in-hand we started home, but at the door we encountered a frantic nurse-maid, cap and apron strings flying. With a shriek he cast himself upon me, and we clung together in terror. But the nurse-maid, though graceful, was obdurate.

And our romance ended at the butcher-shop door.

MERLE SAMPSON, 1915.

POPULAR PROVERBS REAPPLIED

"Night Makes Flight"

The library on Sunday night
Deserted quite.

Do rows of empty chairs attest
Sweet Sabbath rest?

"Fight the good fight," assails my ear,
From steps too near.
Those fervent, righteous voices make
The windows shake.

A heavy tread denotes that pest
The Sabbath guest;
In noisy triumph brought to see
Our library.

Above the fountain's rhythmic splash
Chairs loudly crash;
Coquettish giggles meant to charm,
Break cloistered calm.

The library on Sunday night
Deserted quite.
At first I stopped to wonder why,
But now—I fly.

M. G. B., '15.



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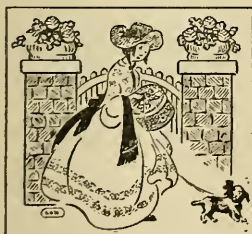
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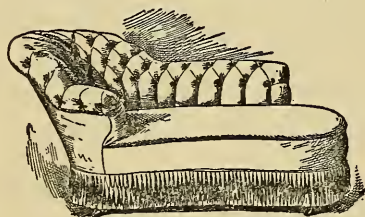
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